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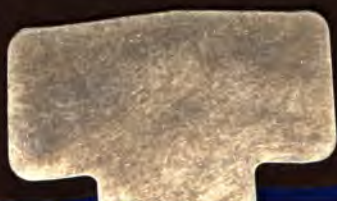
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The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the research and the objectives of the study. It then proceeds to a literature review, followed by a description of the methodology used. The results of the study are presented in the next section, followed by a discussion of the findings and their implications. The paper concludes with a summary of the main points and a list of references.

The research was conducted in a systematic and rigorous manner, following the principles of good research practice. The data collected was analyzed using appropriate statistical methods, and the results were presented in a clear and concise manner. The findings of the study are discussed in detail, and their implications for practice are explored. The paper is well-structured and easy to read, and it provides a valuable contribution to the field.

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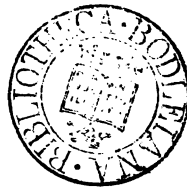
HUGH BRYAN.

The Autobiography of an Irish Rebel.

Novels

"For life, outliving heats of youth."

TENNYSON.

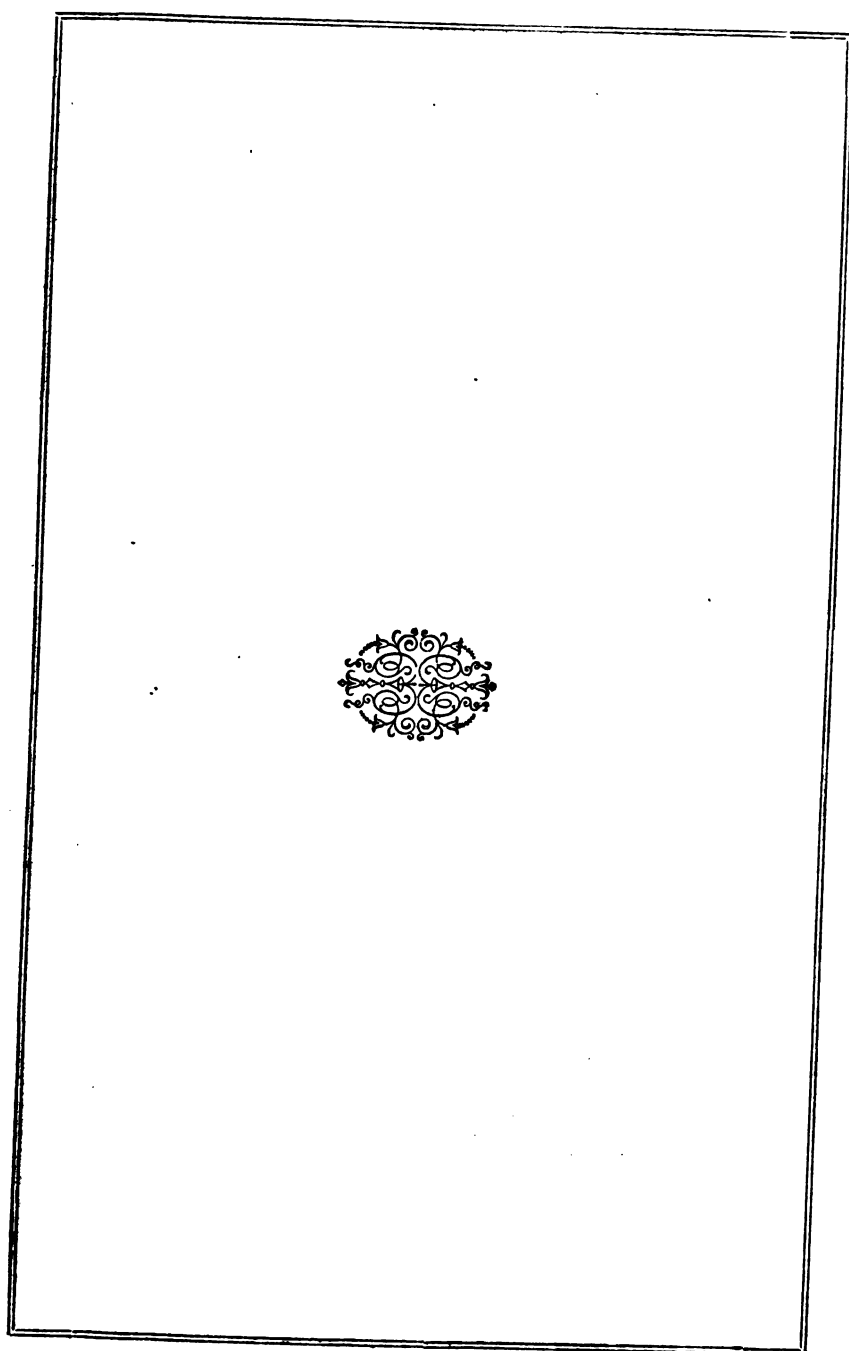


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HUGH BRYAN.

PART I.

"*Ab Ovo.*"

CHAPTER I.

THE home of my race for ages was in the Valley of the Blackwater.

That noble river, as it flows from Killarney to the sea at Youghal, opens scene after scene of beauty, which one glance fixes in the mind, a joy for ever.

But the fairest of them all is the broad field of emerald in which the river, throwing wide its arms, welcomes the sparkling Onaschad. There the spire of St. Carthage blesses the City of Lismore. There Raleigh built the towers of his would-be home, and Spenser may have first gazed upon his "Faerie Queen."

Forty years ago that spot was the abode of thousands of the happiest of the dwellers upon earth. Nowhere did the sun see his gladness reflected on merrier faces. Nowhere did he spend his evening rays to better purpose than in lighting up the Green, upon which youth danced, while cheery age sat round, and shared the children's mirth.

They were a handsome race. Many a "boy" among them, said the Duke, might have stood, in face, and form, and carriage, as a type of Celtic manhood. In all the courts of Europe, said the same great critic, he knew no ladies who surpassed his Lismore girls in all the charms of female loveliness. And their steps were as light, and their words as gay, and their lives as pleasant, as if they fared on far more sumptuous diet than the sole potato, or dwelt in better homes than the mud hovels which a respectable pig would turn up his nose at.

And of all the girls, my mother, Norah O'Connor, the Flower of the Blackwater, was the Queen—and she deserved the name; for sweeter eyes never looked from prettier face. And my father, Hugh Bryan, was the idol of the parish. The old had prayed daily from his birth that he might prove the worthy son of an heroic sire; the young longed to follow him *en masse* as their rightful leader in one more dash at the enemy. For his father was, as none but the heretic and

the Sassenach could deny, a blessed martyr to faith and country. And though the Pope had never heard Hugh Bryan the elder's name, and had therefore not placed it in his calendar of saints, the ceremony of canonization could scarce have added to the reverence in which it was held by all true Irish hearts. His son was, moreover, the last scion of a real old Milesian stock. For he was sole heir of the highest branch of the Bryans and the Murphys; and they, as every one knows, are the oldest families of the purest blood in Ireland. In the days of old, these rival clans ruled the South, and shared with their vassals all the corn and beef and mead.

But at various times, during six hundred years, the English monarch, from the best of motives, parcelled out their lands among his trusty and well-beloved knights. They inhabited the old castles; built and fortified new and much stronger ones; fenced in the lands; treated the natives much worse than the cattle; and drove the chieftains into the bogs; who, being savages, could not appreciate the English mode of civilising the wild Irish. They held absurd ideas about their rights, and clung inveterately to the old faith, the old customs, and the old land. Each generation fought with Celtic fury against the new order of things; the strong hand smote them ever lower, till the princely houses starved side by side in Lismore. Misery had made them fast friends. Countless grafts of intermarriage had made them one family. Ceaseless rebellion—as their resistance to the stranger was termed—with its blight of death and exile, had thinned their members, till at the end of the last century only three were left, Hugh Bryan, sen., Michael Murphy, and Ellen, his sister. These three inherited all the traditions and courage and patriotism of their forefathers. The invincible determination to revenge the past, eject the Sassenach, and bring back the good old times again, grew and strengthened with their years. To them this was the chief and only end in life.

Murphy entered the priesthood of the Church of Rome, to secure the implicit obedience of the Irish. Bryan enlisted in the army, to learn the discipline of the English. In due time the priest got a parish in the County of Wexford. The sergeant without delay exchanged his quarters in the barrack for the Presbytery. The confederates found the country, far and near, covered with heaps of insurrectionary fuel, ready to their hand, in the laws—land, penal, vagrant—of the foreign heretic; and in the miseries, wrongs, and indignation of the Catholic native. In no long time they accumulated a vast pile of most inflammable materials. The events of 1798 supplied the spark, and in a twinkling Wexford was on fire with the Great Rebellion. Murphy was elected, by universal suffrage, President of the embryo Republic; on Bryan devolved the command of the forces.

Under him the mob of peasants routed force after force of red-coats ; drove the Protestants out of the country, and became an army of 20,000 men. They took every town on the road to Dublin, until they came to Arklow. There Murphy, fighting in the front of all, was struck down by a grape-shot. Bryan, forgetting everything but the peril of his friend, bore the dying man in his arms to a green knoll, that he might breathe his last in peace. The national army, without a head, wavered, broke, and fled on all sides. Bryan was in the very act of receiving the priest's last benediction, when a troop of cavalry burst in. Over the body of his departed kinsman he fought like a lion, but was soon overpowered. The soldiers slashed the rebels with their sabres, trampled them with their horsehoofs, and left behind them, as they thought, nothing but a gory mass of mangled limbs.

But in the morning after, life returned to Bryan, at the wooing of his beloved Ellen Murphy. How she nursed the vital spark, and tended, and screened, and raised him up, none less than Tennyson should tell. She brought him home from furious Wexford to peaceful Lismore.

Alas ! it was soon manifest he was in a hopeless state of decline, and they were both utterly destitute. But there was no fear they should want. Never was triumphant warrior honored, as this people's hero was. The very poorest counted it a holy thing to lay their best at his door. And when he was carried to the chapel to be married to the woman who had saved his life ; and whose one prayer now was to bear his name—that wedding was such an one as Lismore never saw before or since. The whole parish showered blessings on their union. Bridal presents rained upon their household for weeks. All the way from Dublin came the stream of tribute. Yes, and ballads and parcels of linen from Belfast shewed that their story had found a minstrel in the North.

But all this incense could not save the hero's life. He was a doomed man. The gentry only spared him from the death of shame, because they saw that sentence of death had gone forth against him, from the Judge of all the earth. And so they wisely refrained from exciting further the passions of a people, whose blood was hot enough already.

Within the year after the battle of Vinegar Hill, there was another great concourse at the Chapel. This time they came to bury the hero. And with true Milesian craving for a scene, the boy not a week old, whose mother hung between death and life, was brought to be baptized over his father's coffin. Hot words were spoken even from the altar that day by the fiery curate, Father Tracy. They might have led to deeds of wild revenge, but for the good old parish-priest. He had

seen the streets of Paris ten years before, and now he tamed their minds with words of death and doom ; and the commands of Christ.

"Is it in this holy church," said he "you dare to think of spilling more blood upon the earth to cry to Heaven for more judgment upon poor Ireland? Is it with this sight before your eyes you can have it in your hearts to think of turning other happy wives into lone widows? Is it more babes, like this poor darling, ye want to make desolate orphans of—to have them asking hereafter, 'where is my father?' and getting an answer will turn their blood into fire, and drive pity from their souls? No! no! no! my own dear children, this is not the way you can please God, nor him who has gone to heaven, either. It is only peace and love and forgiveness he feels now, to every man that wronged him upon earth. I know you would like to do honor to him that is gone. Then come forward every one of you and be sponsors for his child. Pledge yourselves in the sight of God to cherish his son, and pray for him, and stand between him and harm, and love him as if he was your own. This is what he" (pointing to the coffin), "if he could speak, would ask you now to do for him. This is what the Saviour bids you do. Be fathers and mothers to this infant orphan."

All minds were hushed in solemn awe. The tide of feeling left the channel of hatred to the foe, and full filled their hearts with love to the widow and the orphan. As one man they took upon their souls the baptismal vows for young Hugh Bryan. From that day forward the deepest feelings of their enthusiastic natures centred in the boy. Church and country—the two words embody an Irishman's whole treasure in time and for eternity—bade them look on *him*, as the sacred representative of both.

* * * * *

In the 21st year of this century, the child thus born and christened was a man. He was the very ideal of a handsome, dashing, humorous, light-hearted Irishman. His mother had strained every nerve to give him a good education ; and he had imbibed readily enough whatever little learning could be had without danger to his faith. He could read, and write, and count, and rehearse the glories and the wrongs of Erin, with as much fire and fury as the most ardent patriot could wish. Out of doors he revelled in fun ; and made good his claim to the chieftaincy of the Lismore boys by signal feats of rivalry. He was first on the green, at the race-course, in the river, on the wrestling ground, above all at the fairs—scene of many a faction fight. He was not one to throw any damp upon the fervent adoration with which his name was hailed at every fireside. The Sassenach might have the dirty acres, but young Hugh had all the people's hearts. He was a fellow of high spirit, too ; and when he came to understand the reason of the plenty in his

mother's house, he lost no time in striking out for himself. And as he loved to have the daylight for his gun, or his dogs, or his fishing ; and as Darby O'Connor, the agent through whom his mother's dues were paid, was a baker ; and as Norry O'Connor was the flower of the Blackwater ; he chose the calling of the man he had marked out as his father-in-law for occupation, till he should "get his own again." Before Hugh was seventeen, Darby was commissioned to inform the fosterers that young Hugh was thankful to them as man could be ; but that he was a true Irishman, and meant to work for his living, and his mother's, too, with his own hands, as they did ; and leave the part of taking from the poor man's store to the landlords, the parsons, and the English king. For he remembered his race, and birth, and baptism, and bore no love to the hateful English, who stung him before he saw the light. And these were words to ring through the country and waken echoes everywhere.

"The ould blood shews itself in Hugh Bryan soon. It's himself is the true patriot. God send him luck to finish the work his father begun," said the old men, who nursed the indignation of a lifetime to the end.

"We wont be so aisy bate as our fathers were, when the good time comes," said the young men whom O'Connell was then rousing with his trumpet-call.

"You may lay in a ton of the best iron, Mick, there 'll be work for the pikes before long," said the captain of the Shanavests, to Nolan, the big blacksmith.

"Hugh will be in the Castle soon, darling, where he ought to be, and you'll be my lady; and, troth, you'll become it better than them that's in it," said the old crones, who sucked their dhudeens at Darby O'Connor's door, to blushing Norry.

"My friends," said old Captain Crossley, "that young dunghill Bryan has begun to crow. The Lismore yeomanry will be wanted again, and, please God, we'll make clean work this time."

But Hugh was not called on to support his mother long. Her pious life, and constant devotions, gained for her the reverential patronage of Miss Honoria O'Carthy. That lady's long youth was far too gay, and for her soul's relief her age and all her fortune were spent in clearing off the load of penance which had accumulated against her in the world of pleasure, and of fashion, and alas ! of sin. Where could she find more faithful deputy, more powerful helper, than the holy Widow Bryan ? It was a day of blessed promise that brought such an inmate to her house. And when she died, as she soon did, in her will was found, after the great legacy for masses, an annuity of £20 to her dear friend, Ellen Bryan, in the sure hope that she would pray on to her life's end for the soul of Honoria O'Carthy.

Meanwhile, the son dwelt in the house of the O'Connors. There, freed from the control of his mother, less hopeful traits developed in his character. Wise heads began to shake, and fear that young Hugh had been too much of a spoiled child to have had his wits sharpened, or any great ambition rooted in his nature. He grew more and more of the animal—fonder and fonder of finery, of dancing, of sporting, of flattery, and, of course, of an occasional row with the Cappoquin boys—and, worst of all, of the drunken carousal which seals every great event in Irish life. And he showed signs of that mulish temper which, in a young man, people think little of, but which is not a hopeful omen of domestic happiness, or steady conduct in the future. And Norry's mother trembled for her daughter's peace of mind, when she saw Hugh one night draw from his breast pocket a greasy pack of cards, "as if it was not for the first time, either." She brought down Darby's wrath upon her head, by hinting that she would rather have seen Hugh carrying another kind of Prayer Book, in the pocket next his heart. For in his one-and-twentieth year, a smart wife had come to Hugh as freely, and with scarcely more effort, than the other good things of his lot. He, the handsome, idolised Hugh Bryan, had little trouble in winning gentle Norah to accept his heart, and hand, and name. From her childhood she had seen him first everywhere—been reared in the belief that he was the finest boy in the world—scarce dared to dream of herself as the chosen one of the young hero. His courtship was calm and easy, and even fitful, till young Harry Delaney, the rich miller's son, swore that he would marry none but Norry. Then Hugh fell in love with her—real, down-right, passionate love—over head and ears, and spent three whole days lounging about the house, following her every movement with hungry eyes; as if every inch of her body, from the sunny tresses to the glancing feet, were an irresistible magnet. But when she gave her hand to his rival for just one dance on the green, he went mad with jealousy. The very next day he caught her in his arms, and swore he was the most miserable creature in the world, and would go straight off and 'list, and get himself shot; or join the Terryalts, and be hanged off-hand; if she would not say she loved him, and agree to take him for better for worse next Shrove Tuesday. How could she resist such a suitor? Why, he had kept her little heart in a flutter with hopes, and fears, and sharp spasms of jealousy, for many a day. With a flash of joy and rapture she murmured assent, and kissed his hands, and his cheeks, and his lips, and gave herself up, body and soul, to the man she had thought so far above her.

Before the days of self-denial came, they twain were made one flesh. Darby was in the eighth heaven of delight. *His* child now bore the grandest name on earth. His son—how he enjoyed the word,

for the worthy man had only daughters—would find a brave sum in the old stocking ; the custom of the country, rich and poor, for ten miles round would be his ; and, best of all, there were nearly a thousand pounds due by the great Squire of the parish. Who could start in life with fairer prospects ? But this Sassenach debt was Hugh's rock ahead. On it his barque was wrecked in ruin as sad and hopeless at his father's.

The baker held a mortgage on the property of John Huntley, Esq., of Glencrew. The interest on this had not been paid for years when Hugh was married. Not long after, Hugh went forth, determined to wring the money from the Squire, or to drive him from Glencrew. It was a golden day when he could bring a Saxon to his knees, and hear him sue for mercy. The thought that those green pastures, waving trees, this fine house, were held during *our* sufferance, at *our* pleasure, was enchanting. But when ushered into the study, his stern resolve oozed away in the presence of the fine old gentleman overflowing with good-nature and hospitality, who welcomed him with such a cordial grasp.

"Larry, fetch in the spirits and water for Mr. Bryan. He will be tired after his long walk. Sit down, man, and wash the dust out of your throat, before you begin to speak. Bedad, my boy, it's you that ought to be the happy man. You have got the prettiest girl in the kingdom for your wife. I can tell you the duke always keeps her picture—the one he got painted two years ago—in his library. Faith, it is a wonder some young sprig of nobility did not try to carry her off. But I reckon you would be an ugly customer for one of them to play tricks on. And you are a deuced sight a finer looking fellow than any of them. 'Pon my word you look quite the gentleman, and I am glad to see you at Glencrew."

Animosity was swept from the soul of the youth by this flood of blarney. He was ashamed of his errand, and could only falter out, "Thank you kindly, sir, for your favour to me and my wife. But —Darby sent me over to see if it would be convenient for you to let him have that thrifle of interest. The wedding has left him bare, he says ; and there is a heavy bill due for flour."

"Aye, well, it is a pity you did not come yesterday. I sent £500 to Dublin this very morning. But look out at the sheep there. I have two hundred of them for the Lammas fair, and Darby will get the first haul out of the money. Faith, you may tell him, if he doubts my word, he may come and drive them off himself. But you are too much of the gentleman, Bryan, to dun a man without mercy."

The young hero was quite vanquished by the allusion to his good breeding. He gave in at once. "Oh, he can wait for the money till the fair day. I can manage to keep him quiet to then."

"I thought you would do it. Take another glass of grog. You are a good fellow, Bryan ; and I must know more of you. You will stay and dine with me at five o'clock. Oh, your dress is better than mine. This is Bachelor's Hall, you know. I'll show you some sport with the dogs in the wood meantime. Larry, bring down my Manton for Mr. Bryan. I want to see if he is as good a shot as people say." The idea of dining as an equal with the Squire at Glencrew, upset the balance of the peasant's mind. He felt that he was defeated at every point. But the hearty manner of the Squire more than reconciled him to the loss of a triumph. He could retain no spark of ill-will to his generous host. He gave himself up to the full tide of the hour.

The Squire fooled the youngster up to the top of his bent ; plied him with liquor ; drew him out ; gauged his nature to the bottom. Before they parted, he had hatched as clever and venomous a plan for settling his debts as ever emerged from the pit of darkness. In after days, John Huntley and the Prince of Evil were synonyms in my father's mind.

As it was, he returned to the anxious circle at the bakery, declaring that he had never spent such a day and night in his life, nor met with such a jovial companion as old Huntley. "He was the finest society in the world. Not a spice of pride, nor a taste of standoffishness, was in his composition." The fun of the Squire's stories, as he rehearsed them, made them dance with delight, and forget that it was past twelve o'clock. The lavish praises of her daughter's loveliness banished all suspicion from the mother's breast. "And, Darby, you need not fear ; the interest is all right. I seen the very sheep he is fattening for the fair to make up the money. Faith, he says if you doubt his word, you may go as soon as you please, and drive them home."

When in bed that night, the anxious wife must know all the particulars of her husband's *entree* into high life. He, nothing loath, told her all she wished to know ; described plate, pictures, furniture, everything ;—never ceased saying what a pleasant cock old Jack Huntley was ; how freely he played spoilt five for pence, and made the hours fly by like minutes. At mention of the cards, she shivered, she knew not why, and fell asleep, and dreamt that a big black cloud came down and covered Hugh all over ; and she could find her darling nowhere at all at all,—only there came from somewhere in his place a coarse, black brute, with sodden cheeks and fishy eyes, that cursed her, and struck her on her pretty face. Whereat she awoke sobbing and in tears, and wakened Hugh, and told him all her horrible dream. He kissed away her tears, and laughed at her terror, and told her that he had been dreaming, too—that he was a great lord, and she a

noble lady, and that they were living in Glencrew, with horses and carriages, and livery servants, and notes and gold *galore*; and that they had a son, who was to be an Irish king. And so beguiling were his words, that Norah smiled at her gloomy fears, and fell asleep, and dreamed once more. This time she saw the Holy Virgin, Mother Mild, and the Spotless Babe, looking down with eyes of love upon her; and there was the sword through Mary's heart, and the crown of thorns sat amid the glories of the Saviour's head. And lo! she too felt her own heart pierced; and oh, wonder! a babe was in her lap; and on his head there was a crown of thorns likewise.

* * * * *

Next morning, Darby saw that the son-in-law looked with very scornful eyes upon the batch of bread, and served the customers with little relish. He was rating him soundly, on his want of worldly wisdom; when up rides Mr. Huntley, and marches into the shop with such a burst of heartiness, that doubt of his sincerity was impossible. "Darby, my old friend, you are the luckiest man of my acquaintance. You make us bachelors mad with envy. You have the handsomest girl, for a daughter, and the finest young fellow, for a son-in-law, that I know anywhere. Egad, he is quite the gentleman. I'll bring him to Glencrew to dine, with Lord Ernest and Sir Richard; and I'd bet a sovereign, they won't believe he comes from a baker's shop. It's a murdering shame, Darby, to doom such a fine young fellow, to scorch his face before an oven, or to stand behind a counter serving beggars all his days. Say the word, now, and I'll get him made rate collector, or barony constable, or guager officer, or something that will give him a couple of hundred a year, and put him and his wife in the ranks they are fit for."

"Your honour is very good. Though I say it that should not, Hugh and Norry would do credit to any place. If a good, safe situation could be got for Hugh, I would not be the one to say agin it—but his mother might. Baking is hard work, and one loses more than they make these times by bad debts."

"Spare me now, Darby; your money is safe enough. But what do you say to my offer? Will I write to the Member, and the Duke, and see if there is a vacant berth to be had for my genteel friend?"

"Well, your honour, it can do no harm to write, anyway. And, Mr. Huntley, *if Hugh gets a place worth two hunder a year, you will not be any the poorer for it.*"

"All right, Darby. Never fear; I'll manage it. Bryan, come you over to Glencrew on this night week, early, for dinner; and I'll tell you what luck has turned up for you by that time."

"Thank you, sir. I'll be there without fail."

The Squire's warmth dissipated even Darby's coolness. The women of the family—save the widow, who shrunk from the Sassenach "*et dona ferentes*"—concluded that the young man's fortune was made, and that he might bid good-bye to base drudgery. There was no doubt that Huntley had influence enough, to get a situation of comfort and respectability for a friend. Even in Dublin Castle his word carried weight. At the Union, he had served the Government. He was hand and glove with all the county notables. At the Assizes, he was hail-fellow-well-met with Barristers, King's Counsel—the Bench itself. During election times, he was the autocrat of all the great estates about Lismore. Lords had stayed for a week at a time at Glencrew. So, if he took Hugh up, no fear but he would get him a snug berth. And was it not his interest to serve a pressing creditor? Could they not always keep him up to the mark? All agreed that it was the luckiest day had come to the family for years. The widow's doubts were little heeded.

Henceforward, the oven and the shop were left to the old man. Hugh became a gentleman at large. He spent great part of his time at Glencrew. Shooting, fishing, dining, playing a quiet game at cards with the master, meeting great people, acquiring the habits of good society, hearing of the letters written and received in pursuit of his advancement in life. The unusual high-bred manners of his new acquaintances, their praise and promises, the jollity, and novelty, and luxury of Huntley's mode of life, were all delicious. But somehow the days of suspense were long in passing. The right plan was a wearisome time in turning up. The horizon of life seemed to have widened immeasurably. A couple of hundred a year was not so much, after all. Then, of course, he began to long for a short cut to wealth and fortune. And what path so easy as the cards? Could he induce Huntley to play for higher stakes? *The bird was snared.*

Huntley was a good player, and no mistake. But Hugh thought himself, a match for the world at spoilt five. Had he not played with every noted gambler in the country, and beaten them all—even the professionals at the fairs? Not one of them all could palm off a trick on him. And at Glencrew it was seldom that old Jack could win a game from him: and he had never played his best there yet. So, after much beating about the bush, he managed to propose, that they should play for a good round stake in earnest, to have a lively game. Huntley yielded, with a very bad grace. In a month of deep play he had lost heavily to Hugh. Some dozen I.O.U.s, signed with the dashing "*John Huntley*," for, in the aggregate, a large sum of money, nestled in Hugh's bran-new pocket-book. He was intoxicated with the taste of success. Surely this was the way to make his fortune. At

length the old man grew serious, then restless, vehement—lost his temper—waxed furious—hinted at cheating—swore things must come to a crisis at once.

He could not bear to be beaten night after night by a baker's 'prentice. D—n it, he would rather shoot himself.

"Pay me what you owe me, and my father-in-law, the baker, sir; and you need never see my face again."

"D—n it, you scoundrel, dare you insinuate at *me*. One night more, and we shall see who will win. Bring the baker's mortgage here, and all your cursed I.O.U.s; and get me your father's note of hand, for £500; and, by —, I will play you, for Glencrew. Are you man enough, baker, to play seven games for such a stake as that?"

"As good a man as you are, sir. I take you at your word. Good-bye till the morrow evening, Mr. Huntley."

He went out into the night with the tempter fastened on his heart.

"Pshaw, man, what is there to fear? The old fool is sure to lose. I know I can win. One day more, and I am a made man."

Next day, the mortgage was stolen from Darby's desk; the note for £500 was forged; and evening saw the young man walking with radiant face and buoyant steps, through the pleasure grounds of lovely Glencrew. House, and woods, and cattle, all seemed his own already. An hour after; and their play was finished for ever, and Hugh was shivering with surprise and dismay outside the hall-door, while his late amiable host was laughing at his savage gestures.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! The hound thought to drive Jack Huntley out of Glencrew, and to fill it with baker-whelps! Larry, touch him up with the horse-whip. Begone, you croppy cur, and tell Darby O'Connor, the tables are turned at last, and *he* owes *me* £500; and, by —, he shall pay it before he is a month older."

* * * * *

The wretched man ran in agony into the woods. All through that night he wandered up and down the river's banks. The day after, he cowered in a cave like a whipt cur—beaten, broken, bruised, but not a whit softened. *Then* the hot iron seared his conscience, blighted his heart, and seemed to have killed all the good in his nature. At night-fall, driven by hunger and the fear of longer solitude, he slunk home. Huntley had been there early in the morning—so early, that he found the family at breakfast. They were very anxious about Hugh, and had brought the widow down for counsel. His victims hailed the Squire with shouts of gladness.

"It's glad we are to see you, sir. Where's Hugh? God send he mayn't be sick at Glencrew," said Biddy O'Connor.

"Oh, Mr. Huntley, dear, sure it is not so?" said the trembling wife.

"There is bad news in that face," said the widow.

"Good people, your son-in-law's whereabouts is not of the slightest consequence to me. He and I *have* had some dealings. I regret to say he has bitterly disappointed me. I had rather hear or see nothing further of him."

"Well, sir," said Darby, "as you seem to have thrown my son over, you will be good enough to pay that trifle of over a thousand pounds, that is between us, before another week, or maybe you will find yourself a lodger in Waterford Jail, for a good while."

"What do you mean, you old skinflint? I owe you nothing."

"Faith, Mr. Huntley, you are a good hand at a joke. And when did you pay me the money I have got the mortgage for in the desk above. Fetch it down, Biddy; I am like to want it soon. And the interest, too, your honour. Troth, ayther you or I must have had quare drames of late."

"Mortgage? You are doting, old man. Glencrew is a d—d sight freer from debt than this counter," on which he brought down his riding whip with a cruel blow.

Darby opened the desk very deliberately, and searched furiously through it.

"Oh, murder! millia murder! but somebody has stole my papers. The devil has been at work here. Mr. Huntley, you knowed of this robbery; but sure you are a gentleman, and would not rob a poor man of the sweat of his life's work."

"Mr. O'Connor, I wish to close all dealings with you and yours. Have you £500 in the house? I shall trouble you for that amount in discharge of that note. How soon can you have it for me?"

"Why, as God is above us, there must be magic in the house this morning. I niver signed that paper, nor one like it. I'll not pay one farthing of it."

"What, sir, do you say *that* is not *your* signature?"

"Not a stroke of it iver was made by this hand?"

"Well, poor people, I am sorry for you all. I got it from your son, Hugh Bryan. He must have forged it. That will be enough to hang him."

"Oh, Mr. Huntley, your honour dear," cried the anguished wife, "don't say that! My Hugh niver would do such a thing."

"Och, I feared it! och, I feared it! It's all them cards," crooned Bridget, with her face in her apron.

"It's a lie, false Sassenach," said the widow.

"Thank you, madam. I have evidence enough to hang your son twice over."

"Sir, you are worse than a liar, or a forger. You are a devil. You have tempted, and betrayed, and destroyed the only son of the widow by your drink, and cards, and flattery. I won't curse you. There is no need for me to open my lips against you. As sure as you stand there, the curse of God will rest upon you all your days. If you have any care for your poor sowl, burn that paper, and dale justly by this honest man."

"Burn it, amiable madam? No; I shall take every stick, the man is worth in the world, and turn him out on the streets for his impudence of old; or else your felon son, ma'am, shall swing. I give you two hours, Mr. O'Connor, to make up your mind. Till then, *au revoir*," and the fiend, making a courtly bow, left the presence of his victims.

But Darby's mind was never more to be troubled, by coming to a decision, on any earthly difficulty. The blow was too heavy for him. He fell on the floor like a log, and was borne to his chamber, where he lay, speechless, senseless, all but lifeless; watched by his wife and daughters twain. Before the week was out, he slept with his fathers.

When Hugh crept into the house through the backdoor that night, he found his mother alone, watching for him, at the fireside. She looked him through and through; but there was no sign of sorrow, or shame, or penitence,—nothing but despair, disgust, loathing, hatred of all things, but himself. He said, as his eyes went down before her gaze, "Oh, then, you know all about it. It is best so. Bad luck to the day that Darby sent me to that d——d place."

"Shame on you, to talk that way of the good man, our best friend, that has got his death-blow through your sins. Ohone! ohone! woe's me that I brought you into the world, or that my eyes were not closed in the coffin, before this day came. I won't call you by the name that was your father's, no more, for you have defiled it. May the Lord bring you to true penance. You have broken the heart of a good man, that would have spilled its last drop for you."

"Mother, you had best go home. I am not in the humour for standing nonsense, the night."

And thus the two parted for years. She had drawn the reins too tightly in the rearing of her son; or had spent more time and thought on her devotions to the saints, than in winning his affections; or was too fierce in her indignation, at the shame he brought on the Bryans; and when the strain came, the cord snapped; and the mother and the son were two, from that day forth. Old Bridget sat awe-stricken by her partner's bed, till all was over. Then the other widow came and drew her away, submissive and childish, to the little hermitage in which she dwelt, under the shadow of the old church.

All Darby's assets went to pay the insatiable Huntley. The guilty man and his wife were left alone in their misery ; she, unable to understand it at all, at all,—thinking of her dream,—still nestling close to her love, and striving to win him to mildness and sobriety ; he, now wild for blood ; now weeping in despair at his ruin, now cursing the day he ever saw Glencrew, or its master's hateful smile. His only comfort was in the bottle, and it was seldom out of his hands.

C H A P T E R I I .

Sir Lucius O'Regan, at the time of the Union, was the most fashionable man in Ireland. A ward of Grattan, he had entered public life in his teens, as the handsomest and most popular officer in the Volunteer Army of 1782. He celebrated his coming of age by the delivery of a great oration on the rights of Ireland. But the fame of a statesman required too much labour, and midnight oil, and dry lore and knowledge of musty black-letter, to suit the taste of a man of ten-thousand a year. He shot off in preference to the Continent, to acquire the finish of a perfect gentleman at the French court. There, in the society of Egalite, he learnt French ; the mysteries of the gambling saloons ; the use of the small sword ; and peerless grace in the dance. When the Revolution rendered the life of a gentleman uncomfortable in Paris, he transferred to his native land his whole stock of wit, and polish, and manifold accomplishments. He bet with Whalley, about playing ball against the walls of Jerusalem. He drank with Curran, as a Monk of the Screw. He coquetted with the leaders of the Rebellion of '98, and fought with the English Secretary in the Fifteen Acres. In the last year of the eighteenth century, he was the bright particular star of the Irish court and capital. In his ascent, he had fought many duels ; hunted in every county ; spent scores of thousands of pounds over the gambling table ; and picked up, as a matter of course, the reigning beauty of Ireland's galaxy of belles. The lady's guardian, with cold-blooded villainy, distrusting Sir Lucius's honor,—for which, had he not been a bishop, he would infallibly have been shot,—had bound over for the wife's sole use her entire property.

In the very same month, Ireland lost the jewel of her legislative independence by the union of fraud and force ; and Sir Lucius lost

Loughflush Castle, and the thirty family townlands, by an onslaught of the allied forces of his creditors. But a seat in the Imperial Senate turned his ambition to an Imperial career, and the price of his three Irish boroughs sufficed to open the campaign in the Court of the Sovereign. A year of high life, under the auspices of the Regent, sent him back empty to Ireland, to his wife's ancestral home; that, as he proudly said, "the heir of the O'Regans might draw his first breath in Irish air." To his disgust, the heir was "the most precious darling of the sweetest young lady, that ever opened the loveliest blue eyes." This eulogy of honest Biddy O'Connor, Lady O'Regan's foster sister, was cut short by the perilous flight of a decanter, wherewith Sir Lucius returned her eloquent congratulations.

On the earliest possible day of Lady O'Regan's convalescence, he bore her to the Continent, to hide his diminished head from sight of rivals, who were not yet penniless; and to escape the hearing of bitter-sweet congratulations on his paternity. The infant he left with Biddy O'Connor, telling her, she might fetch the brat she was so fond of, home with her; and rear her with her own squad of girls; which proposal Biddy cheerfully assented to; and thus Lily O'Regan spent the first four years of her life, in the household of the Baker of Lismore. Thus Biddy and Nance Mulcahy, twin sisters by their mother's former marriage, and Norah O'Connor—in after days the Flower of Blackwater—were foster sisters of the heiress of Glenmore.

The Baronet lived as well as he could on the beggarly £800 a year, doled out to him by his wife's trustees; until an angry Austrian, whose wife he had debauched, closed his embarrassments and his life by a pistol bullet. Lady O'Regan, over the dead body of her husband, slain—oh, misery of miseries!—by a righteous vengeance, forswore all future intercourse with the false and sinful world she had served too long, and vowed to spend the remnant of her days, in her own land, among her own people, in the nurture of the child she had cast from her—for which sin, she verily believed—this fearful chastisement had come upon her. She was grieved, but not surprised, to find that her little girl shrunk from her, and refused to believe, that the lady in black was her "mama." She had grown to look on Biddy senior, as her mother; and on the younger Biddy, Nance, and Norry as her sisters. She had now to go away from them, and dwell in state in Glenmore. Not until Biddy junior and Nance went to live with her in her mother's house—as she had lived with them in their's—was she reconciled to the change in her condition. But in due season, the mother's patience, and tenderness, and love were repaid by the attachment, confidence, and reverence of the daughter. Nance, as was natural for a pretty girl, was carried after awhile to a home of her own by Tim Mahony, the priest's

man. Biddy abode at Glenmore as lady's maid and humble friend to Miss Liliás (she was prouder by a head than her mistress), and strict watchwoman of the domestics and retainers of Lady O'Regan's household.

Miss Liliás, as a beauty and an heiress, was courted by all the young gentlemen around, who were susceptible to the charms of a young and lovely maiden, or of an estate free from debt, legacies, or mortgages. To Lady O'Regan these gay suitors were a continual torment. Her own frivolous and sensual youth rose before her, and she shut her doors against them all. Her health was failing, and she shrunk from leaving Lily alone in the world, as she had been. At last a young curate came to the parish ; who soon gained the respect of all sorts and conditions of men ; and the profound love of every one, who could value an humble Christian, and a servant full of zeal and good works, and eloquent for his Lord. He seemed to the widowed lady, to have been sent to Lismore, in answer to her prayers. After careful scrutiny into his early life, and character, and manners ; she found to her joy that he would prove an unexceptionable suitor. He was a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian. She gave him a hearty welcome to Glenmore. His flock was small. He had time to spare. He was fond of the study of nature. Glenmore was a mine of geological and botanical marvels. She and her daughter would be grateful to him, if he would give them the benefit of his leisure hours, in opening up some of the wealth in her property, that they had never heard of until then. Under her gentle pilotage, the young lady and the clergyman passed through the stages of interest, admiration, sympathy, attachment, preference, into the wished-for haven of true love. Thankful and happy was the mother, when Edward Crofton, with manly simplicity, told her he feared he must cease his visits at Glenmore ; as the society of Miss O'Regan was becoming more and more fatal to his peace of mind. Her reply led in no long time to his union with the heiress, and his promotion by the Duke to the living of Rathcore. Hearty were the blessings, and the curses, which followed the carriage, in which the clever parson bore away the richest prize in the county. Only blessings seemed to follow a marriage, which made Lady O'Regan say, when her end came, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace ;" and which comforted her daughter, for the loss of such a mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Crofton were at Glenmore, visiting their friend and tenant, Mr. Lewis ; when the tidings of Darby O'Connor's death, and the ruin of his family, reached them. Without delay, they drove over to seek and comfort the dear old foster-mother Bridget. They wished her to go and dwell with them ; but she would not leave the holy widow. With her she would spend her few years on earth in prayer, and the

service of the Church. The grateful lady, foiled in her efforts on this side, purchased a good house at Rathcore; furnished it very neatly; added to it a bakehouse; laid in a stock of flour; and sent her agent to inform Hugh Bryan, that he might set forth again on the high road of comfort and prosperity. This news drove gloom and tears from the wretched household. Hugh and his wife lost no time in disappearing from the place, where the glorious noontide of his life had turned in an instant into blackest night.

So it came to pass, that, on the 26th of May, 1824, I was born in the house of the baker of Rathcore; and my sister Nelly, two years afterwards.

PART II.

"Primitia vite."

CHAPTER I.

RATHCORE is one of the most ancient cities in Ireland. Yes, a city. For are there not the crumbling ruins of a venerable edifice, which, history says, was once a great Cathedral—the seat of a long line of Bishops, whose sculptured forms—crozier and all—mark the scene of their fame—living and dead?

A village also it certainly is, and, very humble one, too, on the south-eastern coast of Ireland. Not of much note now-a-days, save as a dangerous roadstead, where many a good ship has gone down, within a stone's throw of the land; or a favorite fishing-ground, where sprat, and scad, and mackerel, do congregate, and where, till the act of last year, the salmon was caught on his way to the noble river, which finds its ocean-home, a few miles off.

A hardy race they are, whose dwellings cluster round the holy cliffs; on which a saint, earlier than Patrick, lived, and laboured, and built the oldest church on Irish ground. His grave is to this day, once a year,

the mart of a flourishing trade in earth, consecrated by the traditionary perfume of his bones. Many a man is there among these Rathcorians, who has not shrunk from venturing life and limb, to save the drowning mariner. Some wear the medal, which tells of lives rescued from a greedier, and more pitiless, foe, than Russian or Hindoo.

Hospitable, too, they are. There is not a house in the village, from that of Peter Saxe, Esq., J. P., down to Pat Ryan's—which is only an old boat covered with a ragged sail—but has open door for the stranger, cast away by sea or land.

Religious, too, they are; steadfast adherents of the Holy Roman Catholic Church—with a passionate zeal for wakes, stations, patterns, and all other forms of ecclesiastical merry-making. Vast is their reverence for the Great Stone, which rose and carried ashore—who dare doubt it?—holy Declan's bell, and book, and candles, from the ship in which the eager evangelist had forgotten them. That stone—to alien eyes, a huge uninteresting boulder—is the centre of Rathcore faith. The well—in which their heathen fathers were baptized—is, of course, the holiest of water. But it must yield to the stone. The priest is certainly the man on earth most to be revered. But even Father Phil had better speak gently of the stone. True for him, he can stop blood, and lay the spirits, and whip the devil like a spaniel; and where is the man in the falling sickness, if he has any faith in him at all, that Father Phil can't cure? But the stone has held its place of honour for ages. And when Father Phil was a gossoon—and wild enough, too, by all accounts—shure it cured his mother (the Heavens be her bed this night) of the wake back. She, that had not stirred for years without a crutch, stood as straight, after going three times under it, on the pattern day, as the ould Round Tower itself.

For there is a tower in Rathcore, and a grand old giant it is. With stones bearing the marks of the Pelasgic chisel, fresh to this day, cleanly cut, and squared, and bevilled, and bound together with perfect art, it still stands, like a trusty sentinel, a hundred feet high, keeping watch over Rathcore, past and present.

Somehow, that tower runs like a deep undertone through all the music of my early memories. When I think of myself lying in my mother's lap in our little garden, getting my first glimpses of Heaven in her pure blue eyes, the tower is over us. When I think of the soft turf on which I watched the grass grow, with choking sobs—for my mother lay beneath—the tower is over it and me, pointing ever upwards, as if it said, "*She* is not there but far above us all;" and taking up her own words, it bids me be sure and follow her on high. When, too, the dawn of love rises to my thought, sweet as of old; then, too, the tower rises—witness of many a walk, when I stole out to gaze through the

beech trees of the Rectory fence, on her form, whom I worshipped near or far off ; with no more thought that I should call her mine, than if she were a star in heaven. Now I feel, the tower said to my youth, " Build up thy life, stone by stone, tier by tier, and she shall mark thy rise, and anyhow think more of the lad who watched the waves roll up the beach with her ; and turned from no height or depth of precipice or cliff, to bring her a flower, if she only looked, as if she cared for it.

Far back as memory can go, I loved Miss Lily Crofton ; we grew up together. For twelve years I met her daily, on from her first visit to the open air. I can see her a merry crowing infant in her nurse, Aunt Bridget's arms, from which she seeks release, and throws her tiny arms round Hugh—then a little rosebud in pink hat and white frock, for whom the boy seeks and treasures up rare shells, choice seaweeds, bunches of wild flowers ; offerings welcomed with a shriek of joy. Again we are on the beach, running after the ebbing waves—or I dash forward for a spar, and am wet through with ecstasy.—Then a wild girl of nine years, romping, playing marbles, rolling a hoop, teasing Hugh, climbing rocks ; Bridget in hysterics with fright, or in tribulation over torn garments. She always was the most precious thing on earth, in my eyes. As a baby, so different from all the others, squalling, dirty, little animals ; even from sister Nelly at home—often most untidy, and seen in most disenchanting situations. I viewed Miss Lily as a peculiar jewel, far above the common human mould, higher than any one I knew. All things seemed made for her—horses, carriages, livery servant quite the gentleman—yea, great Aunt Bridget herself, before whom father and mother quailed submissively. Every one, as by a law of nature, did homage to her, and I—to me she was a deity.

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Her father was the parson. Hated were his name and office. Derived, indeed, as all we Catholics knew and firmly believed, by a direct commission from the Prince of Darkness ; through his trusty friend and ally, the King of England. Supported, too, by bread torn from the mouths and vitals of a famishing people, as Counsellor O'Lalor said, in his speech at the time of the Great Election. The man himself was loved—supremely loved. Honoured and welcomed were his face, and form, and bow ; by all men, women, and children, rich and poor, for miles round the Rectory gates. Not a man in the land got more good wishes in a day, than Mr. Crofton. Not one deserved them better. Was a widow behindhand with her rent ? Who would see the agent, and soften his heart, and gain a reprieve for the poor woman's goods and chattels, but the Parson ? Was a wild scamp bothering the lives out of his unhappy parents, by his harum-scarum

doings? Who would get round the boy, and lure the heart out of his bosom with stories of foreign countries; and drive him wild to go to the West, to the West, to the land of the free; and lend him the money to go, but the Parson? Was a collection made for a fisherman, whose nets had been swept away of a stormy night? Then, the first name on the list was sure to be "E. Crofton," with "£1" opposite to it. No wonder they hooted O'Lalor, when he went on in his speech, to draw invidious comparisons between the nets of St. Peter, and the Rector's carriage and horses.

"The parson for the body, the priest for the soul," was the homely aphorism which embodied the sentiments of the peasantry, anent the rival spiritual forces of the parish.

His flock was very small. The Squire, the doctor, the coast-guards, only filled a corner of the diminutive Parish Church. We knew they were well cared for, and that their minister was dear to them as their right eyes.

The priest and he lived on good terms. They seldom met, but, when they did, each treated the other as a gentleman. Their circles of life and duty never intersected; nor was there ever a collision between them. Each had gauged the other, and found utter incompatibility on all points. So they went their several ways in peace.

The priest knew that his flock was safe from clandestine attempts at proselytism. With the faith or no faith of Protestants he never meddled.

Crofton could not have worked in the dark, for his nature was open as the day. On his induction to the living, he had printed an appeal to his Roman Catholic parishioners, and left a copy of it with his own hand in every house. In it he solemnly charged them to search the Scriptures, and compare the teaching of their priests therewith. He believed in his soul that *they* were in awful peril and delusion; and that *he* had a Divine commission to preach and teach the truth of God in the Parish of Rathcore. For his discharge of this trust, he should have to answer at the last day. He called them to witness *now*, that he might be clear from the blood of all men then. He would always be found ready to receive, instruct, comfort, minister to every one of them. With themselves must lie the responsibility of turning away from the true Gospel of the Grace of God. So he had spoken out, and on all occasions did speak out, and seek openings for quiet argument, and cool discussion. But the Rathcorians valued neither reason, nor Scripture, against their thousand-year-old convictions. To be cool in talking to a Protestant about religion, would be a downright sin. They were Irish to the core,

with the unatoned wrongs of centuries rising between them, and the Church of the tyrant. He was of the Englishry, with the blood of one of Cromwell's troopers in his veins. That would have made them stop their ears against an angel's voice. They respected and loved the man, more than any of their own priests—envoy of Satan's though he was. Many would have died for him. Not one would have listened to a word from his lips about religion. Nor would they have listened to St. Paul, if he had held the living of Rathcore.

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The intercourse between the Glebe, and our house was frequent and cordial. Mrs. Crofton loved my mother dearly. My father's intemperance made her attentions more tender and marked. The heir, Master Neddy, a handsome boy, two years my senior, was my special patron. His clothes, books, playthings, after a short sojourn at the Rectory, came home to the bakery. He marked out a bed in the garden for me, and filled it with the finest plants he could lay hold of, with his own hands. In that garden he used to lie, and weave and retail stories about giants, and fairies, and beautiful angel-princesses, for my amusement. He was a perfect little gentleman. "The Sunbeam" was his name in the village.

How well I remember the last time I saw his face.

It was a month after our great rejoicing for Catholic Emancipation. We all seemed to have gone mad on that fete day. I cannot say that I had ever felt the iron of bondage enter my soul; or bowed under the chains and fetters—at least a hundred-weight of which—to judge by our excessive demonstrations of joy, and the universal intoxication of the people of Rathcore—must have fallen from my Popish limbs. But I exulted in the fun, and spent the hours in running after the flags and fifes, and closed the day, and almost my life, in the flames of the great bonfire. The date of Daniel O'Connell's legal entrance into St. Stephen's is branded, on my arm by an ugly seam; and on my mind, by my mother's look of speechless anguish, when she saw my writhing form, borne into the house on a door. I had quite recovered, and was very sorry for it, as no more cakes, and figs, and grapes came to "poor Hugh" from the Glebe. My mother was sitting in the sunlight before the door. Nelly and I, at her knee, were inspecting the pictures in the last book which Master Neddy had sent down. My lounging father was lolling over the half-door of the shop, smoking his pipe.

Mr. and Mrs. Crofton, and their boy, walk down the street; stop at our door. The boy carries two fishing reels. His father and he are intensely fond of fishing and sailing. To-day they are evidently bent on sport. How I wish that I might join them! A telegram of

nods and winks conveys the idea into the mind of my young patron.

"Norah, dear," said Mrs. Crofton to my mother, "we are going out for a few hours in the boat. Bridget wishes to go to chapel to-day. Could you go up, and look after Lily, till she comes back? You can bring the children with you. Would you like some strawberries and cream to-day, Hugh?"

"Surely, I will go, my lady," said my mother; "and it is a charming day you have, for a sail. God send you luck in your fishing, Master Neddy."

"Papa," said my friend, "will you ask Mr. Bryan, to let Hugh come out with us? He can fish, time about, with my reel."

"Mr. Bryan," said the parson, "will you be kind enough to allow Hugh to accompany us in a sail on the Bay? I shall bring him back before three o'clock."

"Thank you kindly, your reverence; but this is a holy day among us Catholics, and we dursn't go out fishing at such times."

"I am very sorry for it, Mr. Bryan. I wish your scruples extended a little further."

"How so, sir?"

"You don't object to drinking as much whiskey as you can get on a holy day, do you?"

"Oh, no; we are like fishes for that."

"By the way, Mr. Bryan, you Romish Christians are very fond of monopolising that name 'Catholic' to yourselves. We have just as good a right to it as you, if not better."

"Why, now, sure, your reverence, if I went round all the Protestants, and asked them if they were Catholics, they would tell me—if they didn't knock me down for my impudence—that they were nothing of the kind, but true-blue Protestants, every man of them; except yourself."

"Oh, yes, perhaps so; and if I went round the Roman Catholics and asked them which was *the church*, how many would send me to your chapel?"

"Well, you have us there, anyway; but sure no one denies that ours is the ould Church. Where was yours before Harry the Eighth, Mr. Crofton?"

"In the Bible, where it always was. Tell me, now, where was your face, before it was washed this morning? Did the soap and water, and the towel change it?"

"I have heard that before, sir; and I'll tell you an argument like it, I heard the other day. You know you are always sending us to the Bible, and calling us 'Romans.' Now, just look in your

Bible; and you'll see there is a whole book in it, wrote for us Romans; and not a word is in it about you Protestants. And St. Paul, that you are so fond of, was proud of being a Roman himself."

"Well, my dear Mr. Bryan, I will not joke about the Bible. I only wish you could be induced to study that same Epistle to the Romans; and take your faith from St. Paul. But, surely, it is not fair of Father Tracy, to drive Protestants into chapel to hear Mass, by force?"

"Och, then, did your reverence hear that? Faith, and it is not a bad story, that same. Last Sunday morning, there was a poor cray-ture selling apples at the chapel door—his clothes would be dear at a farden. He was keeping a lot of us outside with his fun, when out comes Father Phil, and orders us in. The appleman stood his ground, and would not budge an inch. 'Get in out of that, you onmannerly scoundrel,' says the priest, 'into the chapel. Is this the way you do your duty to God? Haven't you the dacency to follow your neighbours?' and he shook his pastoral staff at him very wicked. 'Father, dear,' says he, 'I am not one of your sort at all. I am a Protestant.' 'None of yer schaming, you lying villain. Who iver saw a Protestant with such a coat on his back as that? Get in this minute, or I'll make them carry you,' and in he went, and did not stir, till all was over."

"Well, Mr. Bryan," said the parson, "that man came up to me with a grievous complaint against the priest, and was quite eager to take an action against him for an assault. That was absurd, of course, and I reasoned him out of it."

"Oh, your reverence, it was your money he wanted; and the story was a good excuse."

"That had something to do with it, I suppose. How quickly that boy of yours is growing! He is almost as tall as Neddy. Come here, lads, till I measure you."

This broke up the conversation of the matrons, and brought us boys, back to back; and his fair curls floated over my black head, and proved that he was my superior by a good inch."

"Aye, Hugh is growing very fast," said my mother; "but the darling Sunbeam is growing brighter and better every day. Glory be to God for it."

"Yes, indeed, Norry," said Mrs. Crofton; "he is a good boy, and can read beautifully. This morning, he read a chapter almost as well as his papa could have done. Good morning," and the three figures passed away from our sight to the boat cove, where "The Swan" awaited them.

My father, musing upon the parson's words, thought he might as well go and mould his potatoes, and carried me off to weed; which

seemed very cruel, when he knew my heart was with the fishers. From our garden we could see them embark ; take their places in the boat ; glide out to the fishing ground ; lower the sail ; and throw out their lines. They were by themselves, for the parson was as much at home on the water as on land. His father had been a captain in the navy. How I longed to be on board that boat ! I thought I could see Neddy pull up fish after fish. I was sure he was saying, "What a pity Hugh Bryan is not here !" I tore up the weeds with angry hands, and chafed for all the three hours of their fishing. After our dinner, we saw the parson hoist the sail. The wind had risen. There was an angry curl on the waters.

"They will be in the cove in ten minutes with that breeze," said my father.

At that instant, the wind carried his hat over the hedge. With a curse, he leaped after it. When I turned my eyes next seaward, *there was no sail in the bay*. My heart stood still. I uttered a wild cry, which seemed to be echoed by a mighty uproar from the cove. After my father, I rush down to the beach. There are women wringing their hands. Three boats are pulling swiftly out into the Bay.

"Come, boys, we can do no good here ; make for the Pickie Rock," shouts my father.

A score of us hurry to the ledge, to which we can see a figure, with a train of white, steadily swimming. The parson had brought his burden to shore, before we reached him ; and sat watching over the motionless figure of his wife, with a heartstricken look.

"Oh, Bryan, Bryan, she is bereaved of her son. How *can* I bring her back to life again ?" said he, hoarse in voice.

"The darling is safe, your reverence. He is one of God's angels in heaven," said my mother, who seemed to have risen out of the earth to her foster-sister's side.

"Thank you, thank you, Norry," was all that he could say ; as she knelt down, and fondled Mrs. Crofton in her arms.

"Bring her down to our house, till the carriage comes for her. Hugh, will you go and bring it ?—and fetch the doctor along with you," are her orders, as she takes command of us all.

We carry her on a door down to the Bakery, and lay her on my mother's bed, where her jewels fix my gaze. They turn me out of the room, lest the sight of Neddy's friend should be too sharp a sting for the bleeding heart. Then first I realise my loss—and see a horrid sight of a white face, that I know so well, lying down—down—down—amid the seaweed. Never more shall I see my friend. That childish grief was, I think, the worst I have ever known. I rushed out, and knelt sobbing in the summer-house, till my mother had come back from

the Rectory ; and missed me from the house. She soothed me, and told me how bravely Eddie's mother was bearing her loss, greater far than mine ; how calmly *she* took up her cross, and tried to cheer her husband ; and would not suffer any one to pity her, or her boy ; always saying, that he had been promoted to great honour ; and was at home with Him, who loved Edward, better even than they had done. And the great grief took its place farther and farther back in my thoughts, till another loss opened the wound afresh.

The birth of a still-born child, three months after, was the signal of Mrs. Crofton's own departure. My mother's silent grief revealed to me the intense capacity for sorrow, of the purer human souls. During the days of hopeless waiting, she could scarcely look at my sister, or me ; or venture to speak to any one. She was with her foster-sister to the end. With tears, she then told all her grief to me, finding, when the stroke had fallen, relief in unburdening her mind.

"And, darling, then she kissed me, and thanked me for all my lifelong love to her, as if any one could help loving her, or I had ever done anything for her, like what she did for me and mine, saving us from ruin ; and oh, dear, she humbly asked my pardon, if in all her days she had said, or done anything to vex me ; and she said she had prayed, when she took the Holy Communion, that mother, and Nance, and Bridget, and myself, and you—she named *your* name, honey—might meet in Heaven, where mama and Eddie were waiting for her. She said then—she knew Bridget would never marry, for she was under a vow to lead a single life, and she could trust dear Lily to her and me, under her father. We were to be the same to the orphan babe, that we had been to her ; and Mr. Crofton, when he got over his trouble, would be a sure friend to us all. But before all—and, ohone ! it was the last words I will ever hear from her darling lips—I was to never forget that I had a Friend could never fail in the Blessed Saviour. Acushla, that was the best sermon I ever heard. God send I mind it to my dying day. Ohone—to think that my own sweetest, dearest, kindest, loveliest Miss Liliás is lying a cold corpse this night, and mother, and Biddy, and Nance, and me all alive and strong yet."

"But, mother dear, sure, the corpse is not herself? Did not you tell me often, that when the soul left the body, it went to glory; and that the corpse was only, like a broken egg-shell?"

"Yes, dear, that is all true ; but, somehow, griefs stuns one ; and we can't help thinking, that the body one was so fond of, and the face that smiled, and kissed, and spoke to one, is themselves ; and when the heart is full of sorrow, it is a while before religion comes up to cheer one."

"But, mother dear, there is a great wonder in my mind. Mrs.

Crofton wasn't a Catholic, and Master Neddy wasn't a Catholic, and the catechism says, only Catholics will get into heaven—and the heretics must go to the bad place. What does it mean, at all?"

"My own darling, if ever there was an angel of God upon earth, it was my own Miss Liliass that's gone; and I ought to know, for she kept nothing from me. God send we may all get a sight of her in heaven—near her none of us will be—for we won't deserve it. But come, dear, say your prayers," and, with a kiss, she left me, very sad, and perplexed—alone in the darkness.

The funeral was the most awful scene I have ever witnessed. There was no Protestant clergyman but Mr. Crofton within many miles. He *would* go through the whole service himself. My mother, with her hood drawn over her head, took me to the church. We stood outside the door, where, on our knees, we heard the melancholy cadence of Mr. Crofton's voice. Then we see him with a woeborn face, whiter than his surplice, glide along from the church, close to the coffin, looking as if he saw not one of the thousands, who had come to the grave to weep with him. We hear him read words which steal over us with a deep, solemn awe. There he stands on the brink of the grave. Heretic as he is, there is a hush upon us all; an involuntary reverence for this man, so far above us and all the world; a shock given to the old conviction, that the Evil One and he can have any dealings.

Then comes the rattle of earth falling on the coffin lid; and, without a sound, he is lying on the mould, a white, motionless figure. With sobs, the Squire lifts him up, so tenderly. He takes the book again so quietly; and in a voice, without a quiver, low as the smallest note, yet most audible, he goes through the Burial Service to the end. Then he lifts his eyes, and surveys the mass of mourners: a change passes over him, and he speaks. I retain none of his words; only the indelible impression of his look and action—the straight, majestic figure, at first, meek, and resigned, and thankful—then the white face filling with a look of grateful, yearning love for us all—then waxing awful as the angel of doom—then his countenance gathers the radiance of the angel of mercy—and with grace ineffable, and uplifted hands, he sheds over the silent crowd, what I now know to have been the Apostolic Benediction.

Hearts were touched that day; and deathbeds for years after showed that the parson's words had found an entrance into souls, which the menaces of the priest had failed to move.

CHAPTER II.

My aunt Bridget was a very pious woman. Her habits in life were moulded after the strictest fashion of a devotee. Her room in the Rectory was a treasure-house of spiritual machinery. There was the shrine, with its holy tapers, holy water, holy earth, holy branches, holy rags, and a painfully elaborate crucifix. Round the walls were pictures, and images of things unearthly: the insignia of the orders, sodalities, confraternities, living rosaries, of which she was a member, and the records of all the indulgences she had earned during twenty years. Her aspect was stern and frigid, for she counted any display of natural affection a sinful thing. Her garb was, as nearly as possible, that of a nun.

The convent was her fixed centre. Round its walls, her tastes centripetal, her means centrifugal, kept her revolving in a middle course, between the world and the sisterhood. Her aim had been, to amass the needful dowry. But, when that was almost gained, a new and magnificent idea, suggested by my birth, caused her to defer her consecration. She determined to be the spiritual mother of a priest.

Therefore, on the first day of my appearance on the stage of history, she promulgated her grand intentions for my future. I was the rough block, out of which, she, by prayers, and teaching, and lavish expenditure of savings, would hew a pillar of the Church. I was to be a priest—perhaps a Jesuit; she would clear my way to that admirable goal. My mother was glad it should be so. My father also assented. Therefore, she still hoarded up her ample wages; rejoicing at the thought of heretical cash serving such an orthodox end. Therefore, she set herself, on all occasions, to bend my pliant mind, to the sacerdotal side; and fed my imagination with splendid pictures of the glory of my mission. Therefore, she strove to form me to my high vocation—fanning every spark of zeal and ambition thitherward; smothering every thought and fancy that strayed after the wicked world. Therefore, before I was five years old, every letter in the catechism was stereotyped in my brain. For my advancement, she rehearsed countless rosaries, and abstained from all expense.

Nor was I kept in ignorance of this great labour of charity on my behalf. Far from it. I was taught from the first dawn of reason that I was the special Levite of the parish; the elect soul, guarded by in-

numerable spirits of good, whose patronage Bridget's unceasing fidelity procured—coveted by myriads of demons, from whose jealous hate Bridget's orisons alone preserved me. Too many visits to the holy well I could not pay ; nor say too many "Hail Marys" at the shrine of holy Declan ; nor sprinkle myself too often, with water reverently taken from the thrice holy basin of the mystic font, which filled the ancient Baptistery.

In my seventh year, my aunt paid our house an early visit, and bore me off, arrayed in my best, to the Presbytery, where Father Tracy dwelt. On the way, she made anxious inquiry into the state of my mind, exploring the current of my ambition.

"Tell me now, dear, plain, what would you like to be, if you had your choice?"

"Well, aunt," said I, rather glad at the opportunity of unbosoming myself, "I think I would rather be a king, than anything else. Sometimes I think, I would rather be a general—only they are killed too often, and then, you know, they can't enjoy themselves any more."

"Stuff and nonsense ! Who has been filling the child's head with chaff? Would you like to be a baker, or a fisherman, or a pigdriver, or, maybe, a policeman; that's more like to be your lot, with the father you have got?"

"Oh, no, aunt, that would be awful."

"Well, child, if you mind, and do what I tell you, you might be a bishop."

"What's that, aunt? Is it as big as a king?"

"He is twice as great a man, as any king. They are not fit to hold a candle, to a bishop. They must go down on their knees before him. There is no one on earth above a Bishop, except his Holiness the Pope."

"Well, aunt, I think a bishop *might* do. Anyway, I would like to try it."

After a pause, during which I was counting the beads, dropping through her fingers, consumed with curiosity, I said—

"And, aunt, has a bishop any chance of fighting, at all?"

"That is a hard question ; but, I believe, they might, against wicked tyrants and heretics. Your father's uncle was a very holy priest, and fit to be a bishop. He fought against the English, and died in battle; and none ever opened their lips against him. So I suppose a bishop ought to fight for the Church, when he has a chance."

"Was uncle as great a man as grandfather, aunt?"

"That he was, and greater : but the two were like brothers all their days. Your grandfather, like a good Catholic, obeyed his priest. So, Father Mick was the head of them all."

"Well, aunt, I can tell you now—I would like to be both my uncle, and my grandfather."

"That is not so bad for a child. Now, darling, I am fetching you to Father Phil, to get his blessing for you ; and to ask him to put you on the road, that leads to a Bishop. He was very fond of your grandfather; and was at his funeral, and gave you his name. Mind and trate his reverence with the greatest respect; and go down on your knees for his blessing."

Father Philip Tracy, P.P. of Rathcore, was by far the greatest man in my young experience of life. Nor is this surprising. For if you give a man the keys of heaven and hell, for all the souls in his parish, when they go *out of* this world; and make him the only medium, through which a scintilla of pardon and peace, can come to them *in* it ; and furnish him, moreover, with an infallible means of knowing all the secrets, passions, and sins of the people ; and add to these a flock, every one of whom has imbibed, from his infancy, through fifty generations, an implicit belief in the power of his priest, to do what he will with him for ever and ever—you have before you an ordinary Irish P.P.

Further, now—robe this man, with vast popularity, the fruit of the labours and triumphs of a life; spent in delivering his countrymen, from a yoke, that made them Helots, in their own land ; a genial, kindly, humorous nature ; an ardent sympathy with the one temporal wish of his flock, Repeal of the Union ; and, lastly, the reputation of great wealth (some said, millions); and it, lent and given freely enough to real want; and from the aggregate, you may form a conception of the man, whose hands admitted me into the Holy Catholic Church.

His fame was in its zenith, long before I saw him, standing on the altar, at High Mass, clad in rich vestments, holding in his hands what kneeling thousands worshipped in sublime devotion. Holier than Aaron seemed he then.

Different in kind, but more thrilling and effective was his power; when, after Mass, he towered over us in the full swing of his ripe Celtic oratory, holding all minds as in a leash. He had been one of the earliest alumni of famous Maynooth. Thence he bore to his native South, the fame of illimitable (everything in Ireland is in the superlative,) learning, and the certain possession of a playing, flashing, kindling, roaring, consuming, annihilating eloquence. In the days before Emancipation, he swayed 100,000 hearts in Munster. Every winding, and twisting, and passion, and emotion of the subtle Irish nature, were known to him. He could strike every key, and never failed to bring out the true note. Humour, pathos, indignation, fury, and, give him

his due, benevolence, flowed from his eloquent lips; in a stream of words, coarse and vulgar, and often savage enough, to English ears, no doubt, but thoroughly suited to his purpose and his audience. O'Connell had no firmer adherent, than he. Side by side they had often stumped the country, smiting terror into the breasts of aspiring Members of Parliament—and tearing thousands of votes from Tory landlords.

Yet, with all his blarney, and bluster, and bravado, and invective, there was not a *soupsçon* of hypocrisy in the man's nature. That he smote the foe, with fierce and pitiless hand, and brought in the terrors of the Church, often out of season, was not hard to see. Yet was every fibre of his being thrilled through with the passionate sense of his priestly essence. His words, he believed as firmly as his flock, bore the curse of God, in deadly blight, upon the souls of his enemies. Doubt of his commission, or power, was to him simply a thing impossible. Protestantism, of every hue, in every form, was to him the unquestionable offspring of hell. Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII., Elizabeth, were as surely of the family of Satan, as Cain, or Judas, or Caiaphas. Even the wealth of the heretics, was, in his sermons, a proof of their reprobation.

"Sure, it is only fair, the heretics should have as much happiness as this world can give them *now*; when there is nothing but the fires before them, when they go out of it, for ever and ever, *in sæcula sæculorum*."

Great was then the regard of the Irish for their priests. They had been persecuted by the English worse than the laity. They were of themselves—their own flesh and blood—and yet by that mysterious tie, which bound them to the Pope, raised worlds above all other men. And none can say, that they were not active and zealous in the service of their Church, and their countrymen. Neither distance, weather, danger, nor sickness, could keep them from the dying man, who sought their help. "*Soggarth aroon*" was always at the call of his flock: full of sympathy with them in all the vicissitudes of human life, merry and mournful. And they were always welcome. In short, they and the people were one body, in which the priestly element was the vital tide.

Father Phil had cherished his influence for forty years, till it covered the country with a canopy of Tracyism. The two curates were only his satellites. And he had used his power in many points well.

Illicit love was unknown in our parish. The only offenders were the gentry, who did at times ruin our prettiest girls, to our deep, though silent, indignation, and the confirmation of our belief, that they were the children of evil; "and what could we expect from the likes of them?"

This Priest was in truth the king of Rathcore. As he walked along the road, reading his breviary, all bowed and uncovered; and many went on their knees for his blessing. His power, and pomp, and fame, had an irresistible fascination for me. If the glory of the warrior could be combined with it—that was the life for me.

As we advanced through the lawn to the house, we saw the portly figure of our rubicund pastor, attired with his usual neatness, on the steps of the hall-door. A wretched-looking woman—a noted drunkard—with a ring of neighbours, stood before him. She was entering on her statement, as we drew near.

"Sure, and your Reverence, didn't I come to you, six months ago the day before yesterday, and tell you, that my sweet Terry's hat and coat was found floating, beside the ferry slip at Youghal; and that when he was last seen, he was full of sperrits, the darling, and was shouting that he was bluemoulded for want of a bating, and would nobody come and thrash him? Didn't I tell your honour, too, that I knew by my dhrammes, I was a lone widow, with seven orphans, and one of them a cripple—glory be to God—and that Terry was in Purgatory, didn't I now?"

"Oh yes, Kitty, your statement so far is correct enough," said the priest.

"And didn't you tell me, father agra, that it was a very bad case, and that it would take a dozen of masses to get his soul out of Purgatory; and didn't I sell the donkey and cart, and the goat, and bits of duds; and borrow all I could from both our families; and didn't I give your Reverence three pound ten, to get him out of torment into pace? Is not that as true as that I am standing here?"

"The substance of it is correct enough—and the masses were said, Kitty."

"And didn't your reverence tell me, he was safe, and out of Purgatory, by the virtue of the masses; and that I might be at aise, for I had done my duty, to him that was gone?"

"Well, well, Kitty, not quite that—but tell me at once, what you are driving at."

"Terry, mavourneen, come forrard here, and let his reverence see you are not in heaven yet."

At her invocation the man, whose soul, his friends had fondly thought, was in bliss, stood before us, in the flesh, a dirty scarecrow; with a knowing leer on his villainous features, and his hair cropt very close: as was visible when he uncovered in the presence.

Father Phil's look of surprise gradually merged into a bland smile of intelligence.

"You are welcome out of jail, Terry—and now, Kitty, has he not got safe out of prison—and is it not heaven to be restored to the arms of such a wife as you?"

"Oh, but, father dear," implored the wife, "sure, you'll give us back the money? I know you will, for you have that lovely smile, on your bameing face. Faix it's refreshing to behold."

"Tell us, Terry, where you were, and how you got there," said his Reverence.

"Sure, then," said the wife, who monopolized the conversation, "he was as innocent, as the babe unborn. Only the night we missed him, he strayed, the craytur, to Middleton; and was tuk up in the morning, by the polis, for a hole in a man's head, that Terry's stick fitted exact; and, bad scan to them, they sent him to Cork Jail for six months."

"Listen now, the pair of ye," said the priest with dignity, "Terry and Kitty Dwane, you are the disgrace, and the plague of the country. Your children are left in the gutter; and you are never sober, morning, noon, or night; while money can be begged, borrowed, or stole. You have got a lesson now, both of you. Let me see it does you good. Come back this day month for your money. If I hear a good character of you, we'll see what can be done. Come inside, Bridget, and bring the child with you.

Father Phil always had a special regard for our family. Bridget was his model Catholic; my mother, his patient lamb; my father, the erring sheep, whom he was never tired of trying (alas! in vain), by measures, gentle and severe, to bring to his right mind. For myself he had shown more than ordinary favour on such occasions as one so young could catch the attention of the great patriot priest. He now led me by the hand, into his snug parlour; brought forth sweet cakes and cordial; and made me stand by his side, his hand on my head: while Bridget laid before him her generous scheme for my future life.

He listened with wandering looks, and, when she ended, said—"Bridget, he is a fine boy, and makes me feel older than I ever thought to be. You need not fear, that he will want, for any help I can give him. God knows, it would rejoice my heart, to see him ready to fill my place, when I am gone; or maybe to hear the old man's confession, when he is going to join the rest. Oh, dear! oh, dear! you have brought the dead before me this day, Bridget.

"This child's face"—and he bent upon me a deep gaze of loving scrutiny—"brings Mick Murphy and Hugh Bryan plain before me. Mick was the best friend I ever had. When I went to Maynooth, a raw gossoon, he was father and mother, and sister and brother to me. He was a man and a priest every inch of him! If he had lived, Biddy, you would have seen such a Church in ould Ireland, as you never saw in your dreams. There would have been no need of O'Connell, or 'agitation,' then. But he was sure God would not let the heretic kill him; and He did; and He knows best; and His will be done.

And now,"—as he searched my face again with swimming eyes,—
"it is Hugh Bryan that I see. I saw *him* dying, inch by inch, Bridget; and all the time, he thought of nothing but his country. It was he advised me, never to let blood be shed again; but to put our trust in God; and get all we could from the enemy, by fair means. Next to Mick, he was the wisest and best man I ever knew. He cared no more for dying, than for taking a drink; he had such faith in God. Aye, they were great men, both of them; and I ought to know that. Many a smaller has got a grand name in history. It is a good thought to make a priest of this child. His grandmother wished the same for his father; but none could make any good of him; and, faith, Biddy, your sister was enough to spoil a better man's vocation. So, my dear, we must not be too sure of this boy either. He is too young to know his own mind. But we can do our part. Hugh, acushla, you must be my acolyte."

"Glory be to God, that is great promotion, for one so young. Maybe your Reverence would try him in his Catechism?" said Bridget.

Which he did; and was satisfied by the impetuous recitative, in which I went through two pages, that this part of my education had not been neglected.

"He knows it better than I do myself, Bridget," said he.

"Go down on your knees for the holy father's blessing," said my aunt, as she drew me down, beside her own prostrate figure.

He blessed us both with fervour; and when we were almost at the outer gate, called us back.

"Here, my boy, is a reward for your knowledge of the Catechism;" and he handed me a book; and added very solemnly, "Hugh Bryan, pray to God, to make you worthy of your name."

The book was one of his own, entitled, "The Acts of the later Irish Martyrs, from A.D. 1560 to A.D. 1800."

Now began in earnest the educational labours of Miss Bridget Mulcahy. She entered, with lofty courage, on an arduous course of preparatory study. Thirteen volumes of the "Lives of the Saints" she procured from Dublin; and having distilled their contents in the crucible of her own mind, she poured the precious knowledge into mine. Her daily walks with Miss Lily were the season of my tuition. Thus, for full five years, I was nurtured with the strangest records on earth;—of saints, standing half a life-time on pillars, as high as the tower; lying, from choice, on beds of cinders, or sharp stones; spending the coldest nights immersed up to the chin, in water barrels, and when tempted to feel too comfortable, lashing their back with scourges, to which the cat-o'-nine-tails is a trifle; grazing like goats on the scanty

herbage of the Syrian deserts, or of rocky Atlantic islets ; sailing in their cloaks, hundreds and thousands of miles in half an hour ; carrying their heads under their arms, from the cursed clay of heretics, to the orthodox place of repose ; turning the scoffers into turkey-cocks, or spitting them for ever on church spires ; frowning with contemptuous disdain on all worldly wretches, who had a sound roof over their heads, or a room large enough to stand or turn in, or two coats, or more than one very bad pair of sandals. They fought with lions, and tigers, and elephants, and dragons ; were broiled on gridirons ; were tempted by devils, and most beautiful ladies ; served meanwhile, by choirs of the most melodious spirits, with luscious fruits from Paradise. Most miserable were they, yet most angelic.

Thanks, good aunt Bridget. Though thy wages were hoarded to no purpose, thy saintly lore expended on a barren soil—I owe thee much. She furnished my mind with many an incomparable model of courage, self-sacrifice, purity, holiness, and devotion to the only worthy end of life. Yes ; thanks for even such grotesque examples of manhood, heroism, saintliness, and godliness.

She was also—little as she thought it—(she would have held it accursed) helping the growth of that true love which, for me, has borne none but blessed fruit. It was Miss Lily's presence that made me long for those daily walks, and learn those lessons, paying obsequious court to the nurse ; that the little lady, who held my heart in fetters, stronger than penal laws, might be allowed to play with Hugh. Bridget watched our intimacy ; acquiesced in it ; finally encouraged it, for ends of her own. With fear, but with pride, she confided to me, that she had got Father Phil to give the child a stealthy baptism. More than this she dared not venture on, for every thought of Lily was open to her father. And the devotee had great faith in Bridget of Kildare ; under whose patronage she had placed herself, her charge, and me. She was anxious to enlist me in this work of charity. When I became a priest, Miss Crofton's affections would be a vantage ground from which to work upon her feelings, and thus the darling would be won into the true fold. As it was, she went through rounds of audible supplication to the Blessed Virgin, every evening before Miss Lily ; kept the tapers burning every holy day before her private shrine, and smuggled in little stories with a Catholic tone. Oh, yes, Heaven must smile upon her efforts. Lily shall greet Bridget in Paradise. She and I will be jewels in that incomparable woman's crown. Hence, she was glad to leave us much together. For her projects, our mutual love could not be too strong or fervent.

Thus there grew a perfect union between the soul of the little girl, and mine. We read out of the same story books ; wept over the same pathetic scenes ; laughed at the same funny creatures, found in holes among the rocks ; and went hand and hand together through the opening years of life.

My sister Nelly was at this time a sore torment to us both. She was for ever bursting in upon our confidences ; and, as her tastes turned only to reckless fun, while our wildest amusement was dashed with a shade of melancholy, or sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, she was often one too many ; as when I was entertaining "Ladybird" with the details of the accomplishments of a donkey, which I had bought the day before, for a shilling—her father's gift,—praising Neddy's speed and beauty, revelling in the anticipated delight of endless donkey rides, and canvassing with her the means of his support.

"Oh, Hugh, I will get papa's leave to put him in the stable every night. Then it will be such fun to take the oats from old Jones. And every morning it can feed for an hour on the lawn ; and when Bridget is hearing you your lessons, I can bring her all the nice thistles. Oh ! it will be delightful—and you'll let me ride, won't you ? Oh, how I long to see him !"

"Here he is, himself," said I, as I descried Nelly, dashing towards us on Neddy's back. She sat on a sack, filled with hay, guiding her steed, with a bridle, of the same material. She looked so saucy, and roguish, and happy, and shouted out with such a gleeful voice, as she swept past us, "This is better than stewing over old books, or hunting for nasty seaweeds," that my companion could not resist crying out—

"Stop, Nelly dear, and let Lily have a ride. Do stop her, Hugh."

After a hot pursuit—at great risk from the donkey's heels—I caught him ; without much ceremony dismounted Nelly ; and led the charger back in triumph to Miss Lily, saying—

"But you see, Miss Lily, there is no saddle for you, and this rough hay rope would hurt your hands."

"Oh, I have got my gloves. Bridget dear, lend me your shawl."

"Indeed, miss," replied my aunt, "I cannot allow you to ride that dirty beast. It's not becoming to a lady like you. And, Nelly, if I was your mother (thank God, I am not), I would take good care not to let you demane yourself, in that ondacent way."

"Oh, Bridget mavourneen," pleaded Lily, "just let Hugh hold me on for five minutes, and I will do anything you like."

"Will you, in earnest, Miss Lily. Will you keep a secret for me?"

"Indeed, and indeed, I will. Only lend me your shawl. Now, Bridget, you can lead Neddy, and Hugh can hold me on."

But my stature was scarcely sufficient, and her hands were too small for the clumsy halter, and pleasure was extinct in a very brief period.

"Oh, dear, it is not so nice as I thought. Let me down."

But the mischievous Nelly pricked the donkey in a tender spot with a thistle, and he scampered off across the sands. I saw the back of Biddy's dress, and her heels in the air, as she was spun to the ground—Miss Lily clinging to the donkey's neck, as I flew forward and caught the dangling halter, and held it fast till Neddy stood stock still.

"Hugh dear, you are as brave as a lion. I will be twice as fond of you after this."

The words ring sweetly in my ear to this day.

She told the parson the whole story. He was very much annoyed with Bridget—but patted me on the head, and gave me a silver pencil case, with thanks that made me feel an inch taller.

CHAPTER III.

BY the time I had reached my thirteenth year, my mind was furnished with as strange an assortment of ideas as perhaps ever met in the brains of a boy. From my mother I had acquired the Irish tongue, chiefly in the form of songs, and ballads, and hymns. From my father I had picked up, in a desultory way, a very moderate acquaintance with writing, and the four first rules of arithmetic. Bridget had given me a surfeit of hagiology; and the parson's library—of which I was free—the whole series of the Waverley Novels. The latter form of literature I devoured with insatiable greed. Morning, noon, and night found me following the footsteps of *Ivanhoe*, *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, *Count Robert of Paris*—or some hero of romance. Their deeds were never out of my head. They led me into another life, which became far more real to me than the one before my eyes. Gradually there awoke the consciousness that I, too, bore an historic name; that among my ancestors had been great captains, brave brave knights, mighty warriors.

The fame of my grandsire was a guiding star to my young soul. From every field I gleaned the history of his life. I gained a lofty conception of his person, character, prowess, and grandeur. True—

my father had cared little for the great patronymic, had tarnished and dragged it through the mire. Still it was noble ground from which to start. Methought the great spirit and Murphy's had passed into mine, and bade me take up the work where they had left it, and win back the honour of our race. Yes, on the corner stone, where they had 'graved their names so deeply—I vowed there should rise the temple of Irish liberty; and that "Hugh Bryan" should be carved on the topstone also.

But all my choice heroes were most accomplished men—not only great without a peer, upon the battlefield—but also eminent in arts, and letters; and unrivalled in eloquence. My education was very imperfect. However brave I might be on the field, I felt, alas! that I could not make the right sort of a speech to my soldiers. I must learn Latin and Greek. That was essential. Oh, where shall I find a preceptor like Dominic Sampson?

Judge, then, of my delight, when I learned from a conversation of my Aunt Bridget with my mother, that the one man in all the world best fitted for the task had come upon the scene.

"Norry," says Bridget, "I have come down to have a chat with you about young Hugh's schooling. He is able to read anything now, and knows all the lives of the saints better than I do myself. Father Phil says, it's high time for him to be at the Latin."

"Bridget, acushla, sure it's too soon to be puzzling the poor child's wits, with them outlandish tongues."

"Outlandish tongues, indeed! is that any way to speak of the blessed language the true Bible is wrote in; and that was on the Cross itself, over the Blessed Saviour's head? I am ashamed of you, Norah Bryan."

"But, Bridget dear, you ought to mind, I'm no scholar like yourself, and it's hard to be always keeping them good thoughts in one's head. But who is to teach the child? Is it Mr. Dearson, you would be after putting him under?"

He was the master of Mr. Crofton's school.

"Are you raving, woman? Sure and you must have lost your senses to think I would let the old heretic lay a finger on my young priest's head. Blessed Mary, forbid it! Did you not see Kory O'Toole yet?"

"Is it the quare musicianer you mean—him that was sitting before Fitzgerald's last night, playing jigs for all the young ones, and drinking, I'm in dread, more nor was good for him?"

"The very man, Norry, and for all his being down in the world, it's himself is the great scholar entirely. Mary's the big man in Irish."

lin this day, aye and the world over, *he* gave his first Latin to, and jometry likewise."

"Whats that, Biddy?"

"I'm not right sure, Norry; something about squires and angels, it must be very grand. The words in it are the finest I iver heard, near a mile long."

"Oh! my poor child," said my mother.

"Why Norry, it will be the making of the child, to be under such a man. Sure there's Father Redmond, the great praching friar, owes most part of his schooling to him."

"And what brings him to Rathcore? Is he going to stop?"

"He is come down for St. John's Eve, and on a pilgrimage to the well; and he tould me, if he could get a score of children to tache, he'd maybe stay here, to be near Father Phil, and the Stone. Och! but he is the pious man entirely! he has been round all the holy places in Ireland. Muckruss, and Clonmacnoise, and Glendalough, and all. It is a rale godsend, his coming, Norry. St. Bridget has sent him in answer to my prayers."

"But, Biddy, he looks as if he was given to drink, and his prayers, and pilgrimings, can't have been the right sort; or the devil would not have such power over him, at all, at all."

"Aye, Norry, the whiskey is his failing; and every one has their failings, priests and all of us; and he is not the only man, might have been high up, and is in the gutter to day, from love of the drink. But, for all that, he is the best grammarian in the three counties; as good as the man that taught O'Connell himself. I will take care he does not lead young Hugn astray. Faith and he will go far, before he gets a worse pattern than at home."

"Onone, Bridget, but it is a poor thing, to hit one that's down; and my heart is sore enough already with his father's goings on. But you are a wise woman, and know what is best for the child, and a good child he is, though I say it, tnat shouldn't, and as sharp as a needle, and only too fond of his books. He will do credit to whoever has the taching of him. Glory be to God for that same!"

"Deed and if he wasn't so fond of running after them nasty seaweeds, and fishing for pollakeens, and bringing Miss Lily into dirty places in the rocks, I'd not have a word to say again him. He has got beyond me, and even Father Phil can't puzzle him in the lives of the Saints. He must read a power of books, Norry. Miss Lily fetches him a new one almost every morning. They could spend the day talking about one Robinson Crusoe. I suppose *he* came from Holycross. And there is a story they are very fond of, about St. Paul, and a young lady they

call Virginia. I can hardly believe it all, but then it must be very good; for it is wrote by St. Bernard, and St. Pierre, and that is French, I'm told, for St. Peter."

"Aye indeed, he is always in the kitchen corner reading his book. He is inside this minute, and, I'll be bound, so deep in his studies, that he has not heard a word we two were saying."

"God send it," said Bridget; but her prayer was too late.

"And," said my mother, "he knows every song and hymn in Irish and English I could tache him. He cheers us all, morning and night, with his singing. May the Lord bless him! he is the only comfort I have. I wish Nelly was half as quate and sweet tempered."

"He is inside, you say," resumed Bridget. "Then I will go in, and tell him all my plans, and mind, Norry, and have him ready at seven o'clock, when I come down for him."

I had been disturbed in my sympathy with Aladdin, on the loss of his wonderful lamp, at the outset of the preceding dialogue. When I gathered, that my education in the Latin tongue was the topic, I listened with all my might, and did not lose a word of their conversation.

The famous master, whose panegyric Bridget had pronounced, I had seen enter the village, the day before, in state—borne in a donkey car—clad in flowing robes of green—with resplendent harp by his side, and the Irish pipes at his lips. A forest of white hair, a yard long, streamed down from his jolly face. His head, after the fashion of the ancient Irish, was free from the oppression of hat or cap. I had watched his triumphal entry, and listened to his strains, martial and jocund, with intense delight. He was to play at the Baltane fire three days hence. Now I knew that I was to be admitted by him within the gates of ancient Rome, and to be initiated in all the olden glories of our own Innisfail. Oh, happy day!

"Hugh," said the voice of my aunt, breaking in upon my reverie, "would you like to be a scholar?"

"Sure and, aunt Bridget, you know I would. When am I to begin?"

"Oh, but it's yourself is hot for it already? You are not so anxious to say your rosary at the well. But I have settled it all with a great grammarian. He will tache you Latin, and jometry; and he is the man can tell you all about your ancestors, and your great posterity, Brian Boru, and hundreds of kings, and imperors that you are descended from. He says it is kindly for the Bryans and the O'Tooles to be together, for his forefathers celebrated all your forefathers' exploits. It is yourself is the lucky boy, Hugh Bryan. So you must mind every-

thing he tells you, and treasure it up. And when you are a priest, and the Bishop I hope to live to see you, you will be thanking your Aunt Bridget, and praying for her soul at the altar, because she tuk so much trouble, and went to such expense for your eddication, and would not let you demane yourself, with the spalpeens. Be ready, alanna, at seven o'clock, when I will come and bring you to the Colonel's to see the master; and mind that you have your face as clean as a new pin, and your hair tidy, and the new suit on, that I gave you at Christmas. Come now, Miss Lily," who was conversing all the time with my mother, "dinner will be waiting for you above."

So at last my barque was to be launched on the great sea of knowledge, by that grand old-world pilot. I was to be delivered from petticoat preceptors, and musty saints, male and female; and to be introduced to Pompey and Julius Cæsar, and Alexander, and Hannibal, and Oliver Cromwell, and Lord Sarsfield, and Brian Boru. Wasn't it Latin that made Father Phil, and the other priests, such powerful men? It gave them dominion over the world of spirits, good and bad. I had a strong hope that with this key, I could enter the land of fairies, and genii, and ghouls, and demons. They would build me palaces, and give me Lily for my bride. One of *them* would make easy work with the English, and clear the way for me to glory, and the sovereignty of Ireland. Seven o'clock seemed a year off. I pestered my mother for my clothes, and was spotless from head to foot, an hour before the appointed time. When at length Bridget came, she found me on my knees, deep in a game of marbles with Patsy Loughlin, one of her aversions; for the delay seemed eternal, and the temptation was irresistible.

"Get up out of that, you plague of my life," shrieked she. "Fine thing it is, to be giving dear clothes, to the likes of you! You'll break my heart with your dirty, mane, low, vulgar ways. Poor scholar you'll make, I'm thinking, and my money, that I pinch myself so hard to get, might as well be throwed into the sea at once. Look at the knees of him! Here, let me wipe you with my handkerchief. Give me your hand. Stop crying, and hold up your head like a gentleman."

A torrent of objurgatory criticism on person, habits, tastes, and morals continued to pour into my ears, long indifferent to such things, until we were within the gates of the stronghold of Carrick Dhu. There dwelt the O'Flynn, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, ex-Colonel (or so reputed) of the forces of the Kaiser of Austria, a fiery man of war, an ardent Celt, a lover of all old Irish customs. He had welcomed, with open arms, the last of the bards of Erin. The Colonel was known to the outer world as—when sober, the terror

of the boys of Rathcore, for whose backs his rattan seemed to have an instinctive appetite ; as—when drunk, a perfect volcano of oaths, curses, and blasphemy, or what we concluded were such, in many tongues. A tall, thin, straight man was he, with features hewn, as it were, out of old mahogany ; garnished with iron grey mustache, and hair shorn, as his servant, Jack Maher said, “in a rale military, crop.” Forty years had he served abroad, always fighting. His body, as we saw, when he bathed, was a tissue of scars. When peace came, his occupation was gone, and he was old. The love of fatherland revived, and drew him to his native Rathcore. He bought the same green slope, on which his father dried his nets ; built a bastion ; and with no companion but grim Maher, smoked, and drank, and blasphemed his life away. Not a popular man in our town, save for his devotion to the wild rites of heathen Ireland. Already on the hill behind his house, huge piles of furze, turf, tar-barrels, driftwood, promised well for the Baltane fire ; which pagan festival still, after fourteen hundred years of Christianity, holds its ground, on Midsummer Eve, in the South and West of Ireland. The Colonel sat in an arm-chair, on the terrace before his house. Below our feet stretched out the Atlantic, one sheet of glass. His pipe was in his mouth ; a glass was in his hand, and a quart bottle stood on the windowsill, beside him. At a few yards’ distance from him, the venerable remembrancer of the past, who combined, in his sole person, the offices of bard, harper, piper, devotee to the faiths of Rome and Baal, and hedge-schoolmaster, sat on a grassy bank, playing a monotonous descant on the harp ; while his voice rang out, in ear-splitting tones, the glories of the clan O’Flynn. While we drew near, Bridget solemnly charged me, to be most respectful to these august and mysterious personages ; and not to dare to taste anything in the shape of spirits ; and to be sure and go straight home from the Colonel’s, when the master had done with me. She must return to the Glebe to prepare Miss Lily for slumber, and had only time to introduce me. We approached ; she, with a lowly obeisance to the veteran ; I, having eyes and ears only for the bard. He caught my gaze of admiration, and came to a gradual pause. The Colonel filled a tumbler with raw spirits to the brim, and said—

“The chief of the ancient tribe of the O’Flynnns has been robbed of all his fair acres by the greedy Sassenach. Nor chain of gold, nor jewelled ring has he, as of old, to be the guerdon of the minstrel. But here, Rory ma bouchal, is a draught of liquid diamonds, that will make you forget our shame ; and think that the days of old have come back again. It’s all the thieves have left us, and, bad luck to

them!—they are making it as dear as gold or diamonds either. Slaughta.”

The other took it reverently as though it had been a casket of relics ; held it up as in adoration of the sun ; and slowly brought it to his lips. We watched the stem rise higher and higher, till the tumbler was inverted. When the generous fluid was absorbed to the last drop, and the look of rapt enjoyment had subsided, Rory replied—

“Better than gold, or chains, or diamonds, Colonel, is the noble heart, that will never leave the chief of the O’Flynn’s. Better than goblet set with jewels, is the essence of the soil of Ierne. But look, Colonel, here is one, who has suffered deeper wrong than any of us, from the faithless Saxons. Is not this, devout lady,” said he, addressing Bridget, and pointing to me, “Hugh, the son of Hugh, the Unlucky, the son of Hugh, the Martyr, of the line of the great Bo-roihme, of the Royal race of Heremon and Heber ?”

“The Unlucky sure enough,” said she, “ought to be his father’s name, for he has brought nothing but the worst of bad luck, to all his kin ; and if, being killed by the heretics while defending a holy priest makes a martyr, then, this child’s grandfather was a true martyr. As for the other gentlemen you spake of, I can’t say I ever seen any signs of royalty about him. It is a good priest, I want to make of him ; and you, Mr. O’Toole, are to tache him Latin, and jometry, as we settled this day.”

“Trust him to me, pious Bridget,” said Rory, “many a priest there is saying mass in both hemispheres, that thinks of Roderick O’Toole, and rubs his back, every time he sees his Breviary. Hundreds owe the first elements of their Latinity to me.”

“Then I will leave him with you, till you try him. I am wanted at the Glebe. My service to you, noble Colonel, and would your honour’s majesty be so good, as not to give the child a drop of the drink, which is his father’s ruination ; and Bridget Mulcahy will say a prayer for your honour, before she sleeps.”

“Fear not, good woman ; Terence O’Flynn wants any prayers he can get too much to lose yours. The boy ’ll go home from this, as steady as the tower ; whiskey wont wet his lips in Carrick Dhu. Good eveing, Miss Mulcahy. Dont forget the prayer. And so,” turning to me, “you are the unfledged shaveling, my boy. Pity to waste good liquor on such a cub, eh, Rory ? Faith and I guess, my lad, it is the bugle would please you, better than the bell to prayers.”

“Noble count,” interposed Rory, “the O’Flynn should not speak lightly, or in scorn of the holy office of the priesthood. Cormac, King of Cashel, great warrior and statesmen as he was, was also a tonsured

priest. For ages it was the rule of the land, that the field officers should all be priests. Many's the time they killed a man first, and gave him absolution afterwards. Why, Saint Patrick, the apostle himself, gave up his own church in Armagh, for the King to say mass in. So was it in haythen times likewise. The chiefs of the race of Ire, were all priests, and the name was always one of high honor in the land."

"A very different kind of priests they must have been, from the oily-tongued, big bellied, treacherous swine in Italy. I always thought they lay like a murrain on that country. They are manlier fellows here, to be sure; but they are cowards after all. If they had turned out like men in '98, it is an Irish Regiment I would have been at the head of to-day, instead of rotting in this hole. But you do not mean to say, Rory, that this brat has better blood in his veins, than the O'Flynn?"

"Better blood than runs in that child's veins, is not to be found in the world. Aye, even the Emperor of Austria has not better. I could tell you the history of his ancestors, noble patron, out of the Psalter of Tara; and the genuine and authentic records of the kingdom, back to the Flood. A month's singing would not go through the lays our most famous bards have left, about the Bryans. His line goes back further than the Norman bastard, or King Louis, or Æneas himself. *They* are all of yesterday beside this boy," laying his hand on my shoulder.

"If it wasn't too ridiculous, you old pagan, I would brain you—but for divarsion's sake, give us a screed of the days of his forefathers—begin at the Flood, and put as much as you can into an hour or two. Here, most puissant Emperor," said the Colonel, catching me by the collar, and bringing me down with a jerk on the grass, "anchor there, while the hereditary bard chants your noble lineage, and your poor vassal, The O'Flynn, waits humbly upon the scion of the Royal race of Heremon and Heber, sons of Ire. Here, ministrel, as you have a long heat before you, take a drink."

Again the crystal goblet gave a libation to the poet's clay. Rory took up his harp; looked at the tower, as if invoking the spirits of its builders; cast a wistful glance seaward, as if expecting the Phœnician galleys; looked with kindling eye on me; struck up a few preliminary notes, and in most musical Irish, began the lay of St. Fiontain.

After some half-hour's chanting, in the sonorous vernacular, which I found, sorely against my will, dreary and unintelligible, the Colonel bade him cease.

"Rory, my man, the lays are an awful bore. French and German have nearly driven the old tongue out of my head. I cannot make head or tail of what you have been singing. Give us the marrow of the song, in as plain English as you can."

"Well, your honour, it is a burning shame, to tell the deeds of our heroes, in the miserable dialect of the Saxon—but, as you have been so long abroad, and as your heart is so true still, I suppose I must submit. But it is very degrading."

"Comfort yourself with another glass."

"You are the right sort, Colonel; so here goes to begin. The history of our people is not a pack of trash, and nonsense, about gods, and goddesses, and wolves, and lies. It is all the genuine truth, as no good Christian can doubt; for it is wrote by saints, every word of it."

"How is that, Rory? Were they saints before they were Christians?" asked the Colonel.

"I am glad to hear that question, Colonel; now listen to the answer. When St. Patrick got to the Rock of Cashel, converting the country, a very old man met him, and said he had been waiting just twenty-five hundred years for the Apostle to come, and baptise him. 'Why,' says St. Patrick, 'my good man, you are older than Methuselah by your own story.' 'I knowed him well,' says he; 'he was the oldest man in my country, when I left it,' and he goes on to tell how he was a neighbour of Noah's, and was so frightened by the news of the Flood, that, when he could not get a berth in the ark, he built a ship for himself, and, with fifty ladies and two other gentlemen, spent seven years on the water, and then found himself in Ireland. His companions, as was natural with so many women, fell out, and fought till they were all killed. He was a very pious man, and for his virtuous life, got a promise, that he would not die till he was christened, and fit for heaven. When the saint heard that, he made him write out a full, true, and particular account, of all he knew of the history of Ireland, before he would baptise him. He took the name of Fiontain; and the Apostle made a saint of him, as was proper, and he deserved. That is the way, Colonel, we have got such an exact and accurate history."

"A most trustworthy witness, Rory; and what was his evidence?"

"He said that there were lots of people, such as the Firbolgs, and the Nemedians, and the Tuatha de Danans come, and squatted in Ireland; while the rightful owners were on the way to it. But they cared for nothing but eating, and drinking, and minding their sheep, and cows, and farms. They were low creatures, and their story is not worth telling. The rightful owners were the Bryans. The first great man of the name was Fenius Bryan. He married Nimrod the King of Assyria's daughter. Himself got Scythia and Ireland as his share, when the earth was divided, at the Tower of Babel. He lived in

Scythia himself, and left it to his eldest son. That is the reason our people were called Scots in old times—for Skyt, Skut, and Skot are the same in the Greek. Niall was his second son. On the way to his own country, *he* stopped at Athens, and built the great college there. When he got as far as Egypt, King Pharoah gave him his daughter for a wife, to keep him in his country. The O'Neills and the river Nile got their name from him. Towards the end of Niall's life, the King trated the Jews very bad. Niall took their part, and did all he could to help Moses. Moses was thankful to him, and gave him Jacob's Stone, and prophesied that whoever was crowned on that stone, would be King of Ireland. He likewise advised him to set off at once with his people, for this beautiful island. Some say Moses' daughter married Niall's son ; but we do not admit anything that is doubtful in our annals. Anyhow, they left Egypt at that time on their way here ; but it took nine generations to bring them as far as Spain. For the Bryans were so fond of fighting—that, if there was a job of that kind to be had on the road—they could not stir till it was finished. So they went to Troy with their friends the Greeks ; and were everywhere the bravest of the brave. The heir of the family, by this means, always married some great king's daughter. That's what makes their blood so pure—”

“Wait, Rory, till we reckon the ancestors you have made out already,” said the Colonel. “Nimrod, Pharoah, and the King of Scythia. That is not so bad.”

“You forget Troy, sir,” said Rory—“but I am not sure, whether it was Agamemnon or Achilles came in there.

“But in the days of Milesius they had got to Spain. The Spaniards made him their king against his will. He sent his son Ire, with most of the family, to go and take possession of his property. When Ire sailed over, he could see nothing, go where he might, but a pig's back. You see, the people on shore had heard of his coming ; and they were powerful enchanters, and skilled beyond anything in the black art ; and they could make the country look like whatever they pleased. But Ire was up to them ; and he went back to his father, for the Stone, ‘Lia Fail,’ and as soon as he got *it* on the pig's back, the magic was all undone ; and he saw the beautiful Isle of the West. So Ire and his sons took the country, or would have taken it, only they were all kilt, except Heremon and Heber. When the people found out that they were the rightful owners, they gave in—and your forefathers, my prince, gained the throne. But Heremon and Heber would not live with the black artists ; and they made them carry all their wickedness across the sea, into England. Then they two divided the country

between them ; built a palace apiece ; and fell out two or three times a year, for the pleasure of having a fight, and to keep their hands in. You see them ould haythens thought it a sin to die in their beds, or anywhere, but in the field of battle. And all the blood of a thousand kings, that was not spilt in battle, has come into that child's veins.

"But the glorious combats of our heroes, that sound so magnificent in epic verse, lose all their brilliance in ordinary language ; so I can only give a selection of the peaceful deeds of two or three monarchs.

"There was Ollamh Fodla. I'm not sure that he was not wiser than Solomon. He invinted Parliaments, and his was the right sort of a Parliament, that needed no tinkering. It had always 10,000 members, and half of them were professors of the arts and sciences, like myself. They, and all the chiefs of the kingdom, met every Mayday, in Tara's Hall. His dining-room held them all quite aisy. There they all sat in splendour, with flags, and weapons, and harps. First, they discussed the affairs of State, and the laws that were to be passed, on a fasting stomach, till twelve o'clock precisely. Then, there was a great dinner served, with a gallon of whiskey punch for every man. His notion was, that when they considered things, first sober, and afterwards drunk, they were sure to be right. He gathered all the rogues of the kingdom, and transported them to Scotland. It was a sort of Irish Botany Bay. Bad luck to the villains—they stole the Stone of Fate away with them—but the English stole it from them afterwards, and it is in Westminster Abbey this very day. Ollamh lived in peace all his days, till the last, when he got himself kilt in battle, for the sake of his honour. After him, for 500 years, none did a prosaic action, till Oiliol Olum. He thought, it might be as well to have peace sometimes, to taste what wheaten bread was like. So he raised the Fenian army ; and made your ancestor, The O'Flynn of them days—the strongest man in the kingdom—their General. There never were any soldiers like the Fenians. There was always precisely 100,000 of them, not one less or more. Every one of them could play on the harp, as well as myself ; and sing like a thrush ; and jump six foot high ; and run quicker than a deer the whole day, without turning a hair ; and ward off a sword-cut, with the thick mat of his beautiful hair ; and defend himself for an hour against nine of his comrades, they armed to the teeth, and he with only a sprig of shillelah in his fist. I would like to know where you would find such soldiers nowadays?"

"Where indeed?" said the Colonel.

"The Fenians kept the country as quiet as mice, for hundreds of years ; till they took to fighting among themselves—and then King Connor had sore work to get rid of them. But at the battle of

Carbery—by some great magic spell, he sent them all into a sound sleep, and put them to bed, in a cave in the County Donegal ; where they are still waiting till the rightful heir comes, and rouses them with a blast of Connor's trumpet. One of them did waken for St. Patrick ; and the Saint did his best to convert him ; but it was no use trying. He did not care for heaven, because there was no fighting there ; and he would not stay in a place, where they were so inhospitable, as not to let his father, and mother, and comrades, in. But to come back to our story. Connor was the strongest man alive in his days. A giant came to Ireland, to see if he could find his match here. Connor killed him with a blow of his fist ; and mixed his brains with lime, and made a ball like polished marble out of them, for a chimney ornament. A court fool—that Connor had annoyed, by cutting off his nose and ears for fun—hit the King, when he was asleep one day, on the head, with the brain ball. It had been prophesied, you must know, that the giant was to kill Connor. His skull was broken ; but a wise Druid mended it. He ordered the King never to fall in love ; nor drink strong liquor ; nor lose his temper ; or, he would die. Connor became a very pious man, for a haythen, and for ten years led a most virtuous and sober life. After that, one day it was black as midnight at noon. The Druids said the sun was dying. The King prayed to God, to show him the cause. It was Good Friday. He thought the trees about him were Jews. He hacked, and hewed them to pieces ; till he dropped down dead. After him, every King was greater than the last, till Niall the Great. He overran the earth ; and subdued nine kingdoms ; and kept their kings in his kitchen, to grease his brogues, and look after the pigs, and the like. In his days, Patrick came, and preached at Tara. They were worshipping the Baltane fire, when he came in. He touched the flames with his stick, and it went out at once. They waited to see, if he would drop down dead. He didn't—and so they all turned. He baptized them every one in the Boyne, all but their right hands ; for the King said, he still wanted his soldiers to be able to strike a wicked blow.

"St. Fiontain's story ends here. But the monks took it up from this, and have left us the chronicles of all the Christian kings and princes, and saints. And there must have been millions of saints. The truth is, they got too pious, and lost all taste for fighting ; and cared for nothing, but living in hermitages, and singing psalms, and studying the Bible ; so when the Danes came, they had forgotten the art of war, and could make no stand at all. But Malachy was the boy that brought back the old spirit ; and, with his Red Cross Knights, drove the varmin into the bogs. But he kept his own people pious still : for it was in

his days, the young lady walked from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, with the gold ring on a wand ; and none said an impudent word to her ; or threw a covetous look on the ring. Last and greatest of all came Brian Boru ; who swept every Dane off the land into the sea, at Clontarf, of an Easter Sunday morning. He and his family were so tired with slaughter, that they all died of fatigue that night, except his two grandsons, Murtough and Teague. Murtough was a bitter bad man, and, out of jealousy, he killed his own brother, Teague. The nobles would have put him to death—and it is a pity they didn't—only this boy would not have been born then—if he hadn't taken up the cross, and joined the Crusaders, and sworn to deliver the tomb of our Lord, from the Turks. But when he got as far as Constantinople, the devil tempted him with the Emperor's daughter. He run away with her, and brought her home ; and a heavy curse along with her. His sin was to rest upon his family, till one died for the Church. This boy's grandfather did that ; so there is hope for ould Ireland. Erin-go-bragh ! Hugh—the son of the Martyr—the son of the Cæsars—the son of Boru—the son of Milesius—the son of Pharoah—the son of Fenius—the son of Nimrod ; Roderick O'Toole salutes thee, and wishes thee long life, good luck, and great glory," said the harper, making a dutiful obeisance to me.

The moon was up, when Rory ended. My mother had come to look for me. She stood beside us, listening to the tones of "Savourneen Deelish," wherewith the minstrel, jaded with prose and English, was refreshing his spirit. It was, indeed, delicious melody. The Colonel had fallen asleep. I was in a land of wonders. The visionary forms of these majestic sires—crowned—with battle-axes—dying in fields of glory—sitting on thrones—with lords by thousands around them—fitted before me.

"Well, Rory," said our host, rubbing his eyes, "it is only a wretched lot of bosh after all. I'm afraid I have got my death of cold, sitting here in the night air. The brat looks an uncommon poor issue of such a line of ancestors. Hundreds of kings to brew the liquor in his veins ! and I am only the descendant of his great-great-great—how many God only knows—grandfather's commander of bodyguards ! Queer troops the Fenians must have been ! but it is a queer world ; and I will leave it, and go in to bed. Good night, Mrs. Bryan ; take great care of the hope of the noblest family in the world. The essence of at least a thousand generations of kings, emperors, potentates of all sorts, to say nothing of a few bog-trotters and sheep-stealers, is all contained in his small carcase. Come, harper, one glass more, before we turn in. Jack will show you the straw."

CHAPTER IV.

"It is a sore come down in the world, boys, for the hereditary court bard of the most ancient and glorious kings that ever were, to be taching a lot of dirty, ragged spalpeens like you. It is at Tara I ought to be, with an immense robe of the best poplin—Irish manufacture, every thread of it—and a harp of the finest goold, studded with Irish diamonds, as big as eggs; and a prince of the blood royal, to carry it after me; and a following, of a hundred handsome minstrel boys, of the first families in the land; imbibing the ripe genius of Irish pöesy from the lips of the Pöet Laureate and King's Own Minstrel-in-Chief. But things might be worse. Dirty as ye are this day, if all had their rights, it is not here ye would be ayther, but at Tara, too; and Hugh Bryan there would be the Prince I was talking of. Aye, ye would all be at the top of the tree. There is not a drop of dirty blood in the whole of yez. Every true-born Irishman has nothing but the heart's blood of kings and lords in his veins. For your ancestors, me boys, were always fond of fighting, and, for the lives of them, couldn't stay at pace. And they fought so hard, when they were at it, that all the common soldiers were kilt—every man of them—and none but kings, and chiefs, and harpers, were left. So yez are all noblemen by right. And ye must learn to behave yerselves like princes of high lineage; and trate me with the greatest respect; and keep thinking, that the king may come in any minute, to inspect the progress of your studies; and promote the desarving boys, to be Generals, and Field Marshals, and Members of Parliament, and the like; and to cut off the heads of the bad ones, before ye could look round ye. Silence there! you scum of the earth! It is Sassenach stuff must have got mixed with the rale thing in you! Let me see, now, that you are the right sort of gentlemen, every one of you; and know how to conduct yourselves with propriety, or, troth, your backs, and my wand of office"—holding up a stout cudgel, "will become closely acquainted."

Such was the inaugural address with which the great grammarian began his labours among us—the hope of Rathcore. Said hope was represented by some twenty boys of all ages, sizes, costumes, and conditions. The Church, the army, the navy, and the law had aspirants among us. Priests, or doctors, or attorneys, or bailiffs, or agents, Rory engaged to manufacture, according to the taste of the parents. The fees were paid chiefly in kind, as eggs, butter, milk, turf, fish, chickens, tea, tobacco. Each brought the article most

plentiful, or easily procurable at home. For coin of the realm, Rory trusted chiefly to his powers as a minstrel. From wakes, weddings, christenings, holydays, and fairs he bore away his hat full of coppers, and his head and limbs full of whiskey. So long as the money lasted, sobriety and he were strangers after sunset. The next day was a trying season for his pupils. Cuffs, blows, torrents of Gaelic vituperation (which *is* something strong), descended upon us; and the bodies of the young noblemen smarted for the dulness of their minds, or the slips of their tongues. Twice, during our experience of him, the bout was so severe, that *delirium tremens* was the consequence. Then his penitence was heartrending. He lay for nights before the well, in penance and remorse.

Our academy was on the sandy beach, or, when the weather was inclement, in a large cave in the rocks. His mode of instruction was most original. It even displayed genius of a rare order. For the benefit of posterity, I must strive and sketch the lineaments of that extinct species, the Irish hedge—or, in our case, beach—schoolmaster. His robe of office, when employed in the capacity of instructor, was a very rusty black coat, a particularly tall and bad hat, and a neck-cloth, which may once have been white. In his hand, he bore a thick whitethorn, which he facetiously termed, "his wand." Our hour of assembling was ten o'clock, a.m., or thereabouts, be the same more or less. The tribute due that day is brought forward, inspected, criticised, seldom favourably; defaulters are exposed, and pilloried.

"Where is the egg, sir? This is the second morning my stipend is missing. You sucked it, sir. There is a guilty mark upon your chin."

"Please, sir, mother bid me tell you, the hens is quit laying; but, she says, she'll send them all thegither, when they begin again."

"Tell her, sir, she ought not to be counting her eggs, before they are laid; or taching the heir to anticipate his property. Go outside, sir, and make the sand as smooth as marble, for the jometry lesson."

He objected on principle, to all the intricacy of classes, and divisions. His plan was exquisitely simple. The whole school learnt the one lesson, and from the one book. Some, perhaps, could not digest it thoroughly the first time. Well, he had provided a thorough remedy for that. He came among us, provided with an elaborate course, the growth of many years and vast experience. By this, he ensured our progress with the precision of clockwork. The machine was set to go for a quarter. Allowing for Saints' Days, and pilgrimages, and delirium, he reckoned on giving sixty lessons, in classics, jometry, history, and poetry, in that time. The curriculum was minutely registered on the fly-leaf of a huge Latin Lexicon, with the business of each day

in its order ; from which he never departed. This book was his Palladium. The blank leaves at the end were filled with the names of his distinguished pupils. To have our names registered in this blazon of fame, was set before us as the pinnacle of greatness. The ample margin of the leaves, gave room for Rory's brief metrical compendiums of the chief characters and events in history. His course was repeated with us, at least four times, perhaps oftener ; so that we were the repositories of his accumulated mass of learning. We had all of us received indelible impressions of the Latin grammar, sundry propositions of Euclid, and a large range of heroes, native and foreign, with a loyal preponderance of the former. In Latin, his system involved a thorough grounding in the elements—not a doubt of it. One ancient grammar, treasured beyond expression, bound in untanned calf-skin, was our text book. It contained 120 pages. Two were each day's *modicum*. With this invaluable treatise, we all retired into the cave, at two o'clock. One read aloud ; the rest repeated the next day's lesson after him ; until each was satisfied, that he knew it by heart. The favourite of the day might then bear home the book ; and spend the midnight hours, in sinking deep shafts, into this mine of Latin undefiled. When Rory was sober, but had hope of drink, he was most patient, and kindly. Nothing but titles of nobility were flying about. When seedy, a single stoppage in the lesson brought "the wand," with a vicious cut upon the back. He revered the wisdom of Solomon, in the matter of sparing the rod ; and the fruit of it was, that, at the end of our fourth quarter, we could all—but one unlucky wight, Mick Donovan—go through Ruddiman from end to end. Perhaps our acquaintance with the sense of the words was not profound—but then it was a stimulating and delightful thing, to go through "amo," and "lego," to the admiration of our parents.

"Jometry" we learned, from the mouth of our preceptor. The sand gave him a glorious space for diagrams. Like the philosophers of the East, he loftily said, he despised paper, and books, and fancy instruments. A few yards of twine, and half-a-dozen pegs, and the wand, these were all he needed. By their means, triangles, squares, circles, parallelograms meandered over our broad field of science. His mien was imposing, even majestic, as he revealed to us the properties of points, and lines, and angles, and radii, and arcs. He seemed to swell with dignity, keeping us in suspense, and watching for our burst of admiration, at his marvellous powers of calculation, and mensuration. He was far from chaining our free minds, to the chariot wheels of old Euclid. He expatiated freely through the Books, as I found out afterwards. I also remarked singularly enough, that the problems I had never heard of, were somewhat the toughest. But to

teach even so much, to a squad of ignorant peasants, was no small feat. How he used to enjoy the exposition of his mode of finding the height of the round tower !

"Here am I below, now, with only this stick, exactly a yard long, in my hand ; and yet I can tell, to an inch, the elevation of the summit of the tower. The topstone, boys—history informs us—is composed of the backbone of an old sinner, that mocked the saint, when he was building the tower. There he fixed it to the Judgment Day, to teach men and children, never to mock learning, or piety. Attend, therefore, and behold the glory of science. The sun in heaven gives me all I want. Hugh Bryan, take this two-foot rule—measure the shadow of the wand. Five feet, you say. Now, my darlings, be off, and measure the length of the shadow of the tower, to an inch. Meantime, your master will seek inspiration, from the spirit of Nicotia. A hundred and fifty feet it is, you say. How often will 5 go into 150? Yes—30 times. Then, multiply the length of the staff, by the quotient—treasure up that word. The use of such terms marks the exact scholar. The result is, the height of the tower. Mind that method now, and it may make your fortune some day. It is a great discovery, children of science, and I give it to you, free, gratis, for nothing."

But these were the prosaic parts of our education. It was the history, and poetry, that Rory threw the whole force of his genius into. "Lempriere's Classical Dictionary" was the third volume in his library; a rich field of matter, from which he wove the most exciting dramas, in a jog-trot kind of verse. This book also had a peripatetic existence; and, for its stories, was welcome in every house. But his conscience was not content, with the dull process of reading history to us; or leaving us to the book, and our own sagacity. He clothed the old figures with life, and passion, and eloquence; and made them act their doughty deeds before our eyes. Each week he produced a new play; in which each boy had his character of god, or goddess; hero, or heroine; town, or river; and thus the men and days of old grew into a part of our minds. The play of Troy began somehow thus—"Hector, stand forth, and tell us who you are, and all about you." Hector stands forth; a roguish, rattling, ragged rascal. "Great Hector am I; valiant and strong. Battles fifty I've fought; towns taken by scores. My match never met I. A challenge I've got; and forth I must go. Ould Priam's my dad." "Priam, it is your turn now," and so on; till the fighting part came on; when it was rather difficult to keep us true to history; as Hector would not let Achilles crow over him; and would persist in reviving, with unabated pluck, when Priam was bringing his body into Troy. This weekly series of songs, speeches, and combats, brought us, in a year, to the end of Rory's stock. We had then an

intimate acquaintance with his idea of all the great names of Greek, and Roman story. The men who fought at Troy, and many of the ladies; Hannibal and his foes; great Julius and his rivals, were familiar in our mouths as household words. But it was from our own history he extracted materials for many a thrilling drama. The Milesian warriors had the post of honour. Of them we would chant in the vernacular, till long after the stipulated hour of departure. The heroes of my race, from the Flood to the Crusades, came down from the clouds, and careered before us, with kernes and gallowglasses, and tanists, and Brehons, and the long array of peerless Fenians. When the English came upon our stage, nothing could exceed the contempt and aversion, we were taught to feel for them. They did nothing, but bribe, cajole, betray, rob, kidnap—and, above all, keep away from an encounter with the chivalrous Irish. They were either inhuman demons, sent upon us for our sins; or loutish, canting, gluttons; only fit to be slashed, and jovially cut to pieces, by merry Irishmen. How we exulted in the battles of Benburb, and Fontenoy! and the campaigns of Hugh O'Neill, and Silken Thomas, and Granuaile! and all those innumerable feats of history which false English historians have taken care *not* to record. We were always victorious. No defeat ever sullied our banners. If only a hundred Irish could be kept together—which, from their love of fighting in single combat, was difficult—no Sassenach army could look them in the face. Indeed, the chief end in life of the Sassenachs, seemed to be to give gold, and armour, and cannon, and food for inextinguishable laughter, to the Irish. Their genius shone only in cruelty, and perfidy. Queen Bess! every one knew her life was a shameless one. We could almost see her, a horrible hag, bestowing foul kisses, upon cowardly Essex. Noll Cromwell! He was one of Beelzebub's myrmidons. None born of woman could have roasted mothers with the infants in their arms, as he did, at Drogheda. Besides, his nose proved it. Was not it of copper, and always red hot? Dutch William! He was smoked like a red herring. He only won the Boyne, because James, like a true Englishman made worse by the Scotch mixture, ran away from the brave Irish. They had in fact won the day, when they were ordered, by a mistake, to march to Dublin, and polish off the Dutchmen at Clontarf. The Georges were porter barrels, only fit to be laughed at. The first gentleman in Europe, was Rory's symbol of infamy; a perfect contrast to the noble, woman-honouring forms of our rulers. An Irish king would have thought it pollution, to touch the unclean animal. He would have ordered his swineherds, to finish him with their knives; or keep him in a sty. Of Her Majesty, who came to the throne during his reign over our minds, he never spoke, but with the respect due to a

lady, from the descendant of a long line of poets and warriors. But Her Field Marshal did not escape this stern critic.

"Sure, it was only because the English had caught a faithless half-bred Irishman, that they were able to bate Boney. He stole all his genius and valour from the soil of Erin; and, like the absentee landlords, spent it abroad; with no more thought of the land it came from, than a horse has of the stable he was born in."

Once I drew on myself a tornado of wrath, by the innocent question, "How comes it, Rory, if we can beat them so easily; that *we* have nothing but praties, and rushes; and *they* have all the land and money to themselves? Sure it would be well worth our while, to drive them out, and take the fine houses, and estates, to ourselves?"

"I never thought, Hugh, to hear a rale Bryan talk like that. Bate them! is it? Didn't they run from the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy like a parcel of chickens? aye, and from your own grandfather at Oulart Hill? Wasn't it the Connaught Rangers, and the Inniskillings, that won Waterloo by themselves; after the English and Scotch had run away? Your grandfather's child, and Brian Boru's blood in your veins, ought never to give in, for the millionth of a second, that a Sassenach ever saw the back of an Irishman in the field of battle. But stop, boys, and I will tell you, how it comes to pass, that they have all the country to themselves. Listen well, for what I'm going to tell you, is as true, as Columbekill's prophecies.

"Murtough Bryan, that killed his own brother Teague, perjured his sowl, by deserting the Crusaders, for the sake of an Emperor's daughter; and blasphemed the Saviour, by saying, he might save his own Tomb. For that there came a curse upon him, and his, and the whole country. They were to be brought down to the gates of the grave; and to be tyrannized over by a mean and treacherous race; till one of his stock died, in a holy cause. Now, boys, watch how the English come in, for it is wonderful. Sometime after the curse upon us, Henry the Second killed the English Primate, a very holy man, on the very steps of the altar. He knew there was no more hope for his sowl; and so he thought he might as well make something out of the devil; as he was sure to get him at the last. And what does he do, but make a bargain, that the English are to get Ireland for 666 years, on condition that England is to belong to the devil for that time? That is the reason, why they are all heretics. But, glory be to God, the time was up this very year, and now we will have fair play; and not have to fight the devil, as well as the English. And who knows, but the poor craytures may shake him off themselves; and come back to the true Church, at the same time? There is only one thing I am afraid of, and it often bothers me sore. And that is, about the stone, Lia Fail.

Whoever is crowned on that stone, is to rule over the Milesians ; and the Kings and Queens of England keep it always in London, under strong guards. I do not see what is to be done about the stone at all. You see it could not be taken from them ; without invading the country ; and where are we to get the ships, and the ammunition ? Tut, tut, man, you are a fool : the yawls, and the hookers, are not near big enough. I am afraid it could not be stole—though it would be no stealing, to get back one's own—and if it was—it is so big, it would be a hard job, to get it across the country."

"Rory," said I, "have we not got as powerful, and as holy a stone as it is, before us there ? Sure there is no stone on earth, has so much virtue in it, as Declan's. Would not it do ?

"It's yourself has the head, Hugh Bryan, and, to think that I never dreamed of that ; and it before my eyes, till a bit of a boy, put it into my mind ! It is the saint himself has made it known to you, Hugh ; and to be sure it must be far better, than the ould haythen Jewish stone, in Westminster Abbey. This is a true Christian stone, every inch of it, and so, far fitter for a Christian King to be crowned on, than a monument of idolatry. I'll tell you what, boys. The pattern will be here next month ; and, if I'm alive, I'll crown you on it, Hugh, with my own hands, as the rightful King of Ireland ; and give the country such a day's music, as they never heard in all their lives."

Such was the only philosophy of history offered to me, for more than a year, in the very dawn of life ; when my mind was absorbing every ray of light, that reached it. Is it any wonder that I lived in a continual day dream ? I felt like an enchanted prince in one of the fairy tales. I had no more doubt that I was the legitimate heir of Irish and Roman potentates, than that I was the grandson of the martyr of '98. Yes, I *was* born for some great destiny. Was it not a common thing in our legends and in Greek history, for a curse to lie hundreds of years upon a family ; and then pass away after due expiation ? So shall it be with me. The awful sin of Murtough, in deserting the brethren of the Cross, and blaspheming the Saviour, accounted for our long degradation. But it was atoned for ; and soon the blast of the magic trumpet would ring in my ears ; the knights and the heralds, would come, and hail me, the monarch of Erin. I shall go forth against the heretic and the stranger ; and break the yoke ; and drive them into the sea ; and be crowned in Armagh ; and rule in Tara.

And now we had circumnavigated our master's circle of the classics and the sciences, and drained his cup of knowledge to the dregs. He was meditating, and making the draft of an advanced course for us ; hinting at certain great friends, Virgilius, and Cornelius Nepos,

who lay in the dens of an usurious pawnbroker, in Cork. He must redeem them ; and then should we see the use of the great Lexicon.

A rich wedding brought him in a plentiful harvest, scores of coppers—even the sheen of silver sparkled among the dusky daughters of the mint. Now he can release his friends, and enrich our minds with the gems of classical antiquity. Alas ! the siren of a shebeen lured him to the malt, and he drank himself into a fit. The penance which succeeded his recovery, sent him as far as Killarney. Before he started, he told the piteous tale of the imprisoned Romans ; and, by eloquent appeals, he raised from his patrons, the sum of seven shillings ; with which he started to release the captives ; and lay the burden of his sin at the shrine of a very great saint in Kerry.

CHAPTER V.

Peter Saxe, Esq., J.P., the Squire of Rathcore, still lives, a fine old Irish country gentleman. Not of the whiskey-swilling, card-playing, duel-fighting sort ; but of that better class, which came in with the dissolution of the Parliament in College Green. His father had been of the old school ; and had left Peter thousands of waste acres, and hundreds of voracious creditors. The mansion house was a vast pile of building, of every style, and no style ; dilapidated without, by the rough usage of a rough century ; bare within, from the inroads of successive hordes of bailiffs. Peter, on his accession to the family throne, threw away the scarlet coat ; foreswore everything but water, and very limited spirits ; reduced his establishment to three rooms, one for his aged mother, which was soon empty—one, for the world without ; and one for himself. The rest he used as barns and store houses. The great dining hall—yea, the splendid ballroom itself, served as nurseries for highly bred calves, and lambs. No more waste at Rathcore House. Every one from the squire to the kitchen boy, must work, and that in anything but Irish fashion. The old pensioners were frugally cared for ; but no more idle vagabonds found an instant's quarter, in their old land of Goshen. In time, the fields waved with such crops as the native eye had never seen before. The pastures, with their sleek, well favoured kine, were a sight to do one good. Bailiffs, writs, mortgages, became mere traditions of the past. In a score of years, the squire

found himself a free man, with a press full of receipts, an estate drained, stocked, and cropped as no other for twenty miles round; and an account at the Bank, which made porters, clerks, and manager, very civil to the plain country gentleman. Then the outside of Rathcore House was covered with a swarm of masons, plasterers, painters, and glaziers. The inside in its turn was cleansed, renewed, burnished, and furnished, in such a style, as became the residence of the head of one of the oldest families of the Englishry in Ireland. Then the world acknowledged, that Peter was neither fool, nor miser, as it had dubbed him; but a long headed man, who had stayed at home, and minded his own business, and sacrificed pride, inclination, comfort, society, everything but honor, to the great ambition of his life, the repair of the broken fortunes of the Saxe family. Presently, he was Sheriff for the county; and from the county town, brought home a bright clever English girl, to share the homage of the tenantry; and to make the great house *a home*. His wish was to have children, who should enjoy the comfort, he had fought so hard to win. If ever man deserved prayers for the raising up of heirs to his estate, he was that man; for he had spared no trouble in his efforts to raise his people with himself. And prayers he got, both loud and long, to every saint in the calendar; for "sure," as widow Mulrooney said, "Rathcore would be a poor place, hardly better than Purgatory, without the face of a Saxe." Whether the saints or her prayers had anything to say to it, an heir came, whom followed Nos. 2, 3, 4; all paragons of male humanity. Last of all,—to crown the father's brimming cup,—a girl, from the cradle to all eyes, especially Peter's, the living image of her mother. And then, where was there so happy a man as he? He had lived to see the old house restored to more than pristine glory; filled to overflowing with bright young lads, bearing the old names, and the old features, and—as he sometimes feared—just a spice too much of the old generous, reckless ways about them. When, of a morning, he got them out with himself for a canter on the sands; or sailed, of an evening, in the bay with them—the young fry within making dire havoc among the fry without, and keeping papa a patient victim, baiting their hooks; then Mr. Saxe thought, life was very sunny, and said more than once to his friend the parson—

"Dr. Arnold was right. Such happiness as this is awful."

He was a good man, and a religious, from profound conviction. Few, of any class, even among the clergy, had digested such a mass of knowledge, as our Squire. The long hours of his solitary evenings had fostered a natural love for reading. He resumed the studies, in which he had earned high honours in Trinity; and soon left the old text books far behind. Many a spell of hard, fearless, continuous thought

had he followed, till he gained firm opinions. Few questions of weight were raised, in the social, political, scientific, or religious worlds, in which he could not show, when pressed, that he was at home. He was quite competent to keep pace with the march of science ; and to discuss, and sift to the bottom, all the fancy theories and subtle speculations of "advanced thinkers," as they modestly term themselves. In Crofton he had found a congenial spirit. The midnight hour of the parson's life had proved the squire of such true mettle, that the hearts of these men were welded together, like those of the two Israelites of old. From the time of Mrs. Crofton's death, they spent hours of almost every day in each other's company. This fellowship of thought was of service to them both. The devout mind of the cleric, moving in the serene light of a simple faith, solved many of the ghastly doubts which rose before the busy man of acres ; or, at least, led him to admit that the key to their solution lay in the land hidden from the present view of mortals. From him, the squire gained an abiding sense of the truth, and value, and blessing of the Christian faith to man. He, in his turn, by his strong grasp of first principles, and massive common sense, kept the parson from more than a tinge of puritanism, or ecclesiasticism. On one subject only of moment were their minds at variance—the education of the Irish people. Crofton would hear of no system which was not perforce saturated, from the outset, with the teachings of the Bible. Every other system—but, above all, that of the Irish National Board, he regarded with undisguised abhorrence. Useless to speak to him, of prejudice in the Irish mind—the rank growth of centuries of English misrule—against the English Bible ; of the benefit of even the lowest form of education. Robespierre, Marat, Hume, Paine, Voltaire—all were educated men ; and so much the more admirable servants of the Evil One. The Squire valued the Bible quite as much as his friend ; but he knew the people better. His voice was still for having them taught at any risk, at any cost, by any means.

"All they want," he would say, "to make them loyal, contented, industrious ; to deliver them from the vapouring of those cursed wind-bags in Dublin, is LIGHT."

"Educate, educate, educate" was his one remedy for all the ills of the sick Irish body politic. "All else will follow in due time, slowly but surely." This for years was the standing subject of debate between the friends. Crofton, from hatred to the Board, from anxiety for his friend's conscience, from obedience to his vows, would never let the subject rest. Each side marshalled armies of logic, facts, examples, illustrations. The discussion always ended, by leaving them just as before. It spoke volumes for the depth of their friendship, that this

controversy did not lessen their intercourse, nor abate one jot of their mutual love. The evening prayer, in which Squire, wife, and children always joined with Lily and the parson, found or left them warm as ever, resting in common on the arm of Him, who alone is The Truth.

And when the day of rest came round, no pew in the little church was filled with such reverent worshippers, as the Squire's. His voice, Lily often told me, louder than the clerk's, and far more solemn, led them all in the responses. None bowed so low as he, in adoration of the Supreme. None listened with such loving looks to the grand, simple, glorious, irrefragable truths, which were this pastor's favorite aliment for his flock.

She told me, too, it was worth going miles to hear him, when, of a Sunday evening, with "Ladybird" upon his knee, he held their young minds in pleasant wonder with endless tales of the Great God's love and wisdom, drawn from both His books—of Nature, and of Grace. Birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, flowers, weeds, even stones; each told its story, and raised its voice of praise to God. The coals on the fire, the oil and flame of the lamp, the wood of the chairs, the tea in their cups; themselves, eyes, ears, every part, from the hair of the head to the toe nail, all, with him for an interpreter, were eloquent and amusing. All which came to me, on Monday morning, amid the rocks—and even then seemed far truer, wiser, and wholesomer than Rory's pompous erudition. They opened to me new worlds of thought, and gave a fresh charm to every walk we took. And the Squire's lesson, through Miss Lily's lips, was so clear, so full, so accurate, that I sometimes almost thought, I admired his wisdom, and skill to teach, as much as her quick wit, and sure memory. But—it was of me she thought when the Squire was speaking—that, in an instant, turned the scale. And she told me, too, how the gentle wife, with the fresh loveliness of the girl merged in the charms of the matron, sat among them listening, and gathering materials for her lessons through the week. She rested in perfect trust on that good man, whom she had taken almost at a venture. Notwithstanding his honest face, and genuine accent, and high character, she had half feared, the Irishman would turn out a little of a savage after all. Year by year, her admiration had grown into a mountain of love. Had he not helped her needy father, and pushed on her brothers? and made open houses for her sisters? and found them husbands, and sent them, far from empty-handed, too, to houses of their own? And, if Peter Saxe was a name to conjure by in the village; in his own house his look was law; and to his wife, his lightest word was the strongest motive upon earth.

* * * * *

One day, during Rory's absence, the Squire's portly form stood in

our doorway, and his cheery voice exchanged the usual salutations with my mother.

"Mrs. Bryan, my wife has heard from Miss Crofton that your boy is quite a proficient at the violin. She says he will do great credit to our village yet, as a performer. How *did* he manage to pick up a knowledge of music here?"

"'Deed an', your honour, there was an old blind fiddler, two years back, that his father was very kind to" (dear mother! it was thy hand gave him food daily), "and he took a fancy to Hugh; and when he found he had an ear, he gave him some lessons; and, after Hugh saved him from a mad dog, he used to spend hours, teaching him in the kitchen there. He died about Christmas, and left Hugh his violin. It was broke by an accident; and Mr. Crofton, the darling man, gave him a beautiful new one. He can warm my heart with his playing, better than any one I ever heard. But it's not to be expected that every one will be as partial to him as his own mother. I am afraid it would only sound poor enough in the ears of the quality, that have their piannies, and their organs."

"Oh no, Mrs. Bryan; the violin has a charm of its own. Mrs. Saxe is very anxious to hear some of the old Irish airs; and the children wish very much to have a dance on the lawn to-morrow night; for my little girl will be six years old. So I stepped in, to ask if you would lend us your boy, for a few hours, to-morrow evening?"

"It is very good of your honour, and like your kindness—but the boy is very shy, and would break down, I'm sure. You see, he never was in any genteel house, but Mr. Crofton's."

"Oh, never fear—we shall rub the shyness off. Tell him to come up, to-morrow evening, at six o'clock, and bring his violin. You are not afraid that we shall treat him badly, Mrs. Bryan?"

"I never heard that Mr. Saxe treated any living thing badly; and I don't think he is going to begin with my boy."

"Thank you for your good opinion, Mrs. Bryan. I shall strive to deserve it. Good morning."

"Morrow kindly, to your honour."

"Hugh dear, you heard it all; what do you say to it?"

"Oh, mother, Miss Lily told me about it, this morning. *She* got Mrs. Saxe to ask for me; and she made me promise I would go, if *you* consented."

"Well, dear, I have nothing to say agin it; but, when you *are* there, mind, and *don't spake till you are spoken to.*"

The next evening found me among the youthful gentry. Mrs. Saxe was very kind, and motherly; and took more notice of me than any of the young aristocrats. She kept me beside herself, and asked

me many questions, about my tastes, my rambles, the airs I admired most ; about the habits of the people, the amount of knowledge they possessed, and so forth. She would not suffer any one to speak to me of music, until I had taken my share of all the good things of the feast. Afterwards, she made me feel that I was quite conferring a favour on her by playing a few old tunes ; which she pronounced "perfectly charming." When the heir, young Peter, led Miss Lily forth on the lawn, to dance a jig, she made him request me to oblige them by a musical accompaniment ; and he frankly said, that Hugh Bryan was very good, to play for them. But for Miss Lily's partner in that dance, I should have been brimful of happiness. As it was, I was only uneasy ; for I knew that my friendship with her was far closer, and more intimate, than young Peter's ; and he did not seem to care much for the little lady. But it raised painful thoughts of the future ; and kept me very quiet and subdued ; and threw over my manner a shade of reserve and melancholy, which, I have since learned, is one of the notes of good society.

The party broke up early. Mr. Saxe walked down the avenue with me ; and gently drew the conversation, into the channel I had observed his wife had taken most interest in.

"A singular old man that master of yours is, Bryan ! Does he seem to know much ?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Saxe, he is reckoned the greatest grammarian in the three counties."

"Pity he should be such a drunkard. But what does he teach you ?"

"Everything, sir. Jometry, classics, history, and poetry. He has gone to Cork to get Vargilius and Napos. He says our education will be finished when we know them."

"He has taught you history ? Could you tell me, now, in what year the English landed in Ireland ?"

"Six hundred and sixty and six years ago exactly, on the 11th of last March," said I on the instant.

After a moment's pause—"Quite right my lad, that was a very ready and correct answer. That number is a singular one. Has Rory told you anything about it ?"

"Oh yes, sir, he says, the time of the English was out then."

"And what does he mean by that ?"

"The time Henry the Second sold England to the devil for, for the sake of getting Ireland."

"Oh indeed, Rory has taught you well !" He smiled gravely, and pursued his interrogations.

I was delighted at the opportunity of displaying my profound and

varied knowledge ; and told him everything, without a thought of reserve. He grew more and more attentive, and serious, and sorrowful ; and then I thought—*he is a Sassenach himself*—and came to a dead halt.

"My poor boy, surely you are not afraid of *me*,—and is *this* the education you have been getting ? Your young mind has been stuffed with poisonous falsehood. God forgive me ; I am more to blame than any one else. Tell me, now," said he, taking my arm affectionately, "how many people in the village can read ?"

"I suppose there is not less than a dozen, sir ; wait, I can tell them all ;" and I began to reckon on my fingers. The number did not complete the circuit.

"They read to the rest ?"

"Oh yes, every Sunday evening, they have a housefull apiece."

"And what do they read ?"

"O'Connell's speeches ; and the news from Dublin ; and the tales of the fairies, and the Irish rogues and rapparees, and Pastorini's prophecies."

"That is all ?"

"Oh yes, sir—they have nothing else."

"Why do they not read the Bible ?"

"Father Phil says, if he knows of one looking at a Bible, that he'll curse them from the altar."

"Just so. Now Hugh would you like to be put in the way of getting a really good education ; in a good room, with a good master, and slates, and pens, and books, and maps ?"

"Surely, sir, that would do us more good hereafter, than Rory's plan."

"Well, please God, before you are a month older, you shall see a school in Rathcore, that will be open to every child ; and the best master I can get for money will be there, to teach them—Good night, Hugh. Thank you for coming up ; and for your information. I would not have lost it, for anything."

The tidings which I bore home that night ran like wildfire through the village. Before another day had passed, we knew that Father Phil had given his full approbation and benediction to the Squire's scheme. Lily told me, that her father, and the Squire had agreed never to speak again about the Board ; that Mr. Saxe said, *his* conscience reproached him, for not having had a school years ago ; and that he dare not suffer the people to grow up any longer in ignorance ; with no education, but a false and rebellious one, open to them. The inhabitants of Rathcore open their eyes wider than ever ; and take open air exercise at all hours, in front of three old houses on the beach, which Mr. Saxe is transforming into a clean airy apartment, "next to the chapel

for bigness." This is to be our new National School. The Parson's grief and vexation becomes the talk of the village next.

"Sure," says my mother, "and it is the only ungenerous thing I iver heard of Mr. Crofton doing ; and it is a quare thing, that *he* would like to keep the poor children from getting a good education ; because they dursn't go to his school, where they must read the Protestant Bible, and lose their souls, as Father Phil says."

"Faix, and he is the same as the rest at the bottom—as black as the hob," said my father. "He would like to keep all the good things at his own side of the house."

"Hugh, you have no right to say that. I won't hear a word agin Mr. Crofton. If it was any other man, I would say it was uncharitable. But *we* know he could not be uncharitable, if he tried ever so hard."

"Anyhow, I'll send Hugh and Nelly to the new school," said he.

"I'm glad of it, for he wants a change. That ould Rory has turned the child's head with his nonsense. He always looks as if he was draming, and out of the world entirely."

* * * * *

In the middle of July, Rory returned to the scene of his labours ; bearing, wrapt up in the bardic robe, a huge Delphin Virgil. He made such an harangue, about the wonders he was going to do for the boys, that no one had the heart to tell him ; his sun had set in Rathcore. The morning after his return, and summons of the pupils, Bridget, Lily, and I were returning from our morning ramble on the cliffs, when we saw Rory, waiting in the academic grotto for the gathering of the boys: I turned aside to join him, and drew near without his knowledge. The Lexicon lay beside him, with leaves protruding, as if it invited inspection, and defied exhaustion. The Delphin was before him, open ; and on its pages a green book, also open. He was repeating the opening lines of the *Æneid*, with deep enjoyment. The noise of my approach startled him. He clutched the green book quickly, and hid it in his bosom. Then I was sure it was a treatise on the black art, in which he was studying the occult science of finding the buried treasures of the fairies. Now I know it was a translation.

"Ha ! my bold Hugh, first in time, and place, and value. I am glad to see you so eager. Look here"—displaying the Delphin—"the greatest bard of antiquity has come to Rathcore. The jewels of the King of Roman pöesy lie before you. The nectar of the gods awaits you. This day is an apyoch in your life. *Arma virumque cano*. But we'll wait for the rest. I see them coming. My heart is warm towards you all this morning."

The rest stroll up leisurely, a diminished band.

"Where in the world are the others? Ha! ha! the ould Roman has frightened them. They have run from him. It is not what their forefathers did. Well, I'll have the aisier work with you; and you'll have *me* all to yourselves. Now, Hugh, take this inspired volume in your hands with reverence. Read a line or two here, as well as you can. Very good, my child. Now, what do you think of that? *Arma virumque cano.*"

"Is it about Armagh, Rory?"

"It is natural for you to think that, my prince; but I believe the poor ould haythen niver heard of our holy city. He lived in very dark times. That word means 'arms'—not of the body, but military weapons. Look out for it in the dictionary. Now, boys, in your future studies, bear this great principle always in mind. In the sacred tongue of Rome, and in all pure languages, the words don't run in the vulgar English way. They are placed, as in Irish, in their right places, according to their dignity, where they sound best; so you will have to look through, maybe, a dozen lines for the General officer—I mean the verb—that commands them all. What does that dirty blackguard mane? Is it making fun of Roderick O'Toole he is? Catch the villain, childer, and I'll give yez a half-holiday."

Upon a rock, above the field of learning, sat Micky Donovan—victim of many a fierce outburst of wrath from the pedagogue, whetstone for the tongue and wit of the bard—now having his revenge. Clad in a tattered robe of green—the remains, obviously, of an ancient petticoat—his head covered with a glibb of tow, streaming from every side of his face; the urchin, parodying the true Irish bard, tore at the strings of some strange caricature of a harp, like Rory in the moment of his highest inspiration, and howled forth the coronach of a dead jackass. We, incited by the hope of escaping from the tough old Roman, and getting quit of Rory in a decent manner, pursued the youth, who, fool that he was, counted on our connivance—caught, and dragged him into the presence of the insulted minstrel.

"Sir, I won't dirty my hands, by touching such a vile compound of mud and rascality. It's filth and Sassenach blood you have got in your veins, through the misdemanours of some of your onvartuous parents. Depart from the society of noble Irish youths. Sir, I expel you from my academy. No more for thee will Roderick Oge O'Toole unseal the sacred founts of classic thought: no more guide *thee* through the charming intricacies of mathematical dimonstration. *Apage sus, hand tibi spiro.*

"What, you thief of the world, is it making faces at me you are? *Hannah mon diaoul*, I'll kick the life out of you."

With accurate and vengeful aim, forth sped the minstrel's foot, and caught the wretch as he turned to fly, and laid him grovelling—nose and mouth in sand.

"You ould fool"—thus spoke the youth, when his tongue could move, "bad luck to you. You are done for, anyway. You may quit the town. Squire Saxe has got a right master for us from Dublin; and every one of *them* is going to lave you. Yon's the school. Ask them, you omadhaun, if it's not the truth I'm telling you."

"Hugh, alanna," spoke the trembling voice of the discomfited Rory, "what is the villain talking about? Is there a word of truth in it?"

With sad reluctance, I was constrained to disclose the details of the Saxon iniquity. Rory was shaken, crestfallen, overcome by wounded pride for many minutes. We stood around him; mournfully and guiltily contemplating the bowed form, and the tears which trickled through his thin fingers, down the silver beard. At last, with an air of recovered dignity, he stood erect, stretched out his hands, and addressed us in Irish—

"Sons of Ierne, the time of our parting has come. Sweet was our fellowship. Sweet was it to tache you the lays of your fathers. But the foot of the spoiler has found us; and the Sassenach drives the Celt always before him. Aye, aye, the English monarch has heard one bard still lives who will not forget the past, or crouch before the bloody Lion. They may starve, and plunder, and massacre me; but, to my death, I will chant the songs of Innisfail, and teach the youth to love the land that bore them; and cherish the glory of their sires; and hate the tyrant and the heretic. Ohone! ohone! the people desert the bard of their fathers, and turn to the learning of the pedlar, and the huxter, and the shopkeeper. Well, I will bear this old body to some holy place, where the saints are sleeping, and where there is love for Ireland still. Maybe I will find others, who will learn to follow in the steps of the mighty dead.

"But, boys, I will go away with honour. The Pattern will be next week. Then I will crown Hugh Bryan, like his ancestors, with a crown of shamrocks; and Roderick Oge will prove his fealty to the race of Boroihme, and sing the Coronation Song on the stone of the Saint.

"And, my good children—for good you have been to me, only Mike Donovan, and I forgive him—sure, you won't forget the poor ould harper that did his best to tache you all he knew himself. I love yez all as if ye were my own flesh and blood; and it goes to my heart, to think I must leave you, and go out on the lone world again."

He came home with me to my mother. She had the gift of the spirit of consolation.

CHAPTER VI.

At last it was the night before the Pattern, as the festival held on the day of the patron saint is called. Troops of pilgrims were already thronging into the village. Tents and shanties had sprung up along the strand. Some of them gave notice, that refreshments for man and beast could be had inside. Carts covered with canvas served as dormitories for many of the invalid devotees. The nearer the sacred place they could bivouac, the happier they were. The crowd of patients, seeking a cure, was so great, that it was clear, St. Declan's twelve hours would give scant time for all to creep under his stone. Two old women, gifted with the most voluble tongues, and possessed of the choicest vocabulary, had seized upon the little oratory, which covers the hole in which the body of the saint once rested. Long since, his bones had been set in gold and silver. The hags were busily importing earth from the near hillocks of the dead, and depositing it in his grave. The mould which lay in it for one night—the eve of his day—is invaluable as a defence against spiritual enemies, and a sure conductor of good luck to the person who wears it next the heart. The sale of it is a choice perquisite.

Two others, next to these in valour and accomplishments, kept guard over the well. They had formed a barricade by tables in front of the old baptistry, inside which they sat and smoked. Before them was piled an immense supply of mugs, tins, glasses, and vessels of all sorts, to slake the thirst, natural and devotional, of the faithful, who honored the well. Each had a large can to contain the flood of coppers—fees of the drinkers.

Among the more distinguished arrivals had been my venerable grandmother—the holy Widow Bryan. She had heard, through Rory, that young Hugh was a lad of promise, who could appreciate the glories of his lineage. She had come to witness, with her own eyes and ears, the truth of this. My father and she had not met since before my birth. He had resisted all her efforts for his conversion with bitter and contemptuous scoffs. She could not bear to hear the dear name coupled with drunkenness, ill temper, and rowdiness. Hence it was that my eyes never rested on her face, till the night before the Pattern. But to see her, had been one of my oldest longings.

I had returned from a review of the preparations for the holiday ; and was, as usual, improving my mind by the perusal of a book. This time, "The Seven Champions of Christendom," were teaching me to

live and die in defence of the true faith. A voice outside, sweet and clear, drew me from St. George's encounter with the dragon.

"God save you, Hugh, and all in this house! How are you, my son, and how is Norry and the childer?"

"Mother, dear, but it is good for sore eyes to see you. And so you minded that you had a son and grandchildren in the world, and left the saints above, to come down and see the sinner. It's yourself is welcome. Norry and the childer is all inside. Come in and see them."

And she came into the range of my experience, and mixed with the varied figures of enchanters, magicians, and wonder-working saints, which inhabited my brain. The tall, straight, spare figure, the handsome features, white as marble, the pure blue eyes, with their depths of tranquil spirituality, were the very image of my ideal saint. In my thoughts she was gifted with powers quite as great as those of any of the magicians in the fairy tales. She was the holy widow, who spent her days in a real hermitage, and her nights in vigils among the tombs. For hours, said those who knew her, she knelt in such deep prayer, that no earthly sound could rouse her. She never tasted animal food, from year's end to year's end. Never had the reek of the dhudeen defiled her pious lips. Never had her dress varied from the black cloak with ample hood, the spotless cap, the black ribbon from which hung the gold cross. Had not Father O'Rourke said, that Saint Bridget could not have been a holier woman, than Ellen Bryan? and that he would as soon have her prayers as many a saint's, whose name was in the Breviary? Had not her intercession raised Pat Doran from the brink of the grave; and driven the fairies from countless children? Sure she brought nothing but good luck to every house she entered. There was no telling the virtue of her blessing. As for her curse—but it was never launched—all thought, it must be a power by itself in the spiritual world, holding dread ministers of vengeance ready at her word. Many a bold man, who could have borne without flinching the fiercest rebuke of the priest, shivered at a curl on the lip of Widow Bryan. Huntley's unhappy end—that of a suicide—was quoted and accepted far and near, as the dread influence of her displeasure. And she was my grandmother. This heroine—sister of the patriot priest; wife, protectress, all in all to the Great Shade, who ever stood beside me—had come to hear my vows, to initiate *me* into the brotherhood of noble ones, and to seal me with her potent blessing. And she does actually stoop down to kiss my brow; and, as I raise my head, she makes the sign of the holy cross upon my forehead, and invokes a hundred thousand blessings upon me. I can only look up with awe, and wonder to see such an intense look of love for *me*, in the eyes of

the famous woman. She smiled thereat, and then turned to my mother's fond embrace. Her welcome was given with many tears ; for she had yet to learn the tale of her mother's death, which had taken place quite suddenly three months before.

"Don't fret for her, darling. She got away in peace and love. We were sleeping side by side, under the shadow of the cross above my bed ; and she wakened me, and said, 'Ellen, I'm dying—I know it, for I have seen Darby.' And she bid me give you, Norry, and the childer, her blessing ; and tell you, God had given her her prayer, that she might get out of the world, without giving any one much trouble ; and that you were not to grieve for not having seen her in this life, for it would all be made up to you in the life to come. And then she gave a shiver, and I went for the priest ; but before I could get back with him, she was no more. Come now, Norry, and you, childer, take her blessing from me."

She spread out her hands, and, in our own tongue, did the dead saint's bidding ; and, in her name, kissed us all round. We felt as if the guardian angel of the family had come among us : and sat, still and reverent. But after a little she came down to earth again, and stroked my curls, and heard me play "The Coolin ;" and suffered Nelly, a bright fairy of twelve years, to climb upon her knee, and chatter about granny's wearing such a stiff black dress, and wonder why, she did not wear a blue cloak like other women ; and handle, with cries of admiration, the great gold cross, which hung from the string of beads, at the widow's waist.

Very early the next morning she roused me from bed, almost without a word ; took my hand, when I was dressed, and led me to the chapel on the cliffs, murmuring prayers to herself, and saying to me, "Darling, always give God the first minutes of the day, and He will save you through the rest."

Before the moss-grown figure of the Infant Lord—a rude sculpture, —on the stone worn by hundreds of thousands of knees, she made me kneel beside her, and repeat all the prayers and hymns I knew. For more than an hour were we engaged in this exercise, the most solemn in my life till then. With her calm, meaning utterance of the holy words, and look of rapt devotion, levity was impossible. A crowd of worshippers, reverent and attentive, soon gathered round us, glad to pray in company with her. Fervent was the chorus of responsive echoes to our prayers. Even the busy women at the well shook off the thought of worldly gain ; and on their knees forgot the peril of their traffic.

"Thank you kindly, friends," said the widow, when my store was exhausted ; "will ye say one 'Hail Mary' more for this boy, that God may bless him, and make him a good man and true."

The rush of words swept over my soul, and when she made the sign of the cross over me again, my eyes were full of tears.

"May the Lord of Heaven, and His mother, bless you all, good Christians, this day, and send you all you pray for, and more," said she, as we moved away from the crowd. "Now, Hugh mavourneen, let us go up to the Tower, and sit by ourselves, and talk over the days that are gone; and your old grandmother will give you the knowledge of the past; for, glory be to God, you are a knowledgeable boy, and my time below may be but short. Glad and happy I am this day, to find all the people have such a good word of you; and that Bridget Mulcahy—the Lord reward her for it!—has set you forrard for the priesthood of the Holy Catholic Church."

Under the shadow of the old tower, amid the ruins of the ancient shrine, from whose walls the figures of Adam and Eve—Abraham and Isaac—the Apostles and St. Patrick—looked down upon us, the past was made alive to me, and knit up with the tissue of my days.

First she asked me, what I knew of the holy forms above us, and of the great names of the Church; and gave no chary praise for my close acquaintance with the Lives of the Saints. Then, while good thoughts were uppermost, she drew still nearer to what I longed to hear—the story of her life.

"Hugh acushla, it has been my prayer on bended knees, day and night, for twice as many years as you have lived and more, to see, before I died, one bearing your name, that would value it and become it. For it is a name that, till your father soiled it—may God forgive him for it!—was the pride of my heart, and of thousands beside me. Maybe I made too much of it, and was too proud of it, and for our good it was turned for a while into a shame. Anyway, I am thankful for what I have seen and heard of you, darling. You will strive and keep the ould name bright, dear? Won't you, machree?"

"Yes, granny; I will try my very best, and be as good as ever I can, from this day."

"If you try, and pray to God for help, you'll do it; for He will make you as good, as ever you wish to be. Rory has told you what a great family ours was, thousands of years before any of us was born. He says, and wiser men than him, that it was the first in Ireland, and nigh hand in the world. But them times is gone—and may they never come back! for they were dark and bloody days; and, as far as I can hear, there was no marcy in them at all. But this much I can tell you, for I knew four generations of Bryans, and I am one myself, by my mother's side, that there never was one of them before this, but had the open hand, and the big heart, and the manly tongue, and the royal look, of a king. It was poor enough, and low enough they were;

for, like the Jews in Egypt, they were kept down very sore, and the English never had no marcy for them. But for all that, there was not a family in the land, knew how to conduct themselves like born gentlemen and ladies, better than the Bryans. In the house, or out of the house—in market or fair—in the castle of the quality, or the cabins of their own sort—none could ever say, but they were true, and gentle and generous. The men's voices were as sweet and cheery to us women, as a thrush. Never a heavy burden, not so much as a can of water, would they let one of us carry, if they were by. None ever heard their loud or angry word, save at the thing that was wrong, or when the strong bullied the weak. None ever saw a Bryan do a dirty action, or strike a blow but in fair fight. Ever and always they were ready to do the good turn by all men. Ohone! ohone! but it's myself knows that well! My own darling Hugh was the best and the royallest on earth. It's you, my love, that I would have begged on my knees round the world for, and been a happy woman still. But the Almighty wanted you in heaven, and He has left me behind, to teach this child, how good and wise you were. Hugh dear, look at this scapular. You see there is the mark of blood upon it. That is your grandfather's and my brother's blood. Would you like to have it?"

"Oh, yes, surely I would; it must be very precious, as you have worn it so long."

"Yes, dear, it is a very precious one. Michael, my brother, got it from his father; and it came down to him from his forebears. He thought it was so powerful, that no gun-bullet could hurt him with it on his breast. But the cannon was too strong. The story goes, that it has a relic of St. Laurence O'Toole in it. But I am sure *that* blood will make it precious in your eyes; and I will give it to you."

She opened my shirt, passed the chain round my neck, and placed the scapular over my heart.

"Keep it there now, to the hour of your death; and when you are tempted to sin, think of it, and the brave holy hearts that have beat under it; now, won't you?"

"That I will. None shall part it and me, while I have life."

"That's right; and don't forget to make the sign of the cross, when the bad thought comes into your mind. Darling, I'm fearful when I think of your father: but *you'll* pray; I can see that; and God will make you as good as the Bryans used to be. And you must get—what they could not, and you can—a good education. Learn as much as ever you can; and never be idle, or in bad company, and mind your prayers, and that will keep you steady. Oh, dear, but it is hard to get at what I want to tell you. It is like opening an old

wound. But it must be done. Do you know why your grandfather went out and fought, and got his death?"

"I never heard the whole story right through; and it is often I have longed for it. Sure and I ought to know it: but father is so cross, and he won't tell me."

"Well, darling, I will tell it to you all through. But maybe you are hungry, and want to go home to your breakfast?"

"Oh, no, grandmother; it is not more than seven o'clock yet, and we won't get our breakfast till nine."

"Well, dear, it is a long fast for one so young; but it will prepare you for the holy priesthood; and we might have no chance later on in the day; and I must be back in Lismore to-morrow evening, for there is a widow and six orphans—and another coming, no one knows how soon—waiting for me above. Michael and Hugh and I grew up together,—it is sixty years ago now,—and, till God took them, we never had an angry word, or a falling out among ourselves. When the old people died, we parted. Michael went to Maynooth; Hugh went off to the wars; and my uncle the priest took me away to his own parish of Kilcormick, in the County Wexford. A good uncle he was to me; and he taught me more than other girls about our religion. He was a quiet, learned man, that had been taught abroad; and all the people round, high and low, Catholics and Protestants, were very fond of him, and treated him, as if he was their father. He died in the May of '98; and I was in great trouble; and Hugh and Michael came over, to settle about his funeral. Thousands came to it; and more than a dozen priests joined in the mass for his repose. They were just lowering the coffin into the grave, when a regiment of yeoman cavalry came riding by the chapel-yard. They were from the North, where they have a bitter hatred to us Catholics. When they saw the priests in their robes, singing over the grave, they began to mock and jeer at them. Some of our folk spoke very reasonable to them, and said it was a shame for Christians to mock over the body of one who had been a good Christian all his days, and kind and loving to all sorts alike. The soldiers took this very bad; and from words they went on to blows; and, in the long end of it, the horsemen burnt the chapel to the ground; and stripped the priests of their vestments. My brother was very hot; and he caught the man that took the blessed tabernacle from the altar, and snatched it from him; and in the scuffle Michael was knocked down, and the adorable Host was trampled on by the heretics. Then there was a mighty cry that their priest was killed, and their Saviour trod upon; and they all set upon the yeomen, and two of *them* were killed, and the rest fled for their lives; before any thought what it was they were doing. But when they were left alone

with the two dead soldiers, things looked very bad. They said they were ruined, and would all be hanged, and the country harried. And Michael stood up and said: he knew there was no hope of life or mercy for him, or for any other man; for the heretics would swear anything: and they need expect nothing but hatred and revenge, from the Orangemen. He was very bold, and swore, that he would not be taken alive; and, if they were men, they would get any weapons they could, and show the tyrants, that even worms would turn, if they are trod upon. The upshot of it all was, that they brought out scythes, and hatchets, and pikes, and guns; for they had been ready to rise before, and were only waiting for the word. Your grandfather said, he would stand by his priests; and they all said, that he was of the rale ould stock of Irish kings, and had larned a dale of war; and they made him their General—under Michael—for *he* was to be head over them all. Well, it went on from less to more, till there were thousands of us encamped on Oulard Hill. The North Cork Regiment came to take us prisoners, but they could not stand before our men for ten minutes. At first, to be sure, our side ran away from the cannon, and the military thought they had it all their own way. But Hugh brought forrard a company of his own boys, that he could depend on, and in a minute there was only four men of all the soldiers left alive. It was Hugh saved *them* from death. Then there was bloodshed all over Wexford; and the country was covered with burning churches, and chapels, and raging soldiers, and flying ladies, and childer. And the camp got bigger than any town I iver seen; and my eyes never beheld such holy ground, or pious people. There was not one hour of the day, but some priest was saying mass, and another hearing confessions. For they had all made up their minds to die; and, when they had absolution, they did not care what came to them. By and by, the gentry, that was Catholics, came over to our side, and the bad luck they brought with them. For some of the people would not hear of Michael and Hugh being turned off from their command; and some said, none but the gentry could make generals, and so we were divided. And then the bishops would not have anything to say to our army; and that was the sore check to the cause. And our people were very ignorant. One of them thought to stop the mouth of a cannon by ramming his coat into it; and lost his life for his folly. More of them burned thousands of La Touche's notes, thinking that would ruin the Protestant bankers. But, for all that was against us, we won many a victory, and were never bate whenever Hugh's words were listened to; and got so strong, and were so well armed and trained, that we had great hopes we could in time get our own country back again. And all went on prosperous, till the sailors came among us. They were bad, bad men, and corrupted the

people's minds, and would not let them listen to good Christian advice. And, 'deed, it was hard for them to be marcfil; for there was the cruellest torments invinted for the poor people that would not come to our camp. The divil took possession of the English soldiers first. They shot and hanged some—and that was not so bad—but then they went on in wickedness, till they used to scald, and put pitch all over the poor women even, and set them on fire. This drove pity out of our men entirely. They fought like tigers, and swept the country, as clean as the back of your hand, of soldiers and Sassenachs. It was as much as Hugh could do, to save the lives of the good Protestants, and of the women and children. But, he had a bodyguard of a hundred boys of his own, and, by their help, he saved many a life. And when the word came to march for Dublin, he was the happy man; but only till we came to Scullabogue. Ohone! ohone! but it goes to my heart to say that word. That was the blackest day in all my life. Michael had gone out with the army, to meet the boys that were marching across from Limerick. Hugh had been wounded the day before in the arm, and he stayed with me. There were about two hundred prisoners in the barn there; and there was about a hundred men guarding them. Hugh was in great spirits, and was joking with the gentlemen and ladies in the barn, about his being the rale King of Ireland, when them murderin' sailors came back from the army, and said, walking was not to their taste. They went among the people, and told them some news of the cruel torments that our friends were suffering, that very time, in New Ross. Their stories were so awful, that I could only sit down and cry, when I heard of them; for we knew the victims well. All but Hugh were mad for revenge. He said he was not sure the news was true, and at any rate we were Christians. Then the sailors began to shout that they would pay it off upon the prisoners, and make revenge sure. Hugh drew a pistol, and stood before the barn door, and swore—I never heard him swear before or after—that they must kill him first. But, before one could guess of such a thing, a sailor had threw a noose over Hugh's shoulders, and had him on the ground. Once *he* was overcome, they tied us both to trees. Then we saw them killing the poor gentlemen and ladies, and the sweet children, like sheep; till they got tired, and thought *that* too marcfil. Then they shut them all in the barn, and kindled the straw, and burnt the house and everything that was in it. Hugh and I would joyfully have changed places with them that were dying in torments in the fire. He lost his voice with shouting; and from that on he had no wish to win the day. Many's the time he said, God would punish us for killing the kind ministers, and the helpless women, and the innocent babes. He knew, then, his own people would not be able to rule the country, if they got

it. When Michael came back, they hanged four of the sailors ; but from that out, they were both sorrowful men. I was left behind with the wounded when they went to Arklow, and it was late in the evening, when I heard they were both killed. I ran all that night, like a mad woman ; and searched till I found them stretched side by side, all torn, and mangled, and dead, as I thought. God knows how I got through that night ! Wasn't it joyful, to see the colour come back to his face ? And I was the happy woman, to get him safe out of bloody murdering Wexford, home to Lismore. Oh ! I was sure he would soon get stout and strong there. But it was the Lord's will he should go. Himself knew well from the first, he was marked for death : and he used to strengthen, and cheer me up. Not long before he died, he said he knew there was a good time coming for us Irish, when we would be slaves no longer. He bid me teach his child, if it was a boy, to be a true Irishman, and never to fear to shed the last drop of his blood, in the good cause ; nor to forget that he had a better claim than the English could show. He charged me to get him educated, for he felt his own ignorance sorely. And, when the next time for a rising came, there was two things that I was to beseech him, by the love of God, and the memory of his father, never to forget nor to depart from. The first was—not to stir hand, or foot, or tongue in any outbreak against the English, unless the priests were ready to turn out, with the bishops at their head. The next was—never to suffer the hair of a Protestant's head to be touched, but to send them all safe out of the country. And oh ! but this was the wise advice ; and it is for you, my darling, now to profit by it. It was want of learning that kept us from having good officers, or obeying the ones we had. I heard an English officer say that they could not hold Ireland a month, if the priests joined the people. And sure, if our side had shown marcy, as he always wanted, the others would have been shamed into marcy likewise ; and God would have been more marciful to all of us. But your father was very headstrong and passionate, from a child ; and he would have everything his own way, and thought himself wiser than father or mother, or any one else. And they all spoiled him—and he took to the cards, and that led to the drink ; and from that time he could only talk, and shout, and rave like the rest of the fools. He has been a heavy cross to me."

Overcome by manifold emotions, she burst into a flood of passionate tears. The vehemence of her sobs alarmed me ; and I could only say—

"Oh ! granny dear, don't cry like that. Sure, it is your own Hugh that is with you. Will I run for mother ?"

"Don't be frightened, acushla ; these are the first tears I have

been able to shed these seven and thirty years. Sure, I thank God for them. They have done me good ; and I have got hope before me now," said she, leaning over me with a soft, sweet smile. "I did not cry, honey, since I saw your grandfather stretched out in his coffin, looking so calm, and noble, and peaceful. I near lost my life, by rising from my bed, and going to get that look at him. I could not feel marcfiful then, when I saw the slash of the Sassenach sword down his face, and on his head, and the dint of the horse's hoof on his breast. I got hard, and bitter, and full of hatred to the enemy, that had hunted so many generations of men and women, like Hugh and me, through a life of poverty, and slavery, and distress, into early and bloody graves. The sight never left my eyes for years, and it made my heart like steel, against our enemies ; and I could not look at a heretic, but it made me pray for a speedy deliverance. For they have always trated us cruelly. They have brought us down, and have kept us down ; and burned our chapels, and hunted our priests ; and left us, the children of the land, nothing but praties and rushes ; and they robbed my beautiful boy of his father, when he wanted him sore. Maybe, I have been too fierce against the English, though there can be no doubt they have done us nothing but harm. Miss O'Carthy used to read to me volumes about their wickedness ; and she believed, and I do, too, we Catholics have been given over to them for a while, like the Jews in Egypt, for our sins of old, and for our good hereafter. The Bible often tells us of God's giving His people over into the hands of their enemies for their sins. But, when they repented, He forgave them ; and drove out the oppressors. So I have given myself up to praying for that day ; and I strive to bring the people to serve God, and to give up wickedness of every kind. And, when I have been fasting and praying for days at a time, I see grand visions of Patrick, and Columbkille, and Bridget. It was only last night, I saw them stand over *you* ; and heard them saying that you would do more good for your people than all of the name that went before you. So now, darling, mind your grandmother's words, for it is truth she is spaking. Serve God, and His Church ; and be a good priest before all things. Sure, and it is a holy priest that would make the best King for the Island of Saints. Learn how to rule your own spirit, and then you will be able, when the time comes, to rule others. And as there must be war, and fighting, and bloodshed before the day is won, oh ! be marcfiful to every one, for His sake that is marcfiful to all of us. Now I am full of comfort. They will be waiting for us below. Let us go home."

Thus had her lips revealed the chapter of our past ; and I knew my grandsire, as a real man—shadow no more. I saw him defending the Host, from the wicked hands of the blasphemers ; leading the

peasant forces against the armies of the alien, and sweeping them down, like corn before the reaper. I saw him bound, and speechless with horror at the butchery of the defenceless ; and going away from that sight with the iron in his soul. I saw him shield his friend, and priest, with his own bosom ; and then dying calmly, leaving counsels of high and Christian wisdom for his children. Thank God ! he was no vulgar hero—there was no tinsel in such a man as that. His fame rests on no misty dreams. Thenceforward the elder Hugh stood in my father's room to me. I was proud to bear his name; and resolved to walk in his steps so closely, that we should meet hereafter, without shame on my side, as on his.

CHAPTER VII.

My grandmother, exhausted by her long journey of the day before, and the emotions of her narrative, was forced to lie down after breakfast. My mother watched beside her bed. My father had gone out, to join his friends. Nelly was with the girls. I sought the boys. Miss Lily was confined to the Rectory grounds. The Saxes and the Croftons, for the nonce, formed one household. The ladies cooked, and waited on their lords. For all servants were insubordinate during the Pattern ; and, as the devotions of the people were stimulated by potations of the "crayture," their conduct was rather too boisterous for eyes genteel to look upon. O'Connell's porter was consumed by some few enthusiastic Repealers. But they were very few, and more than a little ashamed of the Liberator's sorry brew. He could induce the Irish to do and believe many strange things ; but, not being an electro-biologist, he could not persuade them, that bad porter, though it came from his own brewery, was a more enlivening beverage than their own mountain dew. His porter speculation did more to overthrow his dominion in Ireland than his imprisonment. It looked as if he had betrayed the native spirit, and that was a bad sign. For whiskey and the "cruiskeen lawn" are as much the emblems of Ireland in the convivial, as the shamrock and harp in the political world. Nor is excessive indulgence counted a disgrace. The terms of commiseration, extenuation, glorification, which veil the fact of drunkenness, are a revelation of character in themselves. "Drunk" is a word unknown

to Irish cars. "Screwed," and such like fast expressions, are to them coarse, vulgar, and unfeeling. "Happy," "merry," "glorious," "enjoying himself," "forgetting his troubles," "elevated," are the polite terms, which express the quantity and effect of liquor in a Celtic brain and body.

There are, however, many excuses for the intemperance which made Ireland then, and at most times in the historic epoch, famous in the world. The food of the people was potatoes and "ne'er a hate"—*i.e.*, nothing at all. Milk, butter, eggs, fowl, and bacon abounded in their cabins. But they were as safe from the touch of the rackrented producers, as if the taste of a morsel would open the prison doors for a year, or infuse deadly poison into the frame of an Irishman. They had no literature, except a meagre stock of songs, plaintive or humorous; fairy and robber legends; and such wildly imaginative news, as reached them through the columns of the national papers. They had no knowledge of foreign parts, and scarcely an avenue by which they could pass from the home of their childhood to those outer regions; the thought of which, as an abode, froze the marrow in their bones. London was to them a town not half so big nor fine as Cork. Distance dwarfed everything, that was not part and parcel of themselves. Rome alone escaped diminution. But it was more in heaven, than on this dirty earth. They had no games, or sports, or shows, or opportunities of recreation, in which whiskey was not called in to give nerve and energy to their jaded spirits. The dance, their prime joy, is very dry work. Even it came but rarely, to break the dull monotony of a wretched life. Surely the judgment of charity will deal lightly with the few outbursts of such a dreary state. And the temperament of the people made every excess notorious. A drunken Irishman courts observation; will fight the man who does not notice him. Whiskey was to them the one door of escape from days of unrelieved want and degradation. It *did* drown their cares, raise them above landlords and agents, and tithe proctors; and make them distinguished characters, for several hours of perfect hilarity. The liquor itself was adulterated with fiery and maddening ingredients. Their taste was so thoroughly corrupted, that a glass of Kinahan's LL. would have been contemptuously rejected for half the quantity of the poisoned stuff, "bekase it tuk no grip of the tongue." Very little of this compound would upset the head of the stoutest toper. What, then, must have been its effect on the systems of poor vegetarian peasants, who could not scrape together the price of a "bout," more than four or five times in the year? If the quantity of alcohol consumed annually by a people is a just criterion of their habits, then the Irish peasant was the soberest of men; while the gentry, and the middle classes, were as certainly the

most drunken. With the former, total abstinence was the rule, drinking the exception ; with the latter, drinking was the rule, without any exception.

Now, the Pattern was the one great day of merriment in the year, to Rathcore and its vicinity. It was the saturnalia of the whole native race. The priests shrewdly enough gave a plenary indulgence to their flocks for that day. Mass was said in the morning. After that, not a priest was visible. They stayed within, and winked at the strange jumble of paganism, superstitious devotion, and wild revelry, which went on outside. So all bade adieu for twelve hours to care, and want, and dirty hovels ; and lived in sunshine and glory ; drunk as lords, happy as princes ; fun in their looks, jokes in their mouths, and blue ruin in every vein.

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On going forth, I found Rory, in the midst of the boys, busy in preparation for the great ceremony, which was to come off at sunset. They hailed me as the hero of the season, with a shout of welcome. He had been instructing them in their parts ; contriving fit costumes ; and getting the regalia ready. Colonel O'Flynn had stripped Carrick Dhu of blinds, window- and even bed-curtains, to array my courtiers. Swords, spears, daggers, and pistols were furnished from his armoury. A few pikes had been found in the village. Rory took me aside, and, with due solemnity, expounded the coronation rites. From the thoroughness of my education in the manners and customs of the ancient Irish, I had little to learn. He then drew forth a tattered green cloth, with a wretched yellow fringe. The tears were in his eyes, as he held it up, and said, "Do you see that, Hugh Bryan ? Then, reverence it ; for—poor and dingy as it is, like myself, this day—it was the battle flag of the bravest boys at Vinegar Hill. It was blessed by Father Murphy. Your grandfather fought under it, the day he got his death. See there is the mark of the English bullets. It is a glorious relic. It cost me five pounds and a month's watching over a dying man, to get it. He was the boy carried it all though the war to the last, and then fetched it home, to make a shroud for himself. But when he was near the end, he hadn't a farthing in the world ; nor a friend to look to him ; and he lost heart, when the hunger bit him sore ; and I took care of him for the sake of old times, and kept him till he died, and waked him decently, lying in the flag ; and paid for a mass for his soul ; and by his own dying wish kept this sacred memento a while longer above ground ; and I am glad I did it, for your sake. And now it will be my own shroud, and none can have a better. Aye, look well at it, Hugh Bryan ; the hands that stitched that 'Erin go bragh' were purty hands, you may be sure ; but they are all wrinkled, or in the grave, now ; the

boys that fought round it, as brave as any of the warriors of old, are most of them dust likewise ; but, I value it more than the English do the French aigle that the Irishman took at Waterloo, or the royal standard of the three kingdoms. I will lend it to you, to be your ensign this day. I would do that for none that hadn't the blood royal in their veins, and the true Irish spirit of yourself, *mavourneen*."

The poor old flag, with its faded colours and ragged fringe and rotten texture, touched the core of my soul. It redeemed Rory's grotesque notion from much of its burlesque. Till then, the whole thing had been more or less a piece of fun to me, as to the other boys. I knew it was supremely ridiculous. Not so, the words of the widow ; and the relic she had hung round my neck, stained with kindred blood ; nor this touching witness of '98. The dead patriots seemed to have risen from their graves ; and to be everywhere about me ; shewing me my lifework ; and bidding me press on to it in earnest from that day. Such thoughts rushed through my mind, as I thanked Rory, and told him the flag was more precious in my eyes, than if every thread was gold, and every letter a diamond. I kissed it, pressed it to my bosom ; shook his hand, and went to the chapel on the cliffs.

The road thither was lined on each side, for half a mile, with specimens of every form of disease. There were bad legs, crooked legs, withered legs ; loathsome ulcers ; sightless eyeballs ; skeleton widows with skeleton infants in their arms ; all shrieking out their claims to pity and relief. £1 sterling that day in farthings, would have purchased 960 prayers in choice Irish, each including a hundred thousand blessings upon soul and body, kith and kin, of the speculator. Through this avenue of woe, flowed the tide of merry pleasure-seekers. Familiarity blunted their feelings to the melancholy of the sight, and all the sound were determined to be happy for one day. After a little manœuvring, I inserted myself among a knot of men, of whom my father was centre. They were discussing the affairs of the universe ; generally, in reference to Ireland ; specially, to Rathcore : with innumerable parenthetic digressions, in the shape of stories, sharp hits, jokes, and peals of laughter. Just then, a man of Clare was describing the great election in that county, won by O'Connell in the teeth of gentry, Parliament, and the Bank of England. He told us how the priest of Corofin, like another John the Baptist, had roused the country ; and brought 60,000 men to Ennis ; and only one turncoat among them—who died an hour after the poll. He said, if this Father Murphy was not so pious—if *he* would come out, and lead the people, he would carry every Catholic in Ireland along with him ; and free the country in no time. For he had the stuff in him to make as great a general as Bonaparte. Then he gave us a specimen of Dan's unrivalled blarney on that occasion.

"There was a landlord, a good one, and kind to his tenants for a wonder, that was proposing the other candidate, Vesey Fitzgerald. He appealed to the gratitude of his people, and could not believe they would turn against *him*, that had stood by *them* in the bad times. We could see that his words made a power of them waver; but it was not for long. My bould Dan gets up, and says he, 'Boys, it is true, every word of it, that he has told you. He is the best man alive this day. But there is one thing he has not told you; and that is, that he is not only the best landlord, but the best play-actor in Ireland. He knows you are determined, every man of you, to vote for me; but he wants to keep square with Mr. Fitzgerald, and that's what makes him play off the way he does, as if he did not in his heart want me to get in!' And then he went on to tell us about our sufferings, and the tyranny of the English, and their hanging us and our priests, and blaspheming the Holy Virgin; and all about our duties to the country, and the great work before us that day, of sending him to Parliament to get Repeal. He was in the grandest humour for spaking ever man was; and we were jumping for joy to hear him—when, bad luck to me, if a donkey didn't begin to bray right forninst him, as if he hadn't opened his jaws for a fortnight. This was near turning the joke against Dan; but he is not the man to be caught in a hurry, and what does he do? but shout to the crowd that was screeching for fun, 'Silence, boys! Hear him. It is the chairman of my honourable rival's committee that is addressing you.'"

The feats of our great Counsellor were a theme of unfailing merriment. They would go twenty miles to hear him. God send him somewhere near Rathcore. But it was now on his fame as an orator, that his popularity rested. They had begun to doubt his sincerity, as a patriot. He truckled too much to the English; and his eternal harping on the peace policy was very unpalatable. Yes, the worship of the idol was dying out. The priest had carried all suffrages. Was not this a sign full of hope for me in the future? Was not the priesthood, after all, the natural lever, by which to raise the people against the heretic?

Just then a police officer came past us, escorting a party of ladies. They stopped to look at the ruins; and sneered at the row of suppliants kneeling before the image of Our Lord. Something witty was said by the gentleman about the ugly God we worshipped; a giggle went round the gay bevy. The spruce officer advanced to the well; asked for water for his companions; rinsed the tumblers carefully; and with gallant speeches, full of jeers at our Popery, gave the ladies the holy water. They plainly thought themselves of an order far above us poor Papists; closely examined our relics; and spoke again

and again with curious pitying contempt of the praying multitude. Heedless as we looked, every eye was watching them closely. Every gesture of theirs provoked comments of a very defamatory nature—in Irish. Our English was polite and humble; for the Captain was not a man to be offended for a trifle. When they had passed out of hearing, one said, "Is it any religion at all they have? Sure if they were Christians of any sort, it is not mocking and laughing at people on their knees, they would be?"

"Aye," said another, "and see how that young hussey went and touched the body of Our Saviour, as if it was a common stone. Sure, she couldn't believe in Him, and do such a desperate thing?"

"I'm thinking," said my father, "the best part of their religion is the ating and drinking. A fasting church wouldn't suit their taste at all."

"But sure," said a decent matron, "they can't be such downright haythens, as not to pray sometimes to God and the Blessed Saviour."

"Troth," replied my sarcastic parent, "if they have any religion, it must be, like the fairy goold, hid very deep and saycret. There is Jenny Ryan, that was at service with them great Jacksons; and never a sign of religion did she see about one of them—and she watched them keen. She never caught one of them on their knees; nor reading their Bibles or Prayer-books either. Friday was their great day for giving parties; and Good Friday bate all the rest of the year, for lashings of mate and drink. To be sure of a Sunday, they all drove off to Church, as grand as you plase; but sorra bit of good they got there; for they would come home, and drink, and dance, and play cards all night. They are nothing but haythens. Ould Isles, that said on his deathbed, he wanted no religion about him—and was buried on the top of Knockmeledown—was honester than the rest; that is all. They only think of God as a handle to hitch an oath to; and fling at a Papist."

"Oh, my! oh, my!" said the pitiful woman, "but it is a shocking sight to see them—so fine, and high, and jaunty, and careless; and they going straight to the fires of hell for iver and iver. But you are wrong, Hugh Bryan. There's some has good religion among them. There is Mr. Crofton and Mr. Saxe; and better Christians you won't meet in a day's walk."

"Oh, Mrs. Linehan, I am not for saying, *they* are not good men. But there is good Catholic blood in both of them by the mother's side. Mr. Saxe's mother was a Hennessy, and the parson's own sister is a nun. So there is some grace about them; but in the next generation, you'll see it will be clean gone. Why, only for her husband, Saxe's wife would be as bad as the rest. When she came here first, she was

wild to get the people to listen to her Bible readings at the big house, and she gave tay and blankets to all the ould women that would go. But Father Phil got word of it, and he soon stopped it; and de'il a one dare go after that. 'Very foolish it is of you, Peggy,' said my lady, one day, to Peg Mulready, 'to lose a warm petticoat for any of Mr. Tracy's nonsense.' 'Plase yer honour, ma'am,' says she, 'I'd rather lie could for a winter or two here, than to be too hot through all eternity.'"

"Faith," said another, "it is a great pity of them poor heretics. And is there no hope of even the worst corner of Purgatory for them?"

"Not a morsel," was the reply. "They must go farther, and fare worse. Father Phil says the Protestants in this country have no hope of getting there at all. The ones in England might; but *here* they shut their eyes so hard against the true light, that none of them will have another chance. They must all go to hell."

"Poor craytures! and they only laugh at it all—and even make jokes about it."

"That they do, Mrs. Linehan, and with our own priests, too. Did ye iver hear the fine answer Father Tim Sheehan made the rollicking agent, Jack Hughes, about Purgatory?"

"Out with it, ma bouchal," was the chorus.

"'Father Tim,' says Jack, one day, 'I have bad news for you. 'Very bad it must be, Jack, to put *you* in low spirits.' 'The floor of Purgatory has fallen in, and your friends have sunk through.' 'Then, God help the poor Protestants underneath,' says his Reverence."

"More power to him, that was the right answer."

"It puts me in mind," interposed one of our literary wits, "of a story I've read, about the great Counsellor Curran and Father O'Leary."

"What's that, Darby? Give us it, man."

"You see, the priest and he were great friends entirely, and says Curran to O'Leary, one day, 'I am safe, any way, for you'll be near St. Peter, and when I come to the gate of Heaven, you can get the keys, and let me in. You will do that much for an old friend?' 'Don't you think, Curran,' was the priest's answer, 'I'd need the keys of the other place, to let you out first?'"

"Good again. Oh, let the priests alone for an answer. They can hold their own with any Protestant of them all."

"Pity they won't go out, and meet the parsons, and give them a bellyful of controversy."

"Would you have them demane themselves so far? God forbid!"

"I'll tell you what, boys," said another; "I know as good an answer given by a poor man, as any priest of them all could manufacture."

Jack Dinnis and his wife and childer found themselves in the City of London, at the end of harvest. Jack was very wake hisself, and the wife went to take care of him ; and, faith, she earned more than he did. However, this day they were footsore, and worn out ; and sat down to rest on a beautiful flight of steps, that went up to a gentleman's hall door. Out bolts the big man himself, and 'Go to hell, out of that, you Irish blackguard, with your troop of dirty children.' 'Does not your honour think, we would be more out of your way, if we went to the other place,' says Jack."

So the hours passed in sparkling chat, for none love an apt reparatee, or a diet of conversation, more than the Irish. Every jest, joke, or story circulates at fairs, wakes, and patterns ; and is treasured up as a valuable part of their traditional lore. On a day like this my father shone, until his utterance became indistinct.

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A little before sunset, the royal guards took forcible possession of the Stone of Sanctity, to the indignation of several cripples, who cherished strong hopes that one trial more would just complete their mystic number, and make them straight and supple men. But their hopes were dashed to the ground ; for the hour had come, when the heir of the royal race of Heremon and Heber must be solemnly elected, anointed, and crowned by the chief of the Brehons, Roderick O'Toole. My father's prior claim might have proved an obstacle ; but the Brehon accepted his trade of baker, as a virtual abdication in my favour. At the moment when the orb of day was sinking through *his* purple throne of clouds, the stone, buried in a mass of green leaves, became the rendezvous of all true patriots. The Brehon in ample robe of green, with a garland of oak leaves on his brow, and a crown of shamrocks in his hands, came forth from the portals of Carrick Dhu. The minstrel boy before him bore the harp, decked with white lilies and laurel leaves. Behind him, marched six fiddlers, and as many pipers, all robed in our own immortal green. Next followed "The Scion," supported by the Marshal of the Realm, Colonel Count O'Flynn, apparelled in gorgeous uniform of white and gold, and bearing the Sword of State. The young nobility of the kingdom marched after us—first, a file of green ; then, of red courtiers ; with a tail of many colours. Over my head waved the Royal Standard, new for the occasion, with tower, sunburst, wolfdog, harp, and shamrock, all in their proper places, surmounted by an Irish crown. In my own hand I bore the Royal Battle Flag, more honoured in its dingy old age, than the other in its flaunting prime. Imposing is the cavalcade—Heaven rending—welkin splitting—is the shout of joy, with which the loyal people greet the issue of a thousand kings on his path to the throne. With fitting dignity the Marshal and

the Brehon uplift, and place me on the summit of the Stone. A circle of swords, which had seen service, as their dented edges prove, girds me around. Roderick stands before me, on an improvised dais. In his hand is the roll of my lineage. Beside him lie the huge volumes, which embody the statutes of the land. In front stretch my happy, loving subjects. Behind rolls the sea, calm and propitious. Overhead, the tower sanctions the rite. The Chief Brehon delivers an impassioned oration to the clansmen; to the representatives—who are present, of course—of the various tribes, provinces, and people, of my ancient kingdom. He rehearses the line of my descent from Fenius, and pronounces the pedigree, correct. He declares that he has examined the young prince royal, and found him wise, brave, poetic, and swift as a deer on the land, as a fish in the sea. He winds up by calling for the assent of the tribes to my coronation. Forthwith the pealing voices proclaim that Hugh Bryan is the ruler of the people's choice. The Brehon then dictates a long and comprehensive oath, that I shall observe the customs of my fathers; respect the rights of the people; deal even-handed justice; and be always ready to fight every one in general, and the Sassenach in particular. To all which, lifting my hand on high, I swear assent. The great dignitary then takes the shamrock crown, and clasps it on my head; pours out a glass of the very best malt from the Marshal's flask; and drops, with slow and careful precision, three several unctions on my head. Then he puts the white willow wand, emblem of my future life, into my hand; unbuckles skene and sword, and lays them at my feet, to show that they only were meant for a foreigner foe. Thereupon descends an avalanche of slippers, brogues, shoes, and even a Wellington boot from the Colonel, to give emphasis to the shouts which proclaim to the world the opening of my reign—"Long life to King Hugh the Five Hundredth. Success to his friends, and bad luck to his foes!"—ring with gratifying unanimity from all sides. The vassals then lay their tribute before me, and Rory, seating himself in the chair of state, takes his harp, and raises a strain of the very oldest Celtic verse; which continues for five minutes, and leaves a very heathenish flavour in the ear. At length I order the pipers and fiddlers to strike up, and bid my loving subjects, dance jigs in the moonlight in honour of their sovereign. The Brehon is indignant, that his minstrelsy should be cut short by such unseemly merriment. But when he finds the dais sink beneath him, and only saves himself from ignominious downfall, by a vigorous leap to my side, he forgives me.

"Faith, your Majesty was right. The spirit of the Milesians has sunk very low. Their patience is far behind that of their sires. *They* would have listened to the King's harper for a whole night, or—they

would not have slept with whole bones. But it was a great day entirely ; and now I can go away with honour and comfort ; after having all them thousands looking at me, and listening to me. More power to you, King Hugh ! God send us a chance of a fight with the English, and you will not be long in the rere rank."

I heeded his last words but little, for intense shame had followed the fun and glory. There stood Lily, and her father, and the Saxes, on the cliff overhead, laughing immoderately at Rory's figure, and alas ! alas ! at mine also, I was sure. The Squire's hearty voice summoned me to join them. I flung off everything—regalia, sceptre, all ; spurned the tributary heaps of turnips and potatoes ; and, leaping down from the stone, went with fiery cheeks to join them. Lily's merry greeting made me wish, I could sink into the earth.

"Hugh," said the Squire, "so they have made a King of you ? Well, indeed, of all the boys in the village, they could not have chosen a better. Now, you must give your subjects a good example, and keep your position in my new school. But, my good boy, you must not let these things turn your head. You have got hard work before you, if you wish to be a *man*, let alone a King. And a Christian man in these days may lead a far better, happier life, than any of the fierce old moss-trooping Borus. Oh ! now, don't be annoyed. I speak for your good. When you go to school, you shall know what I mean. Or, stay ; suppose you come up to the House with me to-night. I shall give you a piece of poetry to learn— I know you are fond of it—written by one of your own priests. It will teach you what kind of a King you may, and ought to be. When you have learnt it by heart, I shall give you an order on the bookseller in Youghal for a book."

Lily said to her father—

"Papa, I always told you, Hugh would be something great. You see, my words have come true, sooner than I thought. He is above us all now ; a King ! Sure, your Majesty won't cut off my head for laughing at you, like that horrid old Henry the Eighth ? Oh, dear ! what will you do for a Queen ?"

The parson checked her raillery, and gave me a kindly good night. When I went to the House, the Squire lent me a book of old English poetry, with Southwell's "My mind to me a kingdom is," marked for my use.

The next morning, before breakfast, he met me, waiting for him at his gate ; heard me repeat the poem ; and gave me an order for a book, value half-a-crown ; with which I sped at once to Youghal. In that dirty old town, I ransacked the whole stock in trade. It was a work of vast difficulty, extending over hours, to make up my mind : so many had equal attractions. At last, in desperation, I clutched an old

copy of the "Scottish Chieftains," with startling plates ; after a hard battle of an hour, brought it within the limit of Mr. Saxe's order ; and moved homeward—devouring snatches of it by the way. I was horrified at my selfishness, when I found my grandmother had departed : grieved that she could not give me a parting kiss. My mother was much hurt at this ; and seriously alarmed, when she found that I had spent the whole day without a morsel of food. I cared for nothing, but my new treasure. For a week after, my dreams of the future moved in parallel lines with the career of Sir William Wallace, suitably adapted and improved. I had grown three inches taller than the Scottish hero ; and carried everywhere a small field-piece, mounted as my gun, with which I mowed down half the English armies, at the distance of an Irish mile. My gallant comrades, and my own sword, about twice the dimensions of a scythe, easily despatched the rest. The tragical end of the story determined me, always to carry poison of the most deadly nature under my thumb nail ; which, after slaying the ruffian, who had murdered Lily, I should magnanimously swallow, and spoil a London holiday.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

The 1st of August, 1838, witnessed the opening of the Rathcore National School—P. Saxe, Esq., J.P., patron. The day had been looked forward to with avidity. The Squire was to give a feast to the children, and Father Phil and he were to entertain the adults with oratory, and launch the barque of science on our waters with hearty goodwill.

The day was ushered in with bad weather at home ; and the storm came from the most unlikely quarter. The parson, for once in his life, was in a shocking bad temper. He had been nearly cross to Lily. He had found her reading such a sweet story of a nice young lady, whom the Virgin Mary had a particular affection for, and married to a bewitching prince ; and made so happy all her life, that her subsequent translation to Paradise seemed rather a pity ; purveyed into the Glebe by Aunt Bridget. To Bridget he was fierce, indignant, wrathful ; for he had also discovered a crucifix, which that good Catholic had set up

over Miss Lily's bed, and adroitly concealed from outside observers. Provoked hereby to a diligent search, he lit upon other Romish aids to devotion in suspicious places. For an hour he was furious. The constant sight of superstition in the village had made him hate these gewgaws with a perfect hatred. Bridget was a false, bad, deceitful woman. When at length he summoned her into his study, he was very quiet and determined. Only the remembrance of her long and faithful service, he said, and the wishes of his dying wife, prevented him from sending her out of his house at once and for ever. For the present, he was prepared to forgive her, almost against his better judgment. If ever again he should detect the slightest trace of an attempt at proselytism, nothing would save her from instant dismissal. He could not disguise his utter aversion to Popery; and her insidious conduct was even more abominable than her corrupt faith. He must insist upon her removing every shred of her idolatrous pageantry out of his house forthwith. Only on such conditions would he suffer her to remain in charge of Miss Lily. She was thoroughly cowed. She had never seen the parson in anger before, and was quite at sea as to the mode of treating him. She simulated sorrow; promised everything; had no thought—she protested—of turning Miss Lily; it was only her own foolish notion, that such things would protect her darling from wicked spirits, that made her put them there. He was a wise and good man. She would be very ungrateful to do anything would vex him. Her shrine and tapers, and images and pictures, she would bring that very minute to her sister's house. He was completely deceived, and turned the conversation into a controversial argument against the Romish faith in general. She listened with admirable patience and submissiveness; took with thanks a Douay Bible, in which he marked several texts; also, a sheaf of little tracts, on—"No Priest but One," "Why Worship the Virgin Mary?" "Was St. Peter Infallible?" and the like.

Without delay, she repaired, with her sacred things devoutly wrapped up in her altar cloth, to our house. In my mother's ear, she deposited the tale of her persecution for the true faith; and assumed all the airs of a martyr. She burned to consign the parson's Bible to the flames, which had consumed her crucifix. But the risk was too great. The tracts she hurled incontinently into our fire, and watched their writhing sheets, with all the gusto of a Spanish inquisitor, at an *auto da fe*. My mother mildly hinted that it *did* seem a hard thing, to come between the desolate father and his one darling. Fierce was the wrath, triumphant the vindication, of the zealot. What! were the feelings of a father to be thought of, in the pursuit of a soul to be saved? My mother shrank away from the hot breath of self-righteous bigotry.

She looked wretched and guilty, till the kindly tears came to her relief, and stopped the flow of Bridget's words, accusatory and excusatory. At this period, my father entered, in holiday attire, to fetch Nelly and me down to the school.

"What ails ye, Norry? Crying again, old woman? You can't be well, I'm thinking. Morrow, Bridget. What have you got in the shawl?"

"I have brought down all my saints, and pictures, and my lovely shrine, wax candles, and all, Hugh, to seek a refuge for them. Will you let them in?"

"As the boy is to be a priest—why not? They will be a little stock in trade for him to start with. But what is wrong above? Are you leaving the parson?"

"Near hand, Hugh; only I have not gathered enough to give young Hugh the schooling for Maynooth, I would not stay a minute longer in a house where such words were said again' the Blessed Virgin, as I heard this day. But you know I am determined to bring him forward. I hope he will be thankful for it. He ought to be, after all the slavery and persecution I go through."

"To be sure he will, Bridget. But what was the falling-out about? Did Miss Lily pull your wig off, or tramp on your crucifix?"

"Shame on a dacent man talking like a fool! Bridget Mulcahy niver wore anybody's hair but her own, Hugh Bryan—and niver will; and Miss Lily is the making of as good a Catholic as I am, or I am sorely mistaken. And it is all my own doing, too."

"Phew! Bridget, it's yourself has the devil's own long head. And so that is what you are up to!"

"Hugh, I niver see you but I am ashamed of you, with your drinking and your bad language. But the truth is, the parson found this morning, that I had nearly brought Miss Lily over, and he was raving like a madman, fit to be tied; and I had to pacify him, by bringing the blessed shrine out of the house. But I'll take her from him and heresy yet, in spite of all his Bibles, and commentaries, and tracts"—the last word with withering contempt.

"Bridget," said my father, "you are the right sort after all. I admire ye; upon my soul, I do. Who would have thought you had the pluck; so quiet and asygoing as you are with the quality. And who'd blame you? Sure it's only what the parson has been striving to do, iver since he came here; with his blankets, and tayparties, and bazaars. He wanted to catch our childer and get them to read his Bible, that we hate far worse than he does the Holy Cross. Serve him right, Bridget, say I. Good luck to you! Hugh and Nelly—come on quick, or we'll be late for the show."

The Squire, Mrs. Saxe, their children, and the governess, walked before us down the street. Father Tracy, his curate, the Inspector, and the schoolmaster, stood at the school-gate, waiting for the Squire. During their interchange of civilities we passed into the school-room. Round the walls were files of boys and girls, neat and clean for the first time in most of their lives. The body of the room was crowded with parents, and friends of education. On the top of the desk, at the upper end, sat Rory, in full bardic costume, haranguing the people on the decay of learning. Our eyes met; he raised a shout—

“Make way for the King of Ireland! Have you no breeding among you at all? Don’t you see his Majesty wants to reach the side of his Prime Minister, Lord Chancellor, Keeper of the Rolls, &c., &c., &c., all-in-one?”

The barrier good-humouredly gave way; my father escorted Nelly and me to the ring of chairs reserved for the quality. To Rory’s invitation that I should take the seat of honour, I was deaf and dumb. However, the entrance of the magnates closed his mouth, and filled the chair with the ample figure of the Squire. He looked with undisguised amusement at Rory. He had too much good feeling to wound the old man’s pride. His first words were for him.

“Well, Rory, you are welcome here to-day. Have you come to wish us good luck? That is very generous.”

“May it please your worship, and these beauteous ladies and the reverend clergy and gentry of the ancient city of Rathcore,—Roderick O’Toole wishes you and yours nothing but the best of good luck: for you are the poor man’s friend. Sirr! I have come here this day to resign my responsible office as instructor of the rising generation of Rathcore to this learned and most elegant young gentleman,” pointing to our new teacher. “Take, sirr, this emblem of authority,” handing him the willow wand. “Use it with vigour and impartiality. Upon these youths I have lavished the experience and erudition of a very long life, devoted to the whole Nine Muses. From my lips they have learned the glory of our native land, and imbibed a generous ambition to surpass their sires. I can’t say, sirr, I’m glad to see you; for that would be a lie, and the descendant of a thousand honorable heroes won’t stoop to mendacity or hypocrisy. But the times is altering fast; and the nation is losing its relish for poetry and glory. They’d rather learn the way to make and reckon money, than how to live and die in fame and grandeur. And Roderick O’Toole will never teach the pettifogging huxter’s trade, or anything but the magnificent, illuminating, sovereign classics, or the supremely transcendent mysteries of mathematical dimonstration. There’s the childer, sirr! Make good Irishmen and women of them, and I’m satisfied.”

He broke down, and we were all touched more than a little by a sudden burst of tears, and his bowed white head. The Squire rose and reciprocated.

"Ancient and venerable man, sole relic of days gone by for ever ! no ruthless hand—oh, think it not !—wrests from thee thy wand of office. Failing strength, and advancing years, and changing manners, counsel retirement ; and bid us release thee from such exhausting toil. Grateful Hibernia, through this willing, though unworthy hand, presents thee with her portrait. That will be a talisman, to open a house of refuge, for a season of repose in thine old age."

He handed Rory a Bank of Ireland note. The bard looked at it ; his face expanded with joyous amazement.

"As I am a living man, it is a *ten pound note*. The Lord defend us ! I never possessed one before. Heaven's blessings on you and yours, Squire Saxe ! Rory O'Toole didn't think there was so much money for him in the world."

And he went off in a whirl of rapture—beard and hair streaming like a meteor ; and the green robe spreading out, like the tail of some gigantic bird, over the heads of the children. When order was restored, the work of the day was entered on. The Squire spoke with ease, and in a plain, hearty way that made his words go home. He was an Irishman, he said, who loved his native land as much as any of its children. He wished, above all things, to see the people prosperous, contented, loyal, happy. They were none of these at present. They lived in want, misery, improvidence, drunkenness. That was their own fault. None could prosper, who lived as they did. Industry, frugality, sobriety, intelligence, honesty—these, for nations or for men, were the only way to success in life. He told us his own history with manly frankness. Every one of us, in our place, might earn a like reward by like conduct. Let us try it. He spoke of the disloyalty to the best of Sovereigns and Governments, which, he was sorry to say, he knew prevailed in Rathcore. That arose purely from ignorance. They did not know how wise, and just, and fair the laws of England were. If they only understood the value of the Union, they would esteem England their best friend. He rebuked those who led the people into turbulence, agitation, and violence, by lies and calumny. They could do nothing but harm. They neither prospered themselves, nor suffered their dupes to do so. In this school, the children would learn that the name, and rights, and hopes of a British subject were an heritage of incomparable value. He then touched on the religious topic. He loved his own faith ; would die to maintain it ; was sure it was the best for both worlds. But his Master taught him to do all good to all men, so far as they would permit him ; and specially to his

tenantry ; and not to do to the child of the Roman Catholic, what he would not like the Roman Catholic to do to his child. Therefore, he would not meddle with their spiritual instruction in any way. Mr. Tracy must see to that. He would himself give prizes for diligence, good conduct, cleanliness, at Christmas and Midsummer. No child who merited should go without one. He hoped they would not let him off under a good round sum of money every year for prizes.

The earlier part of this speech was received with dead silence ; the closing sentences with uproarious applause. Neither seemed to affect the Squire in the least.

Father Phil then rose, and a stream of blarney flowed over Squire, lady, children, flock, country, every one, and everything. There never was such a landlord as Mr. Saxe ; such a lady as Mrs. Saxe ; such children as theirs ; such a parish as Rathcore ; such people as the Rathcorians. All they wanted to make the girls the first flowers of the first flower of the earth, and the boys the first gems of the first gem of the sea, was education ; and now they were going to get that, of the first quality, from the most distinguished master who ever came from that model of training schools in Dublin. Hurrah ! hurrah !! hurrah !!! Where would you hear such noble sentiments as the Squire had expressed about religion ? He was not the man to rob the poor Irishman of the priceless jewel of his faith, which he had kept, when all else was lost. If any thought, or tried to do that, Father Phil and his learned friend would soon let them know the difference. Now we Catholics have got our own Members of Parliament, and when once we have the people enlightened, we'll soon get all we want ; and be as happy as the day is long. Three cheers, then, for the best Squire in Ireland, and long may he live to reign over us ; three more for the handsomest lady with the most beautiful daughter ; and may she never marry less than a duke ; and three more for the finest young gentlemen —“and may I, old as I am, help to get them all into Parliament yet.”

We children were glad to escape from the tempest of cheers into our new playground, and investigate the properties of the fly-pole and other gymnastic machinery. In a short half-hour we were summoned in to find long tables covered with snow-white linen ; and the Squire and the priests carving for their lives, at real beef and mutton ; and bushels of potatoes sending up pyramids of steam to the roof. Many of us on that day made acquaintance for the first time with flesh-meat. Thus the day was long remembered, and often spoken of, among us compulsory vegetarians.

On our return from the fête, my father reviewed the proceedings with his cronies in the shop. The speeches found very sharp critics.



They spoke of Mr. Saxe's deliverance as a precious piece of humbug. Then first I heard the fable of the horse and his rider.

"'My fine animal,' says the horseman, 'you have hay, and oats, and stable, and all this beautiful harness; what more can you want? and why are you not thankful to Providence for sending such an ill-giant rider on your back as myself?' Only, *faix*, boys, it is the horse has the best of the bargain, in comparison with poor Pat, as far as lodging and entertainment goes. Oh, yes, why can't ye be quiet and send *us* over all the bacon, and butter, and eggs, and chickens; and pay your rents honest and regular, all seasons alike, and we'll give you most of the praties, and rushes, and turf to yourselves; and when times are good, we'll not grudge you a drop of buttermilk, or even a red herring or two. Very comfortable doctrine, boys, for thim that live in the big houses, but they would sing another tune, I'm thinking, if they tried our houses, or our diet, for a quarter of a year. Oh, yes—work, *work*, WORK, wet and dry, early and late, and ye'll soon be rich, like myself. But he did not tell us, boys, where the work was to be had, or the land was to come from. Troth, I couldn't help thinking of Dick Doocey. He was going to America, and was walking on the quay at Liverpool, when up comes a Garman. 'Will you buy a box, sir?' says he to Dick. 'What for?' says Dick. 'To put your clothes in,' says he. 'Faith, an' if I do, I'll have to go on board naked.' So, work, work, work, is the cry—but, barrin' you turn up the kitchen floor for a pratie garden, I don't see where you'll get one. Well, boys, we must bide our time. The wheel must turn some day, and then we'll be at the top again."

Then first, also, I was taught to appreciate the oratorical skill of the Reverend Philip Tracy. Every word he had spoken bore a double meaning; one, loyal and hearty, and friendly, for the Squire—the other, Irish to the core, for the people. Under an Irishman's blarney, there always runs a vein of satire. Every man there had scented this; and we now laughed pleasantly at the "nate" way in which the priest had jockeyed the Squire. While yet the laugh was on our lips, the goodly presence of the victim himself stood in the midst of us; and behind him, at the door, lingered the fashionable figure of the new master.

"Mr. Bryan," said the Squire, "Mr. Daly here wishes to know if you could accommodate him in your lodgings, as a quarterly tenant, till I can get a house ready for him?"

Objections there were none. We were all delighted to have such an inmate in our house. So our circle was enlarged, without more delay than was caused by the carriage of a trunk from the public-house to the Bakery; and the master soon became the lion of the party. He

hated loneliness, and adored little girls, he told Nelly, who, before bedtime came, was so intimate with the stranger, as to sit on his knee, pull his whiskers, and laugh at his funny talk.

He was a little, dark, sharp man, with the ready manners of a "Dublin jackeen." A ring of black whiskers ran round his face, and met the thick mass of his curly hair. His features were delicate, and handsome, and never at rest. His black eyes were either dancing with fun, or looking keenly about him. The mouth, when not wreathed with mocking smiles, was working as if bright thoughts were always bubbling to his lips. We were somewhat awed at the exquisite young gentleman. He wore his clothes from top to toe with an air of fashion above anything we were familiar with. His tone was versatile—but, even when serious, he seemed to be making game of you. His conversation was a mosaic, full of queer stories and jokes; and his accent changed with every character he spoke of. Broad Scotch—Cockney—English—creamy Cork—sparkling Limerick—hard Belfast—nasal Yankee; the passionate, the pathetic, the dignified, the matter-of-fact, the nonchalant—he ran that first night through dozens of types; and kept us in a fever of delight; and left us in perplexity as to which was his own. No one could mention the name of any man of note in Dublin but the master would produce from his budget a minute account of the great man's origin, history, character, courtships, intrigues, prospects, and visage; and close the description with what we had no doubt was an exact imitation of his style of speaking. Sheil, O'Connell, Lawless, O'Brien, O'Gorman Mahon—we knew them better from five minutes of his word-painting, than from the perusal of a hundred newspapers. But every one was made out to be selfish in heart; their talents were appraised as goods that had brought, or were sure to bring, so much in the market of bribery. It seemed as if all had their price, and were giving annoyance to the Castle, till it was offered. And the Dublin folks enjoyed the spectacle as a superior kind of play-acting, got up, and sustained, for their special amusement, and the cultivation of their taste in oratory. Of the charm of the theatres, too, he gave me the first inkling. He dwelt upon the drama with such rapture that we feared he could not live long without it, among such dull, outlandish wretches as we were. Scraps from tragedy, comedy, farce, and pantomime, with songs from the operas, gave brilliance to his novel and fascinating conversation. He was a sky-rocket let off among us; only he could stay up as long as he liked; and shine the brighter, the more he used his powers.

Rory was forgotten, when we lay down to rest that night. Oft I awoke, to chuckle over the memory of the rich morsels of fun, which would rise, long after Daly's voice had become a long-drawn snore,

in the next room to mine. The next morning revealed that he was either much fatigued, or by no means an early riser. Not until we had given up all hope of his being punctual to the hour of 10 a.m., in opening the school, did he come to the tea, and eggs, and bacon, which my mother had in readiness for his breakfast. But, bless you! his movements were so mercurial, that—before we well knew how—Nell and he and I were in the schoolroom, with the fifty boys and girls who were his materials—as the clock struck the decimal.

James Daly soon proved that his system of teaching was cast in another mould than Rory's head. His first principle was, plainly, to take nothing for granted. We, classics and jometricians, were not a little indignant, at the idea of our learning English grammar, spelling, arithmetic, writing, even reading. But Daly's explanatory address set us at our ease; and gave us enchanting visions of the Paradise, an Irish National School was sure to be. Here was a great picture of the interior of said school, with the children disposed in their proper places. This he used, to show us how, and where, and when, we should sit, stand, and march, and repose in a gallery, while he told us stories, or sang songs for our amusement. We were to be never more than half an hour, in one place, at one lesson. And there were such beautiful maps, making the world look lovely; and copy books, with head lines written, surely with pens from an angel's wing, by seraph hands; and nice white books, filled with the most delightful tales; written, printed, and sent down, by special conveyance, a gift to us all, from Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Moreover, every movement in the school, was to be made to music; and he sang us two or three sprightly little chants, which we picked up at once; and he taught us, how to hold up our heads, and march like soldiers; and stand up when the Squire or his reverence the priest came in, to pay us a visit. If this was to be the work of the school, we thought the play-hour was a superfluity, and that we would never get tired of it. But it dawned upon us presently, that it was not all recreation. For correctness and rapidity in telling, how many farthings were in such sums, as £194 10s 10<sup>4</sup>d, did not come by instinct; nor could we spell "ecstasy," or "phthisis," or "rhythm," or "embezzlement," on the inspiration of the moment. And the little white books with their sugar plums of stories, required rumination before digestion. In writing also, genius only went a short way, in forming the English letters of a decent copy. But our preceptor, by the use of pitiless sarcasm and a swingeing cane, reduced us all to a state of blind acquiescence; and we made rapid progress, and got lots of premiums, and an ocean of tea, and a mountain of buns, at Christmas, from the patron.

Before this date, Rory had drunk himself into several fits—each

more severe than the last—until an awful vision of Satan sticking a pitchfork into his back, and toasting him over the flames—while an attendant demon kept basting him with whiskey punch—frightened him into an ague fit of sobriety. He vowed, that he would spend the rest of his life, in pilgriming up and down Ireland ; praying at the various shrines, to wipe away some of the millions of years, which he had earned for himself in Purgatory. Before his departure, he caught me. “Hugh avick, you are the best boy, I iver taught, you are carrying all before you, I hear, at the Squire’s school. If you are not the King of Ireland, as you ought to be—and for the sake of the country, God send it—you will surely be the Pope of Rome ; and that is higher, than any of the royal race of Heremon have got yet. You don’t forget ould Rory ! and the happy days, we used to spend within hearing of the waves ; and the ould classic heroes, I tould you of ; and the lessons in grammar and jometry. Mind my words now, they’ll all come round to sarve you yet ; and you’ll be saying, ‘Rory knew his business after all ; and gave me value for the money—though he did it in a quare way’—and, faith, there is many a worse. Would you do a good turn for the ould man, agra ?”

I assured him, that there was no fear of my ever forgetting our connection, or losing the knowledge I had gained from him ; and that few things could give me so much pleasure, as to be able to serve him.

“Well, darling, you see, all that is left of the Squire’s £10 note is *this*,” and he produced a £1 note ; “and I am determined to keep it safe, for burying me in the ould flag. Plase God, when I go, it will give me an honest funeral ; and the last of the Irish bards will not be buried like a pauper. And now, honey, I want you to gather a trifle for me, from the boys and girls, and the farmers, and the gentry, (for every one likes *you*) to give me a start on the road to Clonmacnoise. I have friends there, that wont see me bate.”

“I will do it, Rory, with all my heart, if you promise me one thing.”

“What’s that, Hugh acushla ?”

“That you vow on this,” drawing forth my scapular,—“and it is a holy relic, that the widow gave me—not to touch any kind of intoxicating liquor for six months.”

“Hugh, dear, give me it this minute ;” and he swore an oath on the scapular, which made my flesh creep ; that, till that day twelvemonth, a drop of nothing stronger than milk or tea, would wet his lips.

“Now, Hugh, I could thank you on my bended knees—only you would not like to see an old man kneeling before you, on the roadside—for bringing me straight up to the point. What a priest you will make ! If you don’t get me a halfpenny, I’ll bless you all the same ; and say

a prayer, that you may be Pope, at every holy spot these ould limbs can carry me to."

I went at once to Mr. Crofton ; told my story ; and received his pound. He went with me to the Squire, and the other members of his opulent flock, and sent me home with £4 10s. From my own people I gathered £1 15s. 4½d., nearly all in coppers. The latter sum came from more than a hundred persons, many of them only one remove from starvation—the former from ten persons. But, indeed, all gave as they could, cheerfully, except Colonel Count O'Flynn. He flung his stick at me ; and swore over a tumbler of reeking punch, that the drunken blackguard would spend all he got in the public house in Youghal.

Father Phil took the money in charge ; and promised to send it by instalments for Rory to the priests, at the different shrines, which he had marked out in his itinerary.

He marched out of Rathcore in state, with harp, and robe, and donkey ; and fifteen shilings in his pocket.

A retinue of five hundred well-wishers escorted him out of the village playing a farewell of his own composition. There was not a dry eye among us, when we gave the parting cheer to the venerable pilgrim, who went out to follow the steps of the saints.

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## CHAPTER IX.

The school was a great success. It wrought wonders in the village. The sale of soap must have increased tenfold. The mania for cleanliness spread. When the wife was obliged to wash for the children—the good man's shirt and stockings (if any he had) might as well go into the tub. In the absence of Repeal news from Dublin, sparks of interest were shown in the stories, which the children brought home from the lesson in school. The master was the most popular man in the parish. No merry-making was complete without him. He took charge of all our correspondence with the outer world ; procuring newspapers, and answering letters for every one. In dispensing for drugs he surpassed the doctor, and became famous for his cures. In rheumatism he was counted infallible. Even the Colonel sought his aid ; and profited by it marvellously for a season. Daly was the model

after whom all the youth made clumsy attempts to dress and speak. He was always full of fun and good humour. In school he maintained perfect order, and carried me through the Board's course with swift and easy strides. Then, I became his assistant—then, his companion; and still found in him materials for unlimited admiration. Thus, life rolled by for some years; and so smooth and even was its course, that I remember nothing of it all; until the morning when I saw the placard, announcing that the Rathcore races would come off on the Plains that day fortnight. There had been races in the village ten years before, of which I had often heard. The effect then had been so demoralising, that the Squire had set his face as a flint against them, for the future; and had also persuaded Sir Hastings Rigby, our other great landlord, an absentee, to refuse one inch of ground on his property, for such a purpose. But Sir Hastings Rigby was no more, and Sir Percy reigned in his stead; and he was a fast young officer; and was now on a visit to his place at Rathduff, and listened with delight to the proposal for races; and gave the stewards leave to choose any ground on his property, for a course. "And he was the right sort of a gentleman, with the love of the sport in him;" for to an Irishman the love of the sport is an innate idea. On the day the whole population deserted their homes; encamped on the ground; and watched the proceedings with as much interest, as if each owned a horse.

There were no scholars. Daly and I went to the Squire's. He had gone to the course as a magistrate, to take charge of the police. Daly *would* not see Mrs. Saxe.

"Oh no, we shall follow him to the races. At the worst, Hugh, it is only a scolding, and that breaks no bones. He is a sensible man, and will shut his eyes for once, to what he could not prevent. So we'll see the darlings."

Off we went; and reached the ground in good time. A multitude had flowed in upon the Plains. Strange faces met us everywhere. At last we found Rathcore, distinct and separate in the crowd. The all-accomplished Daly won fresh laurels, as an oracle of the turf. He knew, or invented, pedigrees for the horses; explained terms, weights, and technical phrases; and made everything as plain to us as the multiplication table. He criticised the horses and jockeys, and prophesied the winners, and made all his friends enter into the spirit of the races; and enjoy a very pleasant day, without much recourse to the shebeens. All but the last race had passed off in good humour and mirth, and all were condemning the Squire's excess of caution. Daly was recounting some of his experiences and adventures on the Curragh, and keeping a crowd in roars of merriment. I, thoroughly tired of the whole thing, sat upon a rail, and thought how

much happier I should be, taking a quiet walk on the cliffs, or exploring the nooks and crannies of the rocks for weeds and fishes, with Miss Lily. Perhaps she was there then with her father. My eyes turn to the range of cliffs; they rest on the hot, dusty, shouting crowd. But what ails the people? What is that curious surging roll among them over there, like the swell of the sea before a storm? Ha! there is Mr. Saxe, riding up to the police sergeant—the men close up in an ugly black line, with bâtons in their hands. I can see an anxious look on the Squire's face. Now, I hear rumours that the Dwyers and the Dempsey's are out in force. I make my way to the opposite side of the course. Here, drink has been flowing freely. Every man has a neat shillelagh in his hand, and the light of battle in his eye. Now, threats and counterthreats, challenges and acceptances of the same, ring out all around me. Two or three incipient fights are crushed by Mr. Saxe. The culprits are handcuffed, and marched off to the barrack. The people acquiesce; for this diminishes the force of peace-preservers. Now every one knows that there must be a fight before the day is over. The feeling of it is in the air. The quiet women slip homeward. The hags shew themselves. *They* are the girls won't stir, while there is a chance of a row! *They* will stand by their own flesh and blood. And *they* are the girls, to raise the passions of the boys to the point, when there must be an explosion; and at a critical moment, to deal a vicious blow with a bottle, or the handy stone, called a "four-year-old," on the head of a struggling foeman. Now, I mark men singling themselves out, and "jukeing away," at the most exciting point of the last race. *They* must have higher sport in view. All make for one quarter, which I know well, where a semi-circle of high cliffs walls in a glorious arena on the beach. The stream of men is steady; it grows wider and more rapid, as I watch it. I throw away all dread of rebuke, and approach Mr. Saxe.

"What, *you* here, Bryan? I am sorry to see you. You would be much better at home. What is that you say? Ha! over there, is it? Thank you. Sergeant, to Araglin. Double quick."

At the words, as if they were a signal, the crowd sways, wavers, breaks, pours in a body to the designated spot; leaving horses, jockeys, booths, on an empty course. The Squire and the police are blocked up in the mass. It takes half-an-hour to go the quarter of a mile. Here we are at last, looking down on the great faction fight, raging fifty yards under our feet. Sticks are waving, cracking, crashing, thudding. There are wild heads, bare heads, bloody heads. Shrieks, screams, oaths ascend, as if from the pit. That is all we can discern of the combat.

"Sergeant, we must go round. There is no way down."

He rides off in advance of the force. I march with the police. When we reach the field, Mr. Saxe victorious holds a stalwart countryman by the coat collar; hundreds are escaping on every side. Half-a-dozen bodies are lying on the sand. Two of them will never greet that bright sun again. The other four are senseless from injuries on the head. There are women washing wounded men in the waves—others are wringing their hands over their dead, with low sad wailings. The police march home with a score of prisoners. So ended the races of Rathcore.

And what was the fighting all about?

About a gosling.

Twenty years before, a Dwyer and a Dempsey lived side by side. Each wife had reared a flock of goslings, birds hatched on the same day, fed and nursed and watched with far more care than the children, for the English poulterers. Mrs. Dwyer's flock lost one of its number by some mysterious fatality. Not a trace of a feather of it can be found. But Mrs. Dempsey, though her flock is not larger, has a gosling the very identical image of the missing bird. Mrs. Dwyer watches her opportunity; catches the bird; examines it closely—"Why, every feather is the same—that is just the way my darling used to hold its head;" it must be hers. She shuts it up in her own bedroom. Mrs. Dempsey, suspecting the theft, demands her bird, with vile epithets, and coarse insinuations, as to Mrs. Dwyer's forefathers. Mrs. Dwyer retaliates by exhuming certain skeletons of the Dempsey family—to wit, a brother, hanged for sheep-stealing; a sister, of whom the less said the better. Mr. Dempsey, strolling homewards, hears the fair fame of his wife assailed, and smites the insolent traducer to the earth; for which he is more than half-killed by the spade of her chivalrous husband. They take the law of each other, with no better result than their common and utter ruin, and the rise of a deadly hatred between two great families. The Dwyers and the Dempseys are both strong in men. They take up the quarrel, and engage in a pitched battle. A life is lost. Thenceforward, for twenty years, no fair, pattern, race, passes without an affray. Every death increases the area of the feud, and augments the flame of vengeance, till a whole country side thirsts for blood. And all for a gosling; dead, and roast, and eaten long ago. At least twenty lives had been lost, by the cudgel, or the gibbet; forty strong men had been sent beyond the seas; and the quarrel was bitterer than ever.

The Squire and the priest laid their heads together. Prosecution and imprisonment must, of course, go on. But they have done no good hitherto. The men came out of jail, more reckless and determined on revenge than they went in. Their families and friends, in the mean-



time, have been all the more exasperated, by their durance vile. The two potentates agreed, that drink was at the bottom of all these faction fights. If the men could be kept sober, the feud would die out in time. Besides, drunkenness was the bane of the parish. Whenever money could be had, or a keg of poteen could be smuggled down from the mountains, whiskey ruled the country.

"What could be done? Could *you* not, Father Tracy," appealed the Squire, "get Father Mathew down; use your own influence, and have a solemn reconciliation, and vows of sobriety, in the chapel yard?"

Father Phil agreed to do his best. If need were, he would even get the bishop down. This was their only hope. They must try it.

With the Apostle of Temperance, Father Phil found no difficulty. That venerable man rejoiced to have an opportunity of preaching peace and brotherly love, and sobriety to the lawless spirits, whose savage doings were the theme of every paper in Ireland. But with the factions, the priest had hard work. First, he strove to win them to amity by blarney. They were the flower of his flock—none paid their dues, and performed their duties to the Church, and came to confession, so punctually as they did. In all points, but one, they were the best of Catholics, and even for that they had much excuse. But surely it was time to drop that old quarrel, and let old sores heal—and come to chapel together, and shake hands, and take the pledge from the holy Father Mathew for a year, as an easy penance for the errors of the past, and thus repair the one weak joint in their panoply of Christian virtues. It was no good. The thought of forgiving the Dwyers turned the Dempseys into raging maniacs. The vision of themselves shaking hands with the Dempseys sent a wild thirst for blood into the soul of every Dwyer. Then he brought the batteries of the Church's wrath to bear upon them. A man dying in such an awful state of blood-thirstiness, in the middle of a fight, without confession, or absolution, or extreme unction, had barely a hope of even the worst part of Purgatory. Millions of years of torment would not save such a man. They granted, that the chance of such a doom was appalling: but they calculated that the ratio of probabilities was very much in favour of a man dying calmly at home; or, at any rate, living long enough to be reconciled to the Church. And the thought of their dear departed kindred, suffering such agonies from the malice of the enemy, roused the fire of vengeance to a white heat. Father Phil went home from their houses, foiled and yet determined. His next step was one which had never failed hitherto. Next Sunday, from the altar, he plied these stubborn souls with all the resources of his oratory. Every conceivable form of argument, persuasion, beseechment, intimidation, excommuni-

cation, damnation, wooed, entreated, whirled, roared, bellowed around the clans for hours, till the rafters rang again ; and sobs and tears filled the chapel ; and kneeling females implored stern males to be guided for their good by his reverence, and do what he tould them, and not bring the curse of God on them and their childer. But their absolution was only a week old. Their souls had been relieved so short a time before, that the fresh burden could not be heavy ; and the sight of their foemen's faces steeled them both against forgiveness, or concession, or reconciliation. Almost in the chapel yard, they came to blows ; and it required the horsewhips of Father Phil and the two curates, and the whole force of the peelers, to get and keep them apart. We lived for days in dread of hearing that the two tribes had ended the quarrel by exterminating each other. But the very day before Father Mathew's visit, we were relieved by the happy news, that in answer to the ceaseless prayers of my Aunt Bridget, and certain other devotees, Saint Declan himself had interposed, and sent an irresistible reinforcement to the priest. The night before, Tom Dwyer, the head of his house, was going home in the dark, from Frizzell's public-house, with high spirits, but unsteady limbs. He was shouting out—like the broth of a boy, that he was—for the face of a Dempsey, that he might have the pleasure of demolishing it, when out leaps from Bryan Close's no less a man than Dick, the famous champion of the Dempseys. After a glad hurroo of recognition, they rush at each other, with sticks poised for a scientific whack ; and are just in the act of closing, when, murder and turf ! there rises from the middle of the road, in a halo of sulphurous flame, a ghastly figure, exhaling white corpse lights. With a voice that makes the marrow freeze in their bones, it reveals its errand.

"By the favour of Saint Declan, I have come. I am the sow! of Jeremiah Dwyer. The sowls of the Dwyers and the Dempseys have sent me up to tell yez—they are in the hottest pit in Purgatory. They won't be let out, till yez have stopped fighting. So yez are to take the pledge, and make friends, and obey his reverence. Then yez 'll save yourselves and us. If one of yez lifts a hand after this warning, every one of your name will be lost for iver and iver."

The spirit vanished as it came, leaving the foemen on their knees in terror. They rise, rush into each other's arms, and, with hugs and kisses, swear eternal friendship. Each goes thence to his own household, eager to do the bidding of the apparition.

When Father Phil looked forth from the window of his chamber the next morning, he saw every man, woman, and child of the Dwyer and Dempsey name, seated amicably on his lawn, waiting for his reverence to come forth, and receive their dutiful submission. Nothing could exceed the deference with which they now asked for his counsel

They confessed with one voice their sins ; offered themselves to perform any penance. Would they send a deputation to Lough Derg ? and pay for a hundred masses ? and stand sponsors for each other's children ? and marry forthwith every nubile boy and girl, to partners of the other name ? Anything and everything which he ordered, they would do cheerfully. It was as an offering to the spirits of the murdered men, they had spilt so much blood. When once they were satisfied by infallible evidence, that this was a false doctrine, they yielded like children to the voice of their shepherd.

His terms were very simple. They must then and there shake hands ; on the morrow, they must all, down to the youngest child, come forward and pledge themselves, in the presence of Father Mathew, not to taste a drop of spirits for the next three years, as a penance ; and to live in mutual peace and love, all their days, as a Christian duty.

It was from Daly that we had first heard of the apparition. He had been walking near the spot, and heard the fearful narrative from the lips of the ghost-seers, within a very few minutes of the vision. The priest and he were close friends from this time. To him, as chief steward, the arrangements for the Temperance meeting were entrusted. And he acquitted himself to universal satisfaction.

There was a spacious platform, with benches for the priests, and such of the gentry as cared for the morals of the poor. Round the Green, on which it stood, were booths displaying crosses, pictures, medals, and a great variety of temperance literature ; and offering tea, coffee, cider, and other innocent beverages. At ten o'clock in the morning, all was ready for Father Mathew. He had spent the night in Youghal, and drove into Rathcore, through admiring crowds, soon after eleven. He went straight to the chapel, and, despite the invitation of his brother presbyter, remained there alone, till noon was told by the Squire's farm-yard clock. Then he came forth in the simple black coat of the priest, with his tonsured head bare. With long strides he passed through the people, and, ascending the rostrum, called on us all to pray. In my good hours, Theobald Mathew was my ideal priest ; his life, such as a Christian might look back on from his death-bed, with peace. His name and character were as well known, and as much revered among us, as in his own parish, in Cork. He had resigned wealth, and comfort, and the love of titled friends, for the service of the Church of the poor. His days and nights were passed among the garrets, and lanes, and dens of Cork. He had reclaimed millions of souls from the demon of drink. This was the life, I thought on Sundays, I should like to lead. This was a man, before whom I could bow in true homage. To my mother, he was the saint who had made

so many wretched women happy wives again. *His* face, expression, and manners were as high above the common priestly standard—beefy, suspicious, bullyragging—as the heavens are above the earth. Standing before us, pale, worn, ethereal, imploring the blessing of the Most High upon us, with such a look as well became his prayer, he reminded me very much of our parson.

“Such a man,” said I, “would Mr. Crofton have been, if he had our Church to work in.”

“God knows what is best for all of us, dearest,” said my mother.

I thought of Lily, and murmured, Amen.

After the prayer was offered, and the Squire elected chairman, Father Phil opened the proceedings of the day, by a fearful picture of the fruits of too much whiskey-drinking, in the department of faction fights. They disgraced the country; made our enemies say, we were an incurably savage people, and blaspheme our holy faith. He moved our feelings by the recital of his labours of love for our good, during near forty years; lately in the case of the Dwyers and Dempseys. He harrowed our souls by a minute detail of the name, and age, and family, and state, temporal and spiritual, of the victims—imprisoned, transported, killed, hanged. He waxed grand, as he shewed how Heaven had blessed his efforts, to stop the fountain of bitterness and blood, and to soften these hard and flinty hearts. This day the sinners would come forward in the sight of God and man, and profess their true repentance; and vow eternal sobriety, and peace, and love. He then summoned the clans to come forward. They went down on their knees in front of the platform. After the priest, they declared their sorrow, and shame, and misery, for their grievous sin; in cherishing malice, and disobeying the Holy Church. Anew, they renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil, and swore to lead lives of purity and charity, to their last breath. When this solemn scene was over, he then introduced the Apostle to Rathcore, with a deluge of blarney, on his work, his success, his zeal, his piety, his charity, in coming among us. He welcomed him from his heart to his parish. His people were the best and purest souls in the world, only for the drink. Poverty and starvation made them long for some relief; and, alas! they sought it in drink; and when they got a little, they took too much. That swallowed up clothes, house, land, health, character, everything. But he would leave that topic to Father Mathew. He wished him good luck, even thousands of pledges that day. When the whirlwind of cheers had subsided, Father Mathew addressed us. He spoke in language plain and simple to baldness. Without a trace of exaggeration, he spoke of his mission. (My father whispers—“After all his great name, he is not half so good a speaker as our own priests. He looks as if he

was going to break down.") In the good man's labours among his flock he had found whiskey was his great enemy. Was a family in rags and misery, and bad repute? Whiskey was the worm that was gnawing the root of that family. Did a man fall into bad courses, which led to evil habits, which brought forth crime, which shut the prison doors upon him, which handed him in due time to the hangman? Whiskey was the shape, in which the devil entered his mouth to damn his soul. Did he, as a priest, seek to train young souls for heaven, in faith, and hope, and love? Whiskey came, and its breath parched, and withered, and blighted the flowers of Paradise. Did he, striving to raise a soul from the mire, gain his ear, and touch his conscience, and draw his tears, and bend his knee, and send the penitent away, resolved to walk only in the path that leads to God and Heaven? Whiskey met him at the chapel door, and dogged his steps, and inflamed his desires, and closed his ears, and lured him back to sin and hell. He saw there was nothing for it but to league them all to do battle with the foe. He did so; and his efforts were followed by success, in the comfort and happiness and piety of his flock. Other priests saw the good of it, and sought his aid; and so the little seed, like the grain of mustard in Scripture, had grown into a great tree, which now covered Ireland. Millions had taken the pledge. Thousands of letters told him, they were keeping it; and were thankful to God for the change it had made in their lives. He had never till now visited Rathcore. He was glad to stand on that sacred ground; gladder still, to witness the happy end of that terrible feud, and to see sinners seeking pardon and peace in the loving arms of the Catholic Church. But there was no safety, while men were open to the temptation of drink. The Irishman's only hope of sobriety seemed to lie in the solemn vow to abstain—not to be kept in his own strength—let none think it—but in humble reliance on the good God above. Then in words as gentle as a mother's entreaty, he told us of some scenes which he had witnessed within that week—the fruits of drunkenness. He had gone to administer the last rites of the Church to a dying woman. There was a babe sucking at her breast; children crouching at the bed foot. The husband lay drunk in the same bed; and cursed the priest when he roused him to say "farewell" to the wife of his bosom. Three days before, he stood over a sweet girl, dying after childbirth. She and the boy who loved her had shared one glass at a fair. The liquor led them into sin. Her father was a proud and evil-tempered man. She durst not tell her shame, till it was too late. Disgrace, and fear, and penitence killed her. From that death-bed he had gone to see the body of the young man, who had hanged himself in the madness of his despair. He came fresh from that scene, and asked them would any one say a word for

drink after that? One glass had let the devil in, and slew a lovely girl, and a fine young man, and filled two households with shame and sorrow, that God alone can cure. Thus his unaffected but most affecting speech ran on, till we felt as if the dew from heaven were falling on our minds.

My father sits beside my mother, her hand in both of his, weeping like a child. Every cheek around is wet; every hand in the multitude seems to rise; every voice, to take the pledge; some, for years, some, for a lifetime. Out of ten thousand, not one hundred have held back, and they are the sober men and women. My mother, in her joy, rushes forward, one of a crowd of women, and, falling on her knees, craves the good man's blessing, and bears it home, to hide her happy tears.

Mr. Saxe, in a few words, expresses his entire sympathy with the movement; his gratitude to Father Mathew. For himself and all his household, he takes the pledge for a year; and announces a like determination on the part of his clergyman, Mr. Crofton. He advocates tea, and promises to give the people a reading-room in the village, if they desire it.

Father Phil rejoices at the new era which is opening before the parish; anticipates easy work for himself and his curates, at confession; and light penances for their flock. He bewails his own unhappy condition. Fasting, and study, and old age, have so impaired his constitution, that he cannot live without his spirits—so the doctors tell him. He pledges himself, however, to one tumbler of punch daily, and no more; and he calls on all who held out against total abstinence to join him—which they do. Then, he bids the boys and girls try a dance with sober fiddlers—for they never had such reason to be joyful in all their lives. But, before they begin, they must give three Rathcore cheers for Father Mathew; to which, spontaneously, as was right, we add three for himself.

Such a style of speaking as Father Mathew's I had never heard. It was an entire contrast to Father Phil's orations. Without any of the noise, or gesticulation, or blarney, it was far more effective. None spoke of *it*; or thought it fine, or grand, or eloquent. But they owned the influence of a noble spirit, and went home humbled, and resolved to be better men and women, and to do what he told them. I could not tear myself away from the sight of the man who had stirred my nature to its depths. I followed him with reverence to the house at which they were getting ready the car for his departure. He saw me lingering about, and marked, I suppose, the interest with which I regarded him. He spoke to Father Phil, and pointed to me. I was brought into the good man's presence. He shook my hand, and spake words which are among the hallowed memories of my life.

"Your pastor tells me, dear boy, you are devoted to the service of the Church. There is no life so happy as that of the faithful servant of Jesus Christ. To do His work among the poor, is heaven upon earth. Pray to Him, and think of His Cross, till your heart is filled with His love. That will make you a good priest."

And when I bowed before him, he invoked such a full blessing on my head, that I stood uncovered, and watched the car that bore him away, as Elisha must have looked upon the receding figure of Elijah. Oh, that Theobald Mathew's mantle had fallen upon me !

And so, drunkenness was banished from Rathcore for a season. Only for the sporting gentlemen, and the summer visitors, the publicans must have closed their shops. As it was, the grass grew before their doors, and over the seats in the drinking arbour. The medals, pendant from green ribbons, hung round every neck. The police had only five prisoners in as many months. The people lived in a state of chronic amazement, that they could get on so well without whiskey. It was nothing like so hard as to give up the pipe. That would be something like a penance. Larry Doolin, when in jail, had ground up his cutty, and supported life for months upon the fragments, but it was awful. Then, as now, he never missed the whiskey. Its virtues were an exploded delusion.

But alas ! a rumour buzzes through the Parish, that Father Phil has got a tumbler, made specially, down from Dublin, which holds a quart of punch. The next day, my father, standing astride the threshold, finishes a naggin at a draught, and says, with a wink, "Follow the leader, Norry. I thought Father Phil had sense in his speech ; and, faith, I think I'm not so far behind him. My pledge was, that neither out of the house, nor in the house, would I take sperrits. And it was time for me, to think of saving my life. I drunk half-a-crown's worth of tay last week ; and my face was like bog oak in the glass this morning." She went in to weep.

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## CHAPTER X.

"And it's how we spend our time in famous Dublin City, that you want to know, is it ?" said Daly, to an admiring circle in our shop, after school-hours, one wild autumnal evening. "Then, by the spire

of the church of St. Lawrence O'Toole, though the sweet memory of the bright past makes the gloomy present, exceeding bitter—still, for the benefit of your rustic understandings, it is James Daly is the boy that will enlighten you. He ought to know all about it, and he tells you, it is the finest and most beautiful—from nature and art—city in the univarsal world. I have no wish to travel, and see London, Paris, Vienna, New York, or Timbuctoo, for I know, before I start, I have a better metropolis than any, at home. Why, boys, the streets of Dublin by themselves—not to spake of Trinity College—are a university far above Oxford or Cambridge, Athens or Alexandria. Is it architecture you would like to have your son instructed in? Then turn him loose in Dublin streets, for a month, to inspect the public buildings, and if he does not imbibe a correct taste for the sublime and beautiful, he is no countryman of Edmund Burke's. He must be a born idiot, and you had better ship him off to England, for them to make a Judge, or a Cabinet Minister, or a Member of Parliament of. *They* can turn our dead stock to advantage. Our Parliament House—bad scran to them that made it a place for counting dirty notes in—is the finest building in Europe, as 'the royal ruffian' said himself. Or is it the noble and exhilarating study of the statutes of the land, you would devote the hope of the family to? Then, free, gratis, for nothing, he can enjoy, in the Four Courts, the constant tuition of the most witty, ingenious, and learned professors of the law, that ever were, in times past, present, or to come,—if you believe the compliments they pay each other. Or, maybe the youth has a taste for commerce, and you want to insinse him with correct notions of barter, and the best system of profit and loss. Then, give him sixpence a day, and send him through Liffey-street and Stoneybatter, to get what bargains he can for the money; and, by Lundy's Foot best rappee, he'll be more than a match for a Jew, and sharper than Fin MacCoul's razor, that cut Scotland off from Ireland, at one blow, for their sins. And if the child has any ear for music—the band of Her Majesty's guard will tutor him daily in the most fashionable waltzes, polkas, and marches, in the Castle Yard or the Phaynix Park. He will be sure to hear the gems of every new play whistled through the streets from dawn till dark—the day after the night of their first arrival in Ireland. Yes, and the Dean and Chapter will invite him to attend at the performance of the most sublime anthems, sung by the most ravishing voices, in the grandest of opera-houses, vulgarly called St. Patrick's Cathedral. Or would you like to set him up for a philosopher, and lay the foundation in a profound and varied knowledge of human nature? Oh, then there is no ground like Dublin for that. There are the prettiest of girls in the most bewitching of costumes, and the natest of ankles, from three till



five, p.m., in Sackville-street; there are the noblest of patriots, this day breathing the pure air of a free heaven, from seven till ten, in Conciliation Hall; there are the biggest villains unhung, in the Castle; the sharpest tongues ever strung, in the Liberties; every sect in the world; every vice since the Fall; every humbug that's hatched; every beauty that blows: nothing is wanting to make Dublin the topmost diamond in the Crown of Creation. There is nothing like life in Dublin, for giving a superfine polish to the 'genus homo,' as you can all see for yourselves; for it's a graduate in honours from that self-same univarsity, who now does the honour of addressing you. Marlboro'-street Model Training School assumes the credit—but it lies. It only stamped the metal, that it found to be, pure gold."

"Begorra, it's a wonderful place it must be entirely, if they are all like you," said my father; "it must be a godsend to you, to catch a stupid crayture up there."

"Twelve days in the air of Dublin are warranted to give a fine edge to the dullest intellect," was the patriotic reply.

"Tell me, James," said I, "something about Trinity College. Is not it the place that Grattan and Curran and Plunket came from? Do you know it well?"

"Know Trinity College, is it? Why, dear child, it is my step-mother the venerable lady is. I am a real alumnus of that ancient and renowned foundation. If I did not draw my first breath inside her walls, it was because I was born at midnight. If these eyes had seen the *daylight* first—it is Botany Bay, or Parliament-square, would be my birthplace. My virtuous and admirable mother held the honourable post of lady-in-waiting, to ten of the most ingenuous youths pursuing their studies there. My late revered father, Dionysius Daly, Esquire, made a large fortune by supplying the exhausted systems of pensioners and fellow-commoners with oysters, oranges, porter, and other collegiate necessities. Why, man alive! it was at the college gates I was reared. There my sainted grandmother kept an apple-stall, right before the windows of the senior proctor. Thither I was borne by my mother every morning, and nursed surreptitiously in a corner of the Museum, during the day. In that classic ground, my childhood passed. Fruits of many climes lay around me; and infused somewhat of their fragrance into the frame of the infant cherub. From childhood I have been familiar to satiety, with all the luxuries which East and West can furnish to the boards of the opulent. In riper years, I roamed about the park and squares of learned leisure until a stern but well-meaning Fellow prevailed upon my parents, to entrust me to the master of St. Michan's Parochial Daily School. Thence, having left no ignoble mark in the parochial records, another

Fellow of liberal tendencies translated me to Marlboro'-street. In that palatial building, I circumnavigated the whole circle of the sciences, and came forth with a first-class certificate. Alas ! alas ! me the Saxon tempter lured away, to this benighted, barbarous spot, remote, unfriended, solitary, slow ; to be a lighthouse to Cimmerian natives. Such, sirs, the brief story of my youthful days. My after life, up to this night, has met your gaze ; the future largely looms, through glorious haze."

Bedad, and you have no need of a trumpeter wherever you go, *ma bouchal*," was the utterance of one of us—the sentiment of all.

"Oh, dear, but it is turning out an awful evening," said my mother, as she rose from her knitting to fasten a window, which the storm had blown open.

"It's lots of fun you must have had, James, when school was over, or you had a holiday in them times," said an inquisitive youth, pumping for further information about life in Dublin.

"Fun, my good bumpkin, is no word for such screaming, enchanting, transcendental, superessential, sovereign, delight. There are not letters enough in the alphabet to form words to describe it in."

"Oh, of course not ; but give us a taste of its flavour. If it is bitter bad weather outside, the more reason for us to be happy within," said my father."

"God help the poor sailors," said my mother.

"Go on, James," said my father.

"Needs must, when somebody drives," resumed Daly. "So, suppose I have got a holiday in Dublin. In the morning, I turn my steps to the Police Court—where, while Porter is on the bench, we are sure of something racy. Take a specimen. The great parrot case of Smith *versus* Jones is first on the list. The facts are as follow :—Smith has lost an invaluable parrot, a most accomplished bird, in the family for three generations. In Jones's window, he spies his own very identical Poll, sitting melancholy, in a bran new cage. But Jones asseverates that he bought the parrot a year ago, from a sailor, for five pounds. The law alone can decide the ownership. To court they come. 'Your Worship,' says Mr. Smith, 'the bird is mine, and I can easily prove it.' 'Where are your witnesses, sir?' demands the magistrate, severely. 'The bird, your Worship, is the only witness I have got ; and, surely, he is the best.' 'The bird, sir? Who ever heard of such a witness, in any court of justice? How can I examine him, or her? What could I swear it on? not the Bible, certainly.' With a laudable desire to further the ends of justice, your humble servant suggests, 'Would not the Koran do, your Worship? Parrots come from Turkey.' For which generous hint, Rhadamanthus frowns. 'Silence in the court.

I have a great mind to commit you, sir. *Your* tongue is too long. Produce the bird, Mr. Jones. Ha! a fine, handsome parrot, indeed. Now, Mr. Smith, for your proof. Examine the bird.' 'Thank your Worship. Poll, give me a kiss?' Poll's bill greets Smith's lips with a hearty smack. He casts a look of triumph on the dauntless Jones, who advances in his turn. 'Your Worship, I humbly submit, *that* is no proof at all. All parrots are taught that trick. The bird would do the same for any person in court. Will you allow me to try it?' 'Certainly, sir.' 'Poll, give me a kiss?' The insulted female looks askance, ruffles her plumage, withdraws to a distant corner, and replies, 'You are very impertinent, sir.' 'Those are the very words I taught her, your Worship,' urges the still unvanquished Jones. 'Now observe, your Worship. Oh, Poll, don't be shy. Just one. Give me a kiss.' He protrudes his lips against the bars of the cage. The bill extends to meet him; Jones exults. Fool! his blood is streaming down his chin, and Poll bears within the cage a breakfast from Mr. Jones's frontispiece. His Worship sums up—'Mr. Smith, you may take the bird home; Mr. Jones, I think your punishment is sufficient. Clerk, call the next case.' 'Sergeant,' shouts the clerk, 'put forward that man that killed his wife and three children, last night, with a poker.' But, as we are out for a day's fun, we shall leave the peelers there, and proceed to the Four Courts. Suppose we find great Dan up in a will case. Thousands of pounds depend upon whether a certain will was signed by the man whose name is at the bottom of the page. Hard swearing there has been on both sides. Judge and jury are nonplussed. Dan is against the will. He has a witness foreninst him on the table. *He* has sworn, over and over again, he saw the man's own right hand sign the will, and, at the time, he is certain there was life in him. 'Was he alive, sir?' says Dan. 'There was life in him.' 'On the virtue of your oath, was he sensible?' 'There was life in him; I swear that.' 'Now, sir, as you will answer at the dreadful Day of Judgment, tell me, was it not a fly, that was alive, in the dead man's mouth?' Down goes the wretch on his knees. 'Oh, my lord, save me from that man: he is the devil entirely.' Oh, boys, I could tell you stories, about our bold Liberator, by the hour. But I am tired talking—"

"God help the poor sailors" interposed my mother again, as the tempest roared up the street.

"Oh James dear, it is a shocking bad evening, and we can't go outside, and it is far too soon to go to bed. Tell us now, how you spent your evenings. Do, James dear," said Nelly.

"In the upper gallery of the theatre of course. I was the king of the gods, after *some* of the gods."

"Of your own, that you could go to

the theatre, whenever you liked?" asked my father. "I had a notion they made every one pay for admission."

"A mint I had, you unbelieving sceptic, in the delight, with which my mother's young gentleman, weary with hard study, welcomed the visits of a youth of spirit. I was always ready and able to sing them the newest comic songs; to play opera airs on the Jew's harp; to turn impossible summersaults by the dozen; to dodge the Dean; or to carry a billey dux to their Dulcineas; ("Oh dear what a name for a lady," said Nelly)—yes, and to drink the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of King William the Third, that delivered us from brass shoes, and wooden money—the rest, Mrs. Bryan, is too strong for ladies' ears."

"Why! you don't mean to say, that you ever drunk *that* toast, and you a good Catholic?" was the universal and indignant inquiry.

"I have done it, gentlemen, at least one hundred times in every variety of liquor. But then, you see, I said it backwards by putting 'to hell with,' before it."

"The man would have to get up early, my boy, would catch you asleep."

"I think so, my rustics. However, it was a bad day, when I could not pick up a shilling among the Collegians as the reward of merit; and that sufficed to open to me, the realms of fairy land; and reveal lovely angels in satin boddices, and pink fleshings; in high tragedy, or love comedy, or screaming farce, or gorgeous pantomime. There I sat, on my throne in the gallery, looking down on the 'Hoy Polloy,' as a classic used to say. Mine was the voice, that bade the house applaud, if Hamlet knew and played his part; or taught the pit to hiss like a den of serpents, if Claude Melnotte was a booby, and knew not how and when to kiss the fair Pauline, like a gentleman—in this way you know," as he saluted the upturned lips of my pretty sister.

"The actors knew my voice, and trembled at my whisper. The charming ladies of the drama gave me their sweetest smiles; and with me on their side, smiled at the shallow criticism of the press. The audience also loved the boy, that sang the chorus, with as much fire, as if he was behind the footlights. Yes, and, ye rustics, hear and wonder; these limbs have worn the buskin; these feet have trod the boards. Would you like to have a specimen of my dramatic powers?"

He was in full swing, as Macbeth, bidding us hang out our banners on the outer wall, when we heard a gun boom out, above the gale—followed by a second, and a third, at minute intervals. My father leaps up with an oath.

"There is a ship in danger. That is a sight you won't see in Dublin—Daly."

"Oh, may God look down and save them," prayed my mother, as

we all rushed out into the storm, and joined the stream of forms that were hurrying to the cliffs.

I had often listened to the story of the wreck in our Bay in the bad winter, when Nelly was born, now more than twelve years ago. Often had my mother wept, and made me weep, at her tale of the thirteen corpses, ten strong men—two women, and one little golden-haired baby—stretched side by side upon the grass. Their graves in the old churchyard had a strange fascination for me. Neddy Crofton and I had visited them together. Tierney, and our other valiant townsmen, who had saved lives from the sea, never found me weary of the story of their famous deeds. The perils they had run, the skill with which they had brought ashore the prey of Neptune—the looks and words of the delivered—all were familiar to me. I could give as exact an account of every wreck that had taken place in Rathcore, within the memory of man, as any of the beholders, actors, or sufferers. We boys of the village, in the warm summer days, spent as much of our time in, or upon the water, as on dry land. We swam, fished, rowed, and managed a boat, as if by instinct. At this time I was even a favourite coxswain among the fishermen. I was sure that what others had done in the water, I should not fear to attempt, if only the chance were given. I was shocked at times to find myself wishing for a wreck, that I might win fame; and taste the joy of having rescued a fellow-creature from certain death. The thought that the hour had come, now flashed on me, as I followed my father to the cliffs. But one sight of the sea banished the thought. Neither man nor boat could live in that fearful yeast of waves. They leapt up the rocks like lions, and dashed their angry manes in our faces, as if defying our puny strength; or hungering for *our* bodies also. The rain had ceased. Even *it* could not fall in that hurricane, which sweeps right up the bay. We cannot keep on foot, without holding on to the posts. But what is our inconvenience to the peril of the poor souls, in that mad bark, which is rushing before the Southeaster, fair for the sunken reef, where we know death awaits them? One look tells us the history of that wreck. Driving before the gale, the vessel has come within the jaws of our bay. Once inside, with that wind blowing, she has only the choice of perishing on the rocks, or on the beach. It is plain, the captain, whom we see in the bows, sounding, lured by the white sand, has chosen the beach. But, between him and it, there lies a chain of rocks, which he cannot pass. Our shrieks and signals warn him of danger. He has now out two anchors, which do not even check her course. The ship runs through our throbbing mass; as the shock, and the crash of timbers tell us, she has been seized by the sharp teeth of the hidden foe. The seamen hew away the main-mast, alas! in vain!

and to their own loss ; for, without it, they are delayed in launching the boat. At last, they have got davits up. We see the boat, with its freight of nine persons, on the water. Ah ! it is tossed over and over, like a feather ; yes, these *are* human bodies, tossing about ; dashed against the rocks, under our feet ; borne out, all struggling over, to a watery grave. Only four regain the vessel. They cling to the stump of the mast, and cry out to us for help. We can even see their lips moving. We are wild with sympathy, oppressed with a feeling almost of guilt. Women run up and down, wringing their hands, and crying hysterically. The thought is agony, that we must look on it all, and can do nothing. They are not fifty yards from us on the cliff. Another quarter of an hour, and all must be over.

The Squire has come down among us, in full dress, from some dinner party. He summons us to bring his boat down to the cove. He offers five pounds to every man, who will join him in trying to get out to the wreck. The Parson stands beside the boat. I tear myself from my mother ; rush down to Mr. Crofton, shriek out an entreaty that he will let me go, for I can steer that boat better than any man in Rathcore. He shows me a coil of rope, one end of which is round his waist ; points to the boat-house and my waist. I know that I may go, and share the chance of saving life. When I return with my rope, the Squire has picked his crew. I step into the boat, and seize the tiller. All look assent. Now our friends on shore shove us out into the waters of the cove. For twenty yards, we are screened from the breakers, by the inner edge of that very reef on which the ship has gone to pieces. So far, our work is easy, and the boat obeys my touch. But now comes the tug of war. Those outer giants lift their towering heads, and come against me, as Goliath against David. I strain every sinew—once—the boat turns broadside to the waves—twice—we had already done it, but the liquid mass beats my arms round, and again we have failed.

“The third time is the charm, my hearties,” comes to us from the Squire in the bows.

I clutch the ropes with a death-grip, and this wave does not seem so high. Aye, we *have* cut it—we are in the trough—but ha ! what is this ? The boat stands up straight above me—the Squire is thrown out ; in his descent, he actually sweeps off my cap. We can only think of *his* danger now. Thank God ! the Parson has him on the gunwale. He is safe. But there is no chance of helping them that way ; and we go back, sick with anguish, to the cliffs. Only fifty yards of water—and we can do nothing, but look at the death agony of those four men, whose ark in pieces. See, their captain is moving. He plunges head-foremost into the wave. Alas ! good mariner, it was on one of thine

own spars, not on the water, thy head struck. The body sinks: a wail from land meets the sailors' farewell, and, with the wind, is his dirge. Another leaps out, in a momentary lull. He strikes towards us wildly. Ah! a current runs just there—it sweeps him out into the bay; and we can discern that little speck, which we know to be a brave man's head, borne away into the Atlantic. Now, only two are left; clinging to that little spire of a mast. They shake hands—look up to Heaven—and together spring from the cordage, into the surge. Ah! one goes down in a moment, and never rises; and only one is left. He absorbs all our eyes and hearts and prayers. And he is cool and watchful: he rises with the wave, dives under its crest, floats—yes, he is near to us. Now, he has caught a floating plank. It fends off the lash and curl of the waves. How we gaze upon him, and rejoice as he nears the outer rock! Mr. Crofton has reached it. I stand beside him. We have both our ropes still. We can see his eye glisten, as he catches sight of us. We crane forward. Ah, good God! his face turns white; he must have struck against some jutting crag. His hands relax; the spar floats away. Oh, great swimmer! after all shalt thou be lost? I feel a wild impossibility of holding myself in. With one hand, I throw the end of the coil to Mr. Crofton. With the other, I strike out after the receding figure. He is in my arms. A hundred forces seem to be tearing me every way at once. But I clutch his neck, and feel the rope tighten with a painful pleasure round my waist. A moment more, and we are both on the rocks. I am faintly conscious of voices, which are whispering around me, "Well done, young Hugh Bryan."

I know no more, till I return to life, before our kitchen fire, with my mother's arms round me, and her lips on mine. She cries, "Glory be to God, doctor, he has opened his eyes—he is alive!"

"Good reason, you have, Mrs. Bryan, to thank God for such a son." Yes, *that* is the Squire's voice, and no other.

Then a foreign tongue pours out a stream of unintelligible gutturals; and a tall figure, with streaming eyes, in a suit of Daly's clothes, a world too scant for his huge bones, comes out of the mist, hugs me tightly; gesticulates; goes on his knees; rises; rushes to a chair, on which wet clothes are drying; returns with a curious silver watch; presses it into my hands; and at last I comprehend that I have saved this man's life; have been for hours unconscious; and that the presence of the Squire and the doctor is out of interest in me. I feel immensely thankful; kiss my mother, say the Lord's Prayer, and fall into a sound slumber.

The next day I am as well as ever, and go about the village in such transports of pride, and joy, and universal contentment, that I seem

to be walking in some sphere between earth and heaven. The foreigner follows me everywhere, and is delighted to find at last an interpreter of his gratitude in the Count O'Flynn. He is an Austrian, who has in his own land wife and children dear, whose prayers, the father pledges himself, shall follow Hugh Bryan's whole path in life. In a few days, the Colonel procures funds from the Austrian Consul, and the grateful man leaves us, after kisses, and embraces, and blessings innumerable. Three months more, and a letter comes from the Imperial Ambassador, with a gold medal from the Emperor, for the chivalrous youth who had saved one of his subjects. But long before that, the applause of my townsmen had died out. I was only one—the youngest, it was true—of a dozen, who had run equal risk with equal success, but with far less reward. The silver watch and gold medal gave me an unfair pre-eminence—and fed my craving for an heroic life with too rich food. The Squire had made my mother a handsome present, in gratitude for his escape from drowning. I have no remembrance of any part I took in drawing him from the waves, and believe it to have been all the Parson's doing. But they both ascribed his preservation to my ready wit and courage. The amount of the gift I never heard; but I know that it discharged a debt long due for flour. I heard my father grumbling, that Saxe had no right to pass him over, and give money due to a son to the mother; and, if it was a matter which could be tried, he would see what the law would say.

Daly said young Bryan had pluck enough for anything, and had inherited the spirit of Boru.

"I tell you, the way you caught the Austrian by the throat, and held on to him, was a caution. The fact is, Scion, you are a young eagle, and, if you trust me, I will show you a noble quarry."

What he meant I could not guess then. But one good thing he did at this time, which I could appreciate. He procured my appointment as monitor in the school, with a salary of £5 per annum.

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## CHAPTER XI.

I was in my fifteenth year, when, to my surprise and chagrin, Daly joined me one morning, in my usual stroll round the Head.

"Hugh," said he, when we had got fairly out of the village, "are you old enough to be trusted with a secret?"



"What is it about, James?"

"Do you love ould Ireland?"

"Who should love her better than a Bryan? Don't I come of a stock that never counted the cost, when they heard *her* voice?"

"And are *you* ready to walk in the steps of your grandfather?"

"I have vowed to do it, ever since I knew the difference between the words, Ireland, and England."

"Well, you are one of the right sort. You are the very boy I have been looking for, ever since I came down here, for my sins—and I have watched you, closer than you thought. But your Majesty will have to shake the gentry off your royal skirts. You can't serve two masters, as the Parson will tell you himself."

"What are they to me?" said I fiercely. "Of course, I love and respect Mr. Crofton and Mr. Saxe, for they have always been good to me and mine. But might does not make right—and blood is thicker than water."

"You will *do*. I may trust you. You may be sure, it was no light matter took me out of the blankets this morning, and brought me out shivering, like a dog in a wet sack, in this devil of a breeze."

"Why, James, you are joking. It is a lovely morning, and there is hardly a breath of air."

"All very well for you rustics, but we city gents are more delicately nurtured. But, Hugh, I am in earnest this morning, and I am going to show you the road to glory."

His words were the echo of my thoughts.

"I know you are a Repealer, James. Are you a United Irishman as well?" said I, looking at him with a fresh glow of admiration.

"I was a Repealer ever since I was born, I think—any way, ever since I could hoot the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary. But before I was your age, my chicken, I had got beyond Repeal, and had left Dan and his peace policy miles behind me. I am for the pike, and the cold steel, and the swords of other days, and shoulder to shoulder, and death to the tyrants. When I went to Marlboro'-street, I had made up my mind that it was not for a Parliament of Castle-hacks in College Green; nor to have the bottom corner in Britannia's bloody table-cloth, that I would fight—but to have a President of an Irish Republic, with its four provinces one and indivisible, in the Phoenix Park—and a flag of our own immortal green. Oh, no! it is not to see the system that keeps the Croppy Celt and Catholic down in the mire, for the Orange spawn of Noll's drummers to trample and spit upon, stereotyped, like the books of the Board, that James Daly would set his wits to work, and expose his neck to the hug of a hempen cravat. 'Ireland for the Irish,' that is my motto—and 'England's difficulty,

Ireland's opportunity,' my model of sound policy and wise statecraft. Yes, Hugh, a free people and an Irish Republic—the shamrock and the Sunburst flying from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and every man having the right to eat his own bacon and greens. That is the style, isn't it? Is not that worth fighting for? But sure, I forgot your Majesty's imperial and royal title to the throne of Ireland. Faith, the cat is out of the bag. And though, I would rather be the Prime Minister of a high and mighty Sovereign in Tara's royal halls than National Schoolmaster of Rathcore to the end of the chapter; still I am a Republican to the backbone."

"Well, James, I go with you there, too. The coronation banished all my ambition for the seat of a true Irish king. Besides, I have just been reading the life of George Washington. He is my hero at present, and I think him a far finer patriot than Julius Cæsar. But tell me, James, do you think that our people are fit for a Republic?"

"By my grandmother's apple stall and superfine candy, that is a question would do credit to a man of thirty, and I have not reached that age myself, by six long years. Suppose we postpone the discussion of that point, until we have the Sassenachs in the sea, and the Grand National Convention is debating our future form of government. By that time we will both be old enough to do justice to the question. But cheer up, my prince, in the fighting there is hope that a man may so distinguish himself, as to be hailed on the field of our crowning victory, 'Bryan the Nine-hundred and ninety-ninth.' Let us hope he will then be true to his present principles, and so use his opportunities, that the world may never see 'Bryan the Thousandth.'"

"Well, James, I will have no objection to be crowned, on the day I see such a victory as that. That would content me."

"I honour you, sir, but if we are to have a real wrestle with the British Lion—we'll need all the help we can get in men, money, arms, and munitions; and they'll not come over from Yankeeland, I'm thinking—as your dad says oftener than his prayers—with any deep thirst for the blessings of monarchical or aristocratic rule."

"James," said I "who would ever think to look at you, so gay, and merry, and thoughtless, as every one says you are, that you had such deep notions in your head?"

"Yes, my chicken, one fool said 'Smooth waters run deep,' in your copy-books, to wit—and other fools say it, after him; and I am not smooth—still I am a *leetle* deep, I think. Do you see out *there* where the gulls are—how the wind makes the water gleam, and dance, and laugh almost. Is it shallow out there, young sea lion?"

"No, James, a sixty fathom line would not touch the bottom there."

"Well, that is a better simile than I thought. Yes, I believe, I

have got the soft side of Peter Saxe, Esq., J.P., and the great Father Phil. Dan's own 'venerable and patriotic priest' owes James Daly *one*, which please God, he will have to pay some day. But any how Hugh, I have sounded you, and let *you* see into *me*. So now be a good boy, and listen to me, your guide, philosopher, and friend ; and I will shew you, as I promised, the road to glory. It is not pikes, and blunderbusses, and the like, I am going to talk to you about, as the poor omadhawns down here think, when they hear a whisper of rebellion. Oh, no, we begin low down, with the little children, Hugh ; and very quiet, and easy, we shall work. But a little worm, as Book III. has taught you, can bore a way into a 74-gun frigate. You see, my darling, when I went to Marlboro'-street, I found every man there had the same notions as myself, except the Protestants, of course, and a very few of the Presbyterians. Oh ! but the Northerners are the cold-blooded conspirators. We were the red hot iron, they were the water that tempered the mass, into cold steel. All of us had got beyond Dan and Repeal. We agreed—1st. That we Irish had got none of our rights. 2nd. That the English were our bitter and determined enemies. 3rd. That the Union was a hateful thing—to be undone by all and any means whatever. You may be sure, when more than a hundred fellows with long heads and sharp wits, found out that they were as one man so far ; that it did not end there. The Professors were daily teaching us : ours was to be a most honourable and important employment, we would have the moulding of the Irish mind of the next generation, and so forth. We thanked them for the information, and determined it should turn out true. Many a night when they thought we were asleep, we were laying our plans for future work. At last we formed a Patriotic League among ourselves, for the liberation of our native land from the Saxon. Would you like to join us, Hugh ?”

“That I would, James, heart and soul ; but I am too young, I fear.”

“You are, my lad, but you can work outside for a year or two ; and then, if you give me satisfaction, I will get you made a member. Are you ready to do that—to labour and to bide your time ?

“Only shew me how I can help you, and you'll see the stuff I am made of.”

“Very well, monitor, I'll soon show you, how you can give us

But, bad manners to her reverence, for a bother,” as, yes, we saw Aunt Bridget, seated on a bank, a few yards counting her beads.

Hugh, I am off, I have no wish to be hooked by your of an aunt, Miss Bridget Mulcahy. You must salute her.”

After the pause of a moment, during which he indulged in a long suppressed whistle.

"I say, youngster, you have a game of your own, too. I understand your enjoyment of a morning stroll."

The instant after this speech, which brought a burning blush upon my face, the sweetest voice on earth hailed me—"Oh, Hugh Bryan, come here quick, and see this beautiful death's-head moth, that I have caught, all by myself. Papa will be so glad. He was showing me the picture of one the other day, and, I'm sure, this is the very same. Did you ever see such a funny darling fright?"

I gazed with brimming admiration on the marvellous creature.

"Look now," said she, "are not those marks just like a skull?"

"Oh, you shock my feelings, Miss Lily," interposed my aunt, withdrawing her mind from her Rosary; "indeed you must not be running after them nasty, creeping reptiles—destroying your nice clothes, that I have so much trouble with, and exposing yourself to the talk of the gossoons. Oh, Lord, deliver us!" as for the first time she caught sight of the fearful object. With a wild circle of crosses—"What is that? Is it living? Och, it's the divil himself, or one of his imps. It's not natural. May I niver brake bread again, but it is a warning! Either death or danger is before some of us. May all the saints in heaven defend us! Oh, Miss Lily dear, throw it away this minute, or I'll faint."

"I will do nothing of the sort, you dear old goose. It is only a poor little insect that will do you no harm. Why, it could not even sting you, if it wished ever so much. What is the good of your shouting out to all the saints? Sure God will defend you always, if you pray to Him, and do your duty. Is not He enough?"

"Yes, Miss Lily, that is true, every word of it; but does not the Bible say, it is by His saints and angels He does everything? and isn't it a great thing, now, to have an apostle, like St. Peter, or an angel, like Gabriel, standing between us and harm?"

"There now, Biddy, don't say any more about it. I have said my prayers with papa this morning; and I am not afraid of anything. God will take care of me. What a coward the dear old nurse is! But you are a Roman Catholic, too, Hugh; and she is your aunt, and you dare not laugh at her; and she is my own dear old Bridget," said the little lady, as she kissed the dame. "But, Hugh dear, I am dying to see your fine gold medal. Oh, what a beauty it is? It is just like the one papa has, that he won at college, and is so proud of. Why, you are nearly as great as he is, and you are only fifteen."

My charmer left me little space for demurring to this, or indeed for saying anything—nor did I regret it.

"But papa asked me to get him some more of the beautiful violets that I found down there, the day before yesterday"—and she pointed to a sloping bank, that shelved down to a rock, that overhung the deep sea. "Look, you can see them, just there, half-way down," said she. "Won't you come, and help me? I *do so* wish to have a great bunch for dear papa at breakfast time."

"I will get them for you, Miss Lily. You had better stay where you are. It is not safe for you to go down there."

"Oh, I was there before, and I have just as sure a foot as you have, great clumsy boy; and I'll not stay with that tiresome Bridget, to see the beads slipping through her fingers, like the coils of a serpent."

The nimble figure bounds with graceful steps, to which my heart beats in unison, down the bank before me, to the cluster of dark green leaves, where lurk hundreds of flowers, fragrant as none others. She stoops with a look of triumph, and stretches out both her hands to gather them, before I come. As she does so, her foot slips; she snatches at the ground, and slides down, at first with a gradual, almost imperceptible descent, and then more and more rapidly; till a shriek and a splash in the water rouses me from the palsy of stupid terror to the thought of her danger, and the need of instant action. I fly down the bank, as on wings; am in the water; am conscious of nothing, but those folds of muslin, which I clutch at, and grasp fiercely, ere they sink the second time. Now, thank God, I hold her form in my right hand; and, with the left, strike out for a little cove, some twenty yards further down, where I bear her up senseless to Bridget, who, from fright, has no voice to scold, and can only give mutterings about "the warning she got." We bend over that still, lovely figure. I dare *now* scan more closely than ever those exquisite features. I, am filled with an intensity of joy and satisfaction. Yes, come what will hereafter, I *have* held that form in my arms; clasped it to my bosom. That head *has* rested against my heart. Whatever life may take away—that *HAS* been. It seems incredible, that she owes her life to me. But I cannot think of her lying among the dank seaweed, like her brother. It chills me to the heart. Thank God, she is safe! A glow runs through my whole frame as life looks out in gratitude from her sweet eyes? Then first I am conscious, how deeply I have loved. Who was ever so happy as I, when she clings with her whole weight to my arm; and we walk slowly, by an unfrequented lane, to the back door of the Rectory garden? When I go home—not for an hour after—I find that the story has gone abroad. Some fisherman had seen it all. The excitement among the children was so great, that Daly could not secure their attention. He sent for the Squire, who came down, and gave the

school a holiday, "to signalise Hugh Bryan's courage and gallantry," as he said. On returning home, a note from Mr. Crofton brought me without delay into his study. Lily and he sat on a sofa, hand in hand, calm, and sweet, and happy. Both rose as I entered, and came to meet me, and took each a hand of mine in theirs. Lily spoke first.

"Only for you, good Hugh, Lily would not be here now, and papa would be in grief and mourning. I was very wrong, not to take your advice. Hugh, I love you."

She was not twelve years of age. They were the words of a child, of course. Yet were they the bread of life to me for many a year. Hitherto, there had been in her manner a shade of haughtiness, a quiet assumption of superiority—the rare betrayal of a look as of contemptuous ownership in me, Bridget's adopted and subservient priestling. Now all that was gone for ever. Henceforward I was an equal. Her father thanked me, with as much lavish gratitude as if he were my bankrupt debtor, without a morsel of the patron or the great man in it; so that I loved him for his own sake, arch-heretic as he was, and under the ban of Holy Mother Church.

When I came home, Daly caught my arm, and carried me off to a secret spot, to open still further his magazine of treason. But the voice of the charmer now fell dead upon my ears. Nothing could I think of, but the lovely form that had so lately rested in my arms. Nothing could I utter, but rapturous eulogy of her loveliness, and my good fortune. He went away in ill humour, saying I was only fit to be a lapdog to a lady of quality.

"A Newfoundland, you mean, James; isn't it?"

"Oh, aye, if you like it better, an humble retainer of some sort; and I was thinking you were a true-born Irish wolf-dog, that would banish the vermin," quoth he, bitterly.

It was fully a month before my transports subsided. Then I had woven the thread of love into the tissue of ambition, and had framed a mental picture of myself presenting a crown, or, at least, a presidential chaplet, to my high-born ladye-love. But to scale the height, I needed the ladder, which Daly had given me a glimpse of. I sought him of my own accord; begged to be shown my task, that I might prove my mettle, and be admitted through the wicket of the League, upon the road to glory. Now *he* was shy—threw cold water upon my zeal, and jeered at my devotion to the people's cause. At last, driven by necessity, I confided to him all my dreams. He, to my joy, heard the tidings of my love with warm sympathy; was glad beyond all things that I had such a spur to prick the sides of my ambition; rehearsed romantic tales of humble squires winning the hand of maidens of high degree. Moreover, the lady had true Irish blood.

This generous passion was all I lacked, to make me a true-born Irish knight, devoted to his country and his love.

"But —— what about the priesthood, Hugh?"

I leaped three feet high, as if the sentence struck my heart. I was dumb—aghast. For the past few years but little had been said of my profession. I had put it in the background. Now, it came forth, and revenged itself.

"Oh, don't look so glum, man. It is not so bad as you think. Never heed it. Let Biddy have her own way. Faith, between ourselves, nothing could be better than your going to Maynooth. You'll make friends with the young priests, and find out how to manage them afterwards. Then, when the time for ordination comes, you can find that you have lost your vocation. All is for the best, my hero."

I shrunk away from him, and hid my face for shame. But I gave way to his arguments. It was my first conscious duplicity, and he was my ruler from that hour.

His plan was then unfolded. It was—to indoctrinate every child from the day of his entrance into our school, with the spirit of an Irish patriot. But how were we to effect this? Every hour was parcelled out for us; and had its special task assigned to it. The Squire was dropping in at all times, and looking into everything; and noticing the slightest violation of the rules. The Inspector's visits were wholly indefinite. The least suspicion on their part would be fatal. Why! the finding of an opportunity was the easiest part of our task. We had the whole first hour of the day for religious instruction. None but the priests had the right of entering the school during that period. They never came. Even if they did, it was far from likely, that they would stand between the minds of their people, and the knowledge of that past in which *they* figured so nobly. Anyhow, Father Phil owed Daly *one*. Of course, Butler's Catechism would be duly taught. Ten minutes every morning would suffice for it. The Squire would count it a breach of honour, even to look at the inside of the school, till eleven o'clock had struck. For full three quarters of an hour, then, we had the children to ourselves. That was time enough and to spare for our purpose. Then rose the question, how we were to make the best use of this time. Daly's scheme was ready, hatched long ago, in the superior conclave in Dublin. This was the very heart of the designs of the League. There were neat compendiums in MSS. of the various epochs of English rule in Ireland, from the landing of Strongbow to Emancipation. There were spirited pictures of fair Irish maidens, roaming through Irish Paradises, ere there was an English serpent in the land, served by noble Irish cavaliers, *sans peur, et sans reproche*; while peace, and plenty, and poetry,

and piety, flourished and abounded, more than did potatoes in our degenerate days. All *then* was wit, and kindness, and love, and valour. Countless then were the heroes, set as jewels without a flaw in the purest of white, and brightest of green. Wondrously exact and particular were the chronicles, which told us of their invincible bravery; whom only numbers, or treachery, or poison could overcome. What a contrast to the subtle, inhuman foemen! *They* lived only for gluttony, rapine, perfidy, robbery, murder. Witness the broken treaty of Limerick, the penal laws, land laws, hanging laws, pitch caps of '98, and evictions of '38. Moreover, there were at that time bards in Dublin, who poured forth weekly floods of high-souled patriotic lyrics. With all these Daly was supplied. Such was his armoury of treason. For my part, I was to be thoroughly prepared in one lesson, and one song per week. He undertook the rest. The songs were the generous liquor, which would diversify and quicken the solids of prose narrative. Now, history is the one branch of education which the Board have left untouched. It was debateable ground. Therefore, they said, let it be untilled. We resolved to plough up the fallow soil, and sow it with seed of genuine home-growth; and wait for the harvest. How grateful the wise men in Dublin ought to have been!

This part of the history of Ireland, Rory had left a mist in my mind. To him it was the magic sleep of the Fenians—the term during which the compact between the devil and the Sassenach held good. Therefore, I seized upon the missing link with avidity, and swallowed the molten mass of red hot fiction, as sound, wholesome food.

And now our work was ready; and we gave ourselves to it without delay. Weekly, a vivid scene of Irish glory and English infamy, flashed before the minds of the children. Hugh O'Neill, Silken Thomas, Owen Roe, Walsh, and French, and Swift, and Molyneux (with abatements and alterations), Sarsfield, the Irish Brigade—Fontenoy, of course—Grattan, Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, the Sheareses, Emmett—all these were in our repertory; and many more than English minds have any notion of. When the children's amazement subsided into intelligence, they were in ecstasy. They bore home the fire of patriotism. The national spirit soon was in a blaze over the parish. All thirsted to hear for themselves of days, when we Irish were not serfs and helots, cowering under the lash of bailiffs, process-servers, tithe-proctors, and policemen; but men mighty in battle, who met the English in fair fight, and made fun of them, and routed and killed them with glee, to national airs, on many a field. In six months, our historical sketches, and songs, and tunes, were familiar in every house.

Of all this, the gentry knew nothing. The priests saw it, of course.



But it made the people honour them the more. And it was some relief to the poor creatures' monotone of misery. New flags of green adorned our Temperance meetings; a band was talked of; "The White Cockade," and "Garryowen," and the "Shan Van Voght," acquired new force and meaning. The national papers, from Dublin, were circulated, and perused to tatters; and retailed to Sunday congregations, ignorant of English, by many an interpreter, who did not weaken the spirit of the original by his translation into the vernacular.

And to crown our efforts, certain tidings came, that, on next Patrick's Day, there was to be an aggregate Repeal Meeting only twenty miles from us; and that the Liberator was to be there in person.

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## CHAPTER XII.

The name of the great O'Connell was in my youth the one name in all Ireland. What Father Phil was in Rathcore, Dan was in the whole island, to its most distant corner. He had given fame to the lowest man among us, and we rewarded him by talking of him from morning till night, and paying him every halfpenny we could save from the landlord and the priest, for the "Repale rint." There was not a day, for twenty years of my life, that his name was not in my ears; nor a week, that some fresh story, witty jest, pungent advice, great speech of his, was not the staple of conversation. Surely there never was such a tribune of the people, who filled so large a space in the affection of six millions of people for so many years. Why was this? First, he was one of ourselves, a pure Celt and Catholic, without a tinge of the Sassenach in his nature, speech, or visage. His face and form holding the place of honour, after the Virgin and the saints, in every cabin, was our model Irishman. His choice words were culled from our every-day dialect; our commonest expressions—such as "baithershin," "nabocklish"—became, in his mouth, trenchant weapons, the quintessence of eloquence. His sympathies were ours on all points. Who could speak of the trials, evictions, woes? or understand the virtues of the Irish poor, till he arose? And we knew, when he spoke of us, that his words had the ring of genuine feeling. The mere interpretation of our sufferings in his thrilling language was balm to

our vexed spirits. Besides, he had been working for us for forty long years. Before him, we Irish Catholics were never thought of seriously in the councils of Ministers ; we were simply nothing on our own soil. Less than a million of Protestants were the Irish nation. *They* ruled the land as they liked. The Parliament was theirs. The Volunteers had been theirs. The great men—Swift, Burke, Grattan, Curran, Plunket—had been theirs. We were nothing, and had nothing, and could have nothing. *He* had changed all this : had made *us* Ireland ; had raised us to the stature of freemen ; had gained the sympathy of all Europe and America, even of many in England, for us ; had taught us our rights and our power, and knit us together as one man. Now, *our* voice was heard in the Senate of the Empire, and we had become an ever-waking terror to our enemies. We remembered how, in all his career, it was *us* he trusted, not the Catholic lords and gentry. In our cause, and by our help alone, he had gone in the teeth of bishops, and Lord Lieutenants, Peel, Wellington himself ; and had won the day, and gained what Grattan fought in vain for. And we paid him back with infinite trust and love. Not more for what he had done, than for the way in which he had done it. We cared little enough for the right of voting. Only a few of us had it. But he had stirred the stagnant pool of our weary lives, and given us hope, ambition, passion, and a measure of success, which, small as it was, was a mighty triumph over the Orange faction. The election was the arena in which we showed our strength, and taught the Tory landocracy that we were *men*, and slaves no more. More than all, his power lay in the hope of what he was going to do. Repeal had now been his watchword for eight years. I had heard of it so often that it actually seemed to me a living thing. And *he* *WOULD* gain it. He had been successful against darker prophecies of evil before. Why not now, also ? And we young men said, when he had got Repeal of the Union, it would be only the first instalment. It would serve to call *us* out, and give us a field to work in. Our own Parliament would in time give us an army and navy of our own. Then hurrah ! hurrah !! Ireland for the Irish !!! He had never been nearer Rathcore than Cork. Now, he was coming within twenty miles—to a wide plain near Lismore. The distance was nothing. So the whole village of Rathcore turned out at six o'clock in the morning, and made for "The Inches," where he was to address the aggregate meeting. Not a soul was left behind, save the cripples and the heretics, who clustered anxiously together at the corner of the road to watch our triumphal march, as we swept past with the Temperance flags and band, reinforced by droves of pipers and fiddlers. Masses of peasantry from the outlying districts joined us at every cross-road, avenue, lane, and breen in the twenty miles. It was a long, but very

lively walk. The whole country was "on the spree" like ourselves. There were women, with children in their arms, for whom they would often supplicate a lift in the carts; who, as a wit said, were our infantry. The squireens on thoroughbreds, the farmers on plough horses, the country boys on ponies, mules, and innumerable donkeys—steed and rider in every case decked with green ribbons—formed an imposing force of irregular cavalry. Of veterans full of fun and fire there was no lack. They could tell of Dan's exploits before most of us were born. They remembered when there was not a decent chapel in Ireland; and when no Catholic could own land, or possess a horse worth more than £5; and when the clergy were afraid of their lives, and dare hardly open their mouths, and truckled timidly to the gentry. Now our priests were the greatest men in the country. And this day they were all in their places; the young men riding past on hunters, with many a joke; the old men moving placidly through the reverent throng on comfortable jaunting-cars, with kindly words for every one, and no end of compliments for the girls. Father Phil took great notice of Daly and me, and promised to get us good places on the platform, if we could only find him out. Now and then a gentleman would sweep past with lowering brows. His parentage, politics, property, person—with all the blemishes of himself, his family, and ancestry, back to Cromwell—were freely canvassed in his hearing; and he was made to wince at the popular voice.

"Who may that be, Pat?"

"Oh! that is Colonel Pepper."

"And what sort of a man may he be, now?"

"Faith, he is worse than the devil."

"And who is this other ould Trojan?"

"That is Major Loftus."

"What sort is he?"

"Worse than Pepper."

Peals of laughter rang out incessantly, as joke after joke flashed along the line. Every known story of Great Dan was brought out, and aired for the benefit of us juveniles, that the tradition might be handed on unimpaired. Thus, we were charged never to forget the story of the witness in the murder case, whom he annihilated by spelling "J. A. M. E. S.," as out of the lining of a hat found near the body, and leading the wretch to swear that those letters were written in the hat of the man in the dock, whereas *the* hat was without trace of ink. Also of the young Judge, whose balance he overset, by flinging a ... formulated disgust at a ruling of his lordship, and ... of the accused man, if he were found guilty—as ... be—on the Judge's head; by which Dan won

his life. Also, of his rival for Parliamentary honours, Mr. West, whom he crowned with undying and unsavoury laurels, by prefixing "Sow" to his decent name.

The fine houses and estates on the road we restored, by anticipation, to their rightful Celtic owners, and saw ourselves, in a few years at the most, the rale gentry, and the owners of the soil we tilled. Nor were love scenes wanting, to throw a shade of romance over our pilgrimage. Kisses were stolen, or fought, or bargained for, and repaid with such heavy interest, by cuffs from fair hands, as made us think them a perilous speculation. Our regiment—for to such they swelled—of drummers, and pipers, and fiddlers, were kept, by frequent refreshment of innocent but strangely potent cordials, in excellent tune, and every air they knew anything of, was given several times, with vast spirit and energy. In fact, we danced along the whole way, like Macduff's troops, in a forest of green boughs. From flags innumerable, St. Patrick, and Brian Boru, and Father Mathew looked down and blessed us. Wolf-dogs of gigantic size, lying at the foot of tiny round towers, watched hundreds of bursting suns; and over a prodigious orchestra of Irish harps there was not a single crown.

Before mid-day "The Inches" were reached. Great as was our stream of human beings, it disappeared like a rivulet in the ocean of life, surging around the great platform, which was itself a mass of green flags and black coats. Such a multitude I never saw, nor will see till the Last Day. Those acres of faces were a most solemn sight—all turned to the one centre, where Dan sat in the midst of a band of priests.

"We can never reach Father Phil," said I to Daly.

"Leave me alone for that, my boy. I was not reared in the Liberties for nothing," said he. He takes out a large official envelope, with a huge red seal on it. "I bear a letter for the Liberator," he cries at the top of his voice. "Make way there," and he waves the missive in the air.

"Is it the Repale you have got in it? you are in such a bloody hurry."

"Faith, and it is like enough," was the unblushing response. "Sure it was brought down by a dragoon officer, from the Lord Lieutenant. Now, Hugh, for your life hold me fast by the waist. Make way this instant, for a messenger from Dublin, to Mr. O'Connell."

A shout arises, "Repeal has come." "Clear the way for the brave boy." "More power to you, ma bouchal," A lane is opened through the mass right up to the platform. Daly catches me; I catch him. He brandishes the letter; and we advance with a run, to where Dan sits. He holds out his hand genially, looking a little puzzled.

"This letter is for Father Philip Tracy, of Rathcore, your honour."

Father Phil steps forward, takes us in tow, and whispers something to O'Connell, who says, "He is a play-boy. He beats us all for impudence."

It runs through the crowd, that they have been hoaxed, and a mighty laugh splits the welkin.

"Well, Hugh, my darling, you might have a worse guide than James Daly, you see. A pint of wit is worth a hogshead of muscle, any day." "I suppose, sir," said he to Father Phil, "You are not curious about your unknown correspondent."

"I think he will keep," said the priest, "and, schoolmaster, you are as sharp a lad, as any between this and New York."

"Thank your Reverence, I'll know where to go for a character."

"Hugh avick, come here," said the priest to me, "make room, gentlemen, he is to be one of ourselves, as soon as he can," and I was wedged in between ranks of superfine broadcloth, with a close shaven lawn of priestly faces all round, covered with moisture, and just a little redolent of spirits, or perhaps Eau-de-Cologne, of which liquid, one of my neighbours was telling the rest a story, which amused them mightily, concerning a poor old brother priest, who, years before, had taken the pledge; and stood in the front rank of Father Mathew's lieutenants. In his old age, and in decaying health, the doctor declared stimulants to be absolutely necessary, and suggested brandy to the teetotaller. "I'd rather die than break my vow," said he. But his friends wanted him to live, and they were in sad perplexity, till some one suggested, that they should call the spirits Eau-de-Cologne; under which name the invalid took the dose without a scruple, regained his strength rapidly, and was never tired of testing the virtues, and sounding the praises of Eau-du-Cologne.

Presently, after a few preliminaries, a small man, like a file, stands up before us.

"That is Shiel," said my pastor, "he is the boy for touching them up."

A volley of sharp, polished, incisive words, comes in a shriek from the little man, about the object of our meeting; the villany by which the Union was carried; the meanness of the Castle; the vileness of the Orangemen; our strength; the certainty of our success, if we persevere; and the debt we owe O'Connell.

On the crowd his words and style fall dead. They are too classical for their taste, or indeed, for their comprehension. And his voice only reaches a small circle of hearers.

But now, what a roar! The Tribune has risen. The broad, good humoured face—a very sun of wit, pathos, intelligence, which the sun

above gilds and displays, rises to our view. All lean forward, as he begins, "It was on the evening of the 23rd of August, 1172, that the first hostile English step pressed the green soil of Ireland. It was said to have been a sweet and mild evening in autumn, when the invading party entered the noble estuary, formed by the confluence of three noble rivers, at the city of Waterford. Accursed be that day in the memory of all future generations of Irishmen! And if it live, may it be to warn and admonish. When the invaders first touched our shores, they came to a lovely land, where the sunbeams played on the blue waters, reflecting the beauties of the surrounding country. They came to a nation famous for its love of learning, its piety, and its heroism. They came, when internal dissensions separated her sons, and wasted their energies. Internal traitors led in the invaders; her sons fell in no fight; her liberties were crushed in no battle, but domestic treason, and foreign invaders doomed Ireland to seven centuries of oppression." The multitude was hushed in the silence of death. The words flowed on in a mellow, natural strain, bearing all our minds as so many drops in the tide of this great stream of intellect. The hush was awful. But suddenly there came forth a flash of fun—glorious fun—given in the very ripest brogue, at the expense of the young "shave beggar" politicians, sent over from England to try their 'prentice hands on our "vile corpus;" our roar of merriment kept him still for several minutes. Then, a story of a man, one of ourselves, so natural and so cute, that we shook with delight. It was a reminiscence of his old tithe campaign, and the way he led the people then, for their good. "'Paddy,' says the parson, 'you owe me £1 17s 6d.' 'And what may it be for, your reverence?' says Pat. 'Tithes, Paddy.' 'Arrah, then, I suppose your reverence gave some value foreninst I was born, for divil a bit have I iver seen since. But your riverence, I suppose, has law for it? Bless the law, your honour, and sure an' I wouldn't be after going to disobey it; but, plase your riverence, I have no money.' 'Ah, Pat, but you have a cow there.' 'Yes, your reverence, that is the cow that gives milk to Norry and the fourteen childer.' 'Then, Paddy, I must distrain that cow.' 'If your honour has law for it, to be sure you will.' Well, what does Paddy do? He stamps the word 'tithes' upon her side, and the parson can't get a soul to take the cow. So he gets a regiment and a half, by way of brokers, fourteen or fifteen companies—with those amiable young gentlemen, their officers, at their head—who march seventeen or eighteen miles across the Bog of Allan to take the cow. They bring her ten miles to the nearest fair. When they get there, they find a great crowd assembled. The parson rubs his hands with glee. 'Plenty of customers for the cow,' quoth he to himself. The cow is

put up at £2; no bidders—at £1; no bidders—ten shillings—five shillings—half-a-crown—sixpence—three halfpence. Not a soul will bid; and back goes the cow to Norry and the fourteen childer.” But ah! a minor chord is touched. “There is not spread beneath the bright rays of the glorious sun a land so beautiful as ours. There is no land so lovely, no land so fertile, no land so productive of the richest fruits of the earth. Her harvests are most abundant, and she produces everything that can delight the eye, or gratify the taste. Yet there is no country on the face of the globe so stricken as she is; no country whose sons are more oppressed; no country where misery so prevails; two and a-half millions for months in every year paupers; disease stalks in gaunt forms everywhere around our isle. The blessings that Almighty God has heaped upon her have been blighted in their effects by the curse of man. Instead of being the beautiful garden that nature made her, our land is like a large churchyard, all filled with the corpses of her sons. Our beautiful island could be made a Paradise upon earth, if evil-minded men would do us justice.” And, as the magician evokes the miseries of Ireland before us, we see our fathers’ dishonoured graves; our holy men hunted—lashed and hanged like dogs; our women evicted in the snow; our old men cowering over the ruined homes of fourscore years; the emigrant ship laden with the sore hearts of our kindred, and those other sharks following in its wake, and fattening on their limbs. Then he withdraws the veil, and bids us look at ourselves—degraded—contemned—wronged—the shame of the earth. The anguish was growing intolerable until he turns the light on the glories of our land; her loving men, and women, and children, true to each other to the death, rearing in the most wretched hovels pure and manly and pious and happy families; her holy priests true to the faith, as the needle to the pole; her gallant soldiers and sailors extorting praise from grudging lips, and winning empires for thankless England. Then he reminds us of our numbers, and like a trumpet blast comes out his unchanging war note—“Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?” Then the story of Cromwell bids us “keep our powder dry,” for the cruel and rapacious Orangemen, to whose tender mercies, a base, brutal, and bloody Government has given us up, with *carte blanche* for our torture and destruction. “Only last week, the mother sent forth her three gay and gallant children to amuse themselves at the bonfire lighted in commemoration of the day. They were guiltless of any crime. They committed no offence. And did they ever come back to her? Did the affectionate mother of these boys ever again hear the loved sound of their youthful voices? No; for the fell Orangemen prowled in the

dark, and the deed was done. The guiltless, harmless children were sent to their loving mother cold and lifeless—and England held her peace." What is the remedy? what can there be but the old one? and he rings out over us, Agitate—agitate—agitate. Agitation got Emancipation—agitation will get Repeal; and he bids us look on to the good time coming, when "we shall turn out the money-changers from that beautiful edifice in which our Parliament sat before—in which it will sit again. The streets will be crowded with free Irishmen, whose shouts of joy will rend the air. Every cottage will produce a galaxy of native loveliness. Yes, seven hundred years have now rolled on—but the time is come, when the sons of Ireland have become in their union too strong for bondage, and *must* walk abroad in the full enjoyment of liberty. The Union is prostrate in the dust, and Ireland is free." Hurrah for Erin Regenerata—Rediviva!

For hours, of which we thought not, he held us in willing, delightful thralldom, opening door after door of our hearts, and showing us glorified images of ourselves and our virtues. We lived in the warm sunshine of his smile. We forgot time and space and all the troubles of our every-day life. He absorbed all our faculties. His voice was audible to the farthest verge. The round tower lit atop, and throwing a blaze, over sea and land—this was the best figure I could think of for him. His face shone on us, like the face of a father. We were his children. He was sole monarch of all that day. A sense of loss, as if a cloud had come between the sun and them, fell on the multitude, as he sat down.

A feeble vapouring creature, a shadow of O'Connell, spoke next, and made us feel that the day was over, and the sooner we left, the more satisfied we should be with the meeting. Daly starts a cry for Father Tracy, of Rathcore, which finds an echo everywhere; and the old man leaves my side, and winds up with blarney for Dan, and blarney for us all; wrath at our foes, a lash at our vices, advice to go home quiet and sober, and shew the gentry we can be wise and bide our time.

Daly detained me on The Inches, to measure the area that our assembly had covered. This brought us once more under Father Phil's eye. He was talking with O'Connell. He beckoned me up, to offer me a seat on his car; but I would not leave Daly. The great man looked at me with a smile of good humour, and even affection; patted me on the back, and asked my name.

"Hugh Bryan, sir."

"Better you could not have, my boy; strive and deserve it."

"He deserves it already," said the priest. "Young as he is, he



has saved two lives from drowning—one of them when the bravest man in Rathcore was afraid to venture.”

“Has he saved two lives? Then, my dear, you will never taste such pleasure in your life again; save and except when you fall in love, and the girl says ‘Yes.’”

“Oh, he’s to be a priest.”

“Then, of course, my words do not apply in either case. Goodbye, my lad. God bless you.”

Homeward we marched, weary, but merry. There was no doubt, we could carry all before us. There never was such a man as O’Connell—such a people as ourselves. The English were shivering at the thought of us, as we could plainly see in the faces of the gentry. When Dan gave the word—and he would give it (who could doubt it, after that speech?)—to up and at them, the work would be almost too easy. Oh, but he would be the prime king for Ireland, and it’s well the crown would look upon him, and won’t it be glorious, to be ruled over by such a man as you? Then we will live like Irish princes every one of us, and there won’t be a dull day in the longest life. So we said, as we tramped towards Rathcore, dirty, but delighted, regaled by the beautiful music of a hundred pair of pipes and as many fiddles, all playing different tunes, and none the right one.

On the road, Daly gave me some puzzling questions in arithmetic about squaring numbers, which I pronounced quite out of place. He then disclosed to me that he had been striving to arrive at a just estimate of the numbers at the Aggregate Meeting. He reckoned that there could not have been fewer than 250,000 persons present; of whom at least 100,000 had the bone and sinew of fighting men. And they were all heart and soul devoted to their country, with a burning desire for nationality. If only such an army could be brought together, what might not be done?

“Why, man alive, there were not so many British troops at Waterloo? Every one knows, it was the Paddies who won that day. There cannot have been more than 10,000 of our nation there. Only half the number routed the English at Fontenoy. Was it to be doubted for a moment, that Ireland could send into the field, for the national cause, ten times as many men as we saw to-day? And would not they be better men than any who take the dirty Saxon shilling, and fight under British colours? Such a host would drive English and Scotch before them like chaff before the wind. They could face the world in arms, and beat it, too.”

The prospect filled us with such enthusiasm, that we hardly felt the blisters on our feet, and entered Rathcore more eager than ever for the great work of delivering our country from chains and slavery. As

the first result of our cogitations, we got up a petition to Mr. Saxe, requesting him to fulfil his promise, and give us a Reading-room—which he did joyfully.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

Thus far, I have sought to pourtray the persons and incidents in the outer world, which, so far as I can judge, had influence on my character. To complete the analysis, I must touch, as lightly as may be, on the most potent, sacred, and best of all—that of my dear, dear mother. Painful as it is to open the griefs of the past, the retrospect must do me good; and the story needs it. The thought of her guiltless face bears me back to the little garden, where, in the long summer evenings, she took Nelly and me apart, and talked with us (lesson it never seemed) of heaven, and its glorious King. Little said she of the saints, whom Bridget honoured chiefly. In Him she found all that her soul needed; and she judged not others. Her pastors she obeyed meekly. Her duties she performed strictly. But she laid no stress on them. Love—ceaseless, universal love, to God on High, and men around, and beast, and bird, and fish, and insect, was her own religion. Nothing troubled her so much as our little quarrels. When such arose, she did not scold or strike us. She could not. She only knelt herself, and made us kneel, one on each side, and clasped our hands in hers against her heart; and we three said His Prayer together. She teaches us sweet little hymns about the Babe of Bethlehem, and Mary ever blessed; and makes us sign ourselves with the Holy Cross very often; and always with meet reverence. At times when father is out late, she shuts us up in our little room, and locks the door. If we speak in the morning of shouts and crying heard in the night, she tells us of evil spirits, who go about in the dark, putting bad thoughts and wrong notions in little children's heads, to keep them from loving their fathers. Our father, we must know, has had great troubles before we were born—lost ever so much money. Only for that, he might have been a very rich and happy man. Only for a wicked card-player; and so we must never have anything to do with card-players when we grow up. That would break mother's heart outright. Well, this bad card-player cheated, and robbed, and ruined our father; and killed our good

grandfather ; and made mother very miserable ; and kept us from having plenty of everything. The thought of this puts father sometimes in very low spirits ; and he gets sick, and says and does quare things. But we must love him all the more for his misfortunes ; and not annoy him, if we ever see him sick. Besides, he has to work ever so hard all through the night, with the cold water and sticky flour ; and then, when the fire is lit, he gets scorched and hot in his head. He does all this, that other people may have nice, fresh, white bread to eat in the morning ; and that we may have a snug, warm house, and nice clothes to wear on Sundays. And we must know, sitting up all night makes people very cross, and they cannot help it ; and we must pity our dear father, and love him, and please him, and never forget his name in our prayers. None but bad children did that ; and the bad man would come, and carry bad children away, and make them very miserable, in a place, where their mothers could not help them at all at all. But we must be like the dear Lord ; for He was a good child, and obeyed His father—who was not His father at all, only people thought so, for God was His Father—and he would take care of us, and drive away the bad man, and make us ever so happy. Then mother will be so glad, and we shall go to heaven, and be there for ever ; and that was the only thing worth caring for.

If ever we noticed black marks on her face, and wondered at them, and thought, with a shudder, some one had been so awfully cruel and wicked as to strike our darling mother, then she would hush us with such a look of woe, and stammer out about the foolish, heedless way she had of walking in the dark, and how nasty corners would hit people on the cheeks under the eyes, and it would look just as if they had been fighting, or somebody had struck them. But such notions were, of course, nothing but foolish nonsense. Who dare harm her ? Had she not father to protect her ? and he was so strong, and so fond of her ! Nelly and I, as we grew older, often remarked that she never gave a plain "No" to our questions, but got very sad, and cried ("All for her sins," she said), when we pressed her, or betrayed any suspicion. So we had agreed, never again to take any notice of marks or bruises on her face.

Until, on one of the black days of my life, the sad, sad truth was made so plain, that doubt was no longer possible, and my horror-stricken eyes were opened by facts more terrible than all my fancies. My mother and I were sitting by the fireside—she darning my torn jacket, I, learning my lessons for the next day. Nelly was fast asleep in bed, for it was past nine o'clock. In burst my father, with a wild look in his face.

"Norry," said he, "I want that money."

"What money, Hugh dear? Darling, you had better go to bed," aside to me.

"Why," said he, impetuously, "the money you got the day from Daly for his quarter's board and lodging."

"Oh, Hugh dear, the winter is coming, and the childer, and you, and myself, will be naked soon, if we don't get new clothes; and the thatch is bad, and lets in the wet; and the master is complaining of it; and there is not a bit of firing laid in yet for the winter; and you owe so much for flour; and sure you wouldn't take it from me to spend in drink and foolishness; and it all that stands between us and beggary?"

"Oh, Norry, there will be plenty coming in before you want these things, and I'm need of the money this night."

"But, Hugh mavourneen, where will more come from? Sure you owe so much to the miller already, that he'll give you no more credit at all at all; and it'll take all you can make to keep the shop open, let alone our own bit and sup, and the master must have tay and fleshmeat: and oh! we will be all naked and starved and drowned."

"Norry, don't be talking nonsense. Biddy will give you clothes, and lend you as much as you want."

"Sure, and you know Bridget is saving every penny, to be able to send the child away next year to some seminary; and not one halfpenny will she give away from such a cause—not if she seen us starving."

"Come, Norry, hand it out. You may as well give it at once."

"Oh, Hugh acushla machree, on my bended knees, I ask you to have marcy upon the poor childer that are in rags already, and on me, your own true wife, that is hard run, and heart broke, to keep the fire lit, and a roof over our heads. Sure, and you want duds yourself as much as any of us."

"Norry, I'm in a hurry, and I must have the money."

"Oh, Hugh, don't, for the love of God."

"I see I will have to take it, then."

"Oh, let me go; Hugh, don't shame yourself and me before the poor child; for the love of the Saviour, don't! *Hugh, I'll not give it to you.*" She sprang from his grasp, out into the passage that led from the hall-door to the foot of the stair-case, holding her hand firmly against her bosom.

"Ha! so you have got it *there!* I was afraid you had hid it. You may as well give it to me at once; or it will be worse for you, and the child will see, what you won't like."

"Oh, Hugh, the schoolmaster will go away, for he said he got his death of cold from the drop in the roof; and Mr. Fowler will sell us out; and the tax-gatherer will drive us to the street; and we'll be

in rags ; and we must go to the Poor-house ; and what iver can we do ?”

“ Give it up this minute, you ——”

At that unutterable word I leapt up, hurled myself between my mother and him ; and stood with shut lips, and clenched hands, and rooted feet, face to face with him, whom I was ashamed from that hour to call father.

“ Norry, I’ll murder *him*, if you don’t give me the money this minute.”

The brute won the day with this threat, and with his booty, left us in speechless woe. She flung herself into my arms, and drew me down upon my knees. At length, she found speech.

“ Oh, Father of Heaven ! save us all from sin this night ! Oh, Mother of God ! save this poor boy from hating his own father ! Oh, Saviour of the World ! send us some help, for we are sore tried and tempted this night !”

We rose from our knees, as a step was heard in the outer room—the shop. Mr. Saxe stood at the counter.

“ Mrs. Bryan,” said he, “ I was coming down from the Rectory. I saw your light, and have stepped in to speak to you about a matter that is rather urgent. Could you give a young gentleman accommodation in your rooms above stairs ? He is coming down to teach my sons. He is in very delicate health. I should like him to be under your care, for you are sure to treat him well. Here is some money,” said he, handing her a note, as he went out, after receiving her assent. “ You may want it to prepare the rooms. You may pay me when and how you please. Good night, Hugh. I hope the Reading-room will be ready before the month is out.”

My mother turned to me in solemn awe. “ See that now, Hugh. Niver, the longest day you live, doubt the Good God, or forget to pray to Him for help, in time of need. Now, darling, go to bed. Mind, Nelly must know nothing of what has happened this terrible night.”

Lily rallied me on my low spirits the next morning. She said she did not wonder at it, as I was going to let Biddy make a fat, coarse priest of me, instead of going out to India like a man, to fight and come home a general, and marry some fine lady, and live beside her. I parried her blows by asking her, how she could expect an Irish king to fight for the English, who robbed him of his Crown ; and by reminding her, there were such priests as Father Mathew, and declaring it was impossible I should ever marry, even if I were not to be a priest. She laughed at me, and wondered, what I would say about it that day ten years.

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A week after, came our new lodger, a different style of man, from any I had met with hitherto. He was a modest and retiring youth, of some two or three-and-twenty years. His face was very handsome, but somewhat effeminate, for one of such height. His blue eyes wore an expression of calm sweetness, which we seldom see in a man. Indeed, but for the size of his features, and the abundance of his silky whiskers, it was a female face. The young Protestant males, whom we knew, were dashing fellows—fond of the hunting-field, and of the social glass, and a rollicking life in general—given to fancy costumes, loud voiced, assuming, contemptuous to the Celt. Here was a slender graceful figure, clad in black, and different from them, as the rose is from the poppy. Clearly, he was in wretched health. The voice, sweet but feeble, and reedy—the hacking cough—the audible respiration—told us he was an invalid. His outfit was of the smallest. A single trunk held his worldly goods. The first thing he did on taking possession of his apartments, my mother said, was to pray briefly. He then laid a Bible on his table, and finished the conquest of her heart, by a few words. He hoped, their connection would be one of profit and happiness. She was to let him have his meals at regular hours, nicely cooked; to be very careful about his sheets; for he was compelled to take the utmost care of his little health. He trusted, she would not have very much trouble with him. These simple words seemed, when she told us them, quite inadequate cause for the impression they had made. She was extravagant in his praise, wished he was a Catholic; said, what a heavenly priest he would make. Often afterwards, when she went into his room, in her quiet way, she found him on his knees. Then, she would go out stealthily, and bid me be very attentive to him, and mind every word he said. Every morning he went to the Saxons, where he became so great a favourite, that he would often spend the whole day with them, and not return till late at night. The Parson, too, was very fond of him, and brought him often to the Glebe, where, Lily said, they spent hours talking over the Bible; and papa and he seemed not to agree on some points; and spoke much of one Mr. Wesley, and the Holy Sacraments. Her father gave him ever so many books to read, and, as a great secret, “I think, Hugh, he was once a Roman Catholic. Who knows but you may turn too? Then you can get married.”

Thereat I smiled, and said, I would rather die ten thousand deaths, than be a turncoat, or leave the Holy Catholic Church.

Mr. Welsh, such was his name, often asked me to be his companion in a walk. Neither the man, nor his conversation, were the least to my taste. He only spoke of great men, to dissect their souls, and shew the vanity of their lives; and the emptiness of all their

splendid victories and achievements. He had no mercy for their heartless stratagems and intrigues. The misery they always spread far and near, and the sad end many of them came to, were his constant topics. I was compelled to listen, for he talked well ; and, sorely against my will, to admit the truth of what he said. Again, he had the gift of throwing a glory over the lives of good men, such as John Howard, William Wilberforce, and Henry Martyn ; and showing what lasting services they had done to humanity. While I was within hearing of his voice, I was his froward but convinced disciple. Once I told him what I thought of Father Mathew. His admiration was as great as my own, for what he had done. Of the man himself he spoke with compassion, as if he was deficient in some one vital point. To me this seemed the *ne plus ultra* of heretical presumption. For our revolutionary projects, and ambitious dreams—of which he formed a shrewd guess, he avowed extreme loathing and contempt. He was never tired of denouncing the wickedness of the fire-brands in Dublin, who, to gain a bad pre-eminence for themselves, were ready to deluge the country with blood ; and shrunk from no barbarities, in their schemes of hopeless insurrection, in which their success would be the heaviest curse to the land. He quoted with glad emphasis O'Connell's favourite maxim, that the greatest happiness on earth would be too dearly purchased with a drop of blood. I, to his unspeakable horror, made a most profane allusion to The Great Sacrifice in my reply. He could say nothing to me for days after that. Then, he sadly said it was melancholy, to see one so young confusing vain dreams of a poor earthly welfare, with the eternal bliss of immortal souls ; and speaking with so little reverence of the Holy of Holies of the Christian Faith. I writhed under the just rebuke of the heretic and the turncoat, and from that time avoided him.

At that season, Daly, and I were in the full swing of patriotism ; and boiling over with anti-British ardour. And worse still, Lily was a great admirer of Mr. Welsh ; and took his side, and gave me severe chastisement, for my mode of speaking of, and acting towards him. These causes made me hate the sight of Welsh, and rejoice at the rapid improvement of his health, which, he told my mother, was the welcome signal of his departure. His step grew daily more elastic ; his voice clearer ; and his words more cheery. He always had a quiet joke for my father, with a moral edge thereon, which the other relished not at all. Welsh's sweet and even temper, and pious words and ways, and regular and abstemious habits, made my father feel abashed before him.

One night, a little before Welsh left us—a terrible one—the thunder was crashing with incessant peals over Rathcore. The lightning

flashed for hours so rapidly, that there seemed to be only intervals of darkness. Such a night none in our house ever remembered. My mother and we children were on our knees, saying the Lord's Prayer at every loud peal. My father, for once, was completely cowed. He knelt before a picture of the Blessed Virgin, and kept shouting—"Oh, the end of the world has come. The day of judgment—the day of judgment. What am I to do—and I broke the pledge? If ever we see morning, Norry, I will be a changed man." He had as yet scarcely recovered from a fit of *delirium tremens*, which the money he had wrested from my mother had bequeathed him. Welsh was drinking tea with the Rector. In the middle of the elemental war, his knock was heard at our hall door. My father, who was nearest, opened it—supplicating, as he moved.

"Oh, what a glorious night this is, Mr. Bryan! I shall hardly need a candle to get to bed to-night," was the unconcerned greeting of our young lodger.

"It is on your knees you ought to be, you poor crayture, instead of mocking the Almighty. It is in hell you and all heretics may be before morning," was the terrible reply.

"Mr. Bryan," stepping quietly in among us to the kitchen, "why should I be afraid? I know Him, who maketh the clouds His chariot, and rideth upon the wings of the wind, as my Redeemer; of what then shall I be afraid?"

I could not but admire the man, as his face lit up with a glorious fervour.

"Listen to this," said he; and he repeated the words of a grand hymn, wonderfully applicable at the moment.

Even my father was awed into silent homage; and felt the power of the sublime truths. The rest of us held our breath, and drank in the words, and a strange calm spread over us, as if an angel were in our midst.

He seized the opportunity, and spoke out. He told us of Noah, safe in the ark, with God's hand stretched over him and his, while the world was being drowned; because he had trusted in the Most High—of the children of Israel going dry-shod through the Red Sea, that drowned the Egyptians; because they believed God's word, and followed Moses—of the Saviour in the boat in such a night as this, with His disciples; and how He hushed the winds and their fears with His voice, because they prayed to Him. The Saviour was still the same, and He was his whole trust, and ought to be ours as well. For He had died to show His love for us. And with Him on our side, why fear His thunder or lightning, or the end of the world, or the seat on which *He* would be the Judge?



My father was uneasy, before he finished, and muttered—"I'm doubtful, whether Father Phil would like to know we listened to this."

My mother said nothing, but lit him up-stairs, as if he were a prince; and was calm and composed. There was a peace upon her, which the world could not have given. Next morning, she sent me up, to ask, if Mr. Welsh would be so good as to write out the beautiful verses. When she got them, she made Nelly and me learn them by heart; and very often asked us, to repeat them to her.

He went away, after a brief sojourn, to the regret of all who knew him, except my father and myself, full of joy at the restoration of his health. He looked like one who had some great work to do elsewhere, and counted every day a year which kept him from it.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

The Rathcore Reading-room was opened in due course—a long, narrow room, which would hold, perhaps, two hundred persons. On desks round the walls, lay various publications of merit. The *Times*, the *Illustrated News*, *Chambers's Journal*, and such periodicals, were there, but not one of our national favourites. They were rigidly excluded.

"This will never do," said Daly, when the Squire, after a brief speech, in which he alluded to our Dublin darlings, as preachers of sedition, bloodshed, and lies, handed over the Reading-room to the villagers.

They elected my father as their first chairman. Mr. Saxe reserved to himself the entire control of the periodicals. He would answer for their regular supply—and drop in himself now and again, and teach two or three of us to play chess.

"We must get rid of him, somehow," said Daly. "His room will serve us far better than his company."

But he was baffled. The Squire persisted in visiting us every evening; and the police, when not smoking their pipes at the door, were perusing the papers. To them, the institution was an Elysium. But as to improving the minds of the people, the well-meant scheme was a total failure. He might as well have sent files of the *Bengal Hurkaru*, or the *Pekin Times*, or the *Honolulu Gazette*, as the English

papers. Even the illustrated prints were shunned with religious aversion. Men did drop in, and have a chat in the warm, well-lit room, and sit in company with the kindly Squire, and talk with him about the crops, and watch him playing chess with Daly and me, but this was all. He was disappointed, wondered the people did not come in larger numbers, read, or hear the papers read sometimes—but he would trust to time and our good example. Daly *did* gain permission to hold our Temperance meetings in the room, but, with the Squire in the chair, this was no gain to the national cause.

Meantime, in school we found that our historical programme was exhausted. Daly said, I had the making of a great orator in me; could feel, and speak as I felt, in hot impetuous earnest. *He* could never get over the temptation of turning everything, how serious soever, into ridicule. Why, then, should I not learn and recite the great speeches of our great patriots? become, in fact, a living echo of the orators, whose voices had celebrated the rights and wrongs of Erin? The children were at first quite frightened at the awful declamation. But the grand words would cling to their memories, and produce a harvest some day. Moreover, it was a variety, and would train me for the work of the future. I took a wild delight in this; committed the famous eloquence to memory, as if by instinct, and rehearsed the orations with fervid realism. One morning I was in full swing with the peroration of Shiel's Fishamble-street oration, when a young priest stepped in. I was so absorbed in the spirit of the words, that I did not know of his presence, till I heard—

"Bravo! bravo! that is better than the man could deliver it himself. This is great diversion. I'll tell you what, Daly, there is to be a great party of priests up at The House to-night. Send him up to us. He will help us to pass the time, and they will all be obliged to me for the chance of such a treat."

To hear His Reverence, was to obey. In my best suit, I presented myself at eight o'clock at The House, and was ushered by the neat servant maid into the presence of the priests.

A full dozen of them, in Father Phil's fine dining-room, were thoroughly enjoying themselves, round a table piled with creature comforts. There were pasties, cakes, fruit, decanters, tumblers, glasses, and jars of tobacco. A pipe was in almost every mouth, and clouds of smoke enveloped the rubicund faces of the jolly priests. Yes, and there *was* The Tumbler. It held at least a quart, and was half full, and Father Phil, behind it, stretched out his hand, and bade me welcome.

"You see, my dear, we have just come out of one fast, and are going into another, and we must repair the waste of tissue as fast as

we can. But never mind. You are to be one of ourselves, and so we won't treat you as a stranger."

There was an animated conversation going on, which was not interrupted by my entrance. It was on the controversy just closed, between Maguire and Pope in Dublin on the respective tenets of the Churches of Rome and England.

"Bad luck to Tom's impudence," said one. "What right had he to meet a heretic? They are beneath our notice. What harm can they do us?"

"Well," said another, "Tom came out of it right well. Pope did not make anything by the move. I am told, it was worth going from this to Dublin, to see Pope's face, when Tom poured out whole pages of the Breviary, and christened them, quotations from Irenaeus, and Cyprian, and Augustus, and Jerome."

"Gentlemen," said Father Phil, "permit me to tell you that Henry Grattan, John Philpot Curran, Wolfe Tone, Daniel O'Connell, Richard Lalor Sheil, &c., in the best of voice, and with the ripest fruits of their eloquence, are waiting to address you."

They had been informed of the treat in store for them, and held their peace.

"Get up, Hugh," said the old man, clearing a space on the table, and laying a mat for my feet to rest upon.

I opened my mouth in their august presence, and gave them for an hour the gems of Irish eloquence, chiefly in passages which glorified their order. I went home covered with laurels by these competent critics, and with many an assurance that it was only the first of a long series of similar displays. I could make nothing of the strange remark I had heard, about the Pope and Maguire controversy, till Daly solved the riddle, and enlightened my understanding—little to the credit of Father Tom's honesty. But my hopes of display in that quarter were premature. I was never again invited to spout at the Priests' House. However, it soon went abroad that young Hugh Bryan was the great "spaker" entirely, and that the priests themselves thought it a treat to hear him; and that Father Phil had endorsed his merit by unmeasured encomiums. So, the young men who formed the corps of our Temperance Society made overtures to Daly to start a Repeal Club, and retain me as standing orator. But where to meet, was the insoluble problem, till one bright youth cut the knot, by saying—

"In the Reading-room, ov coorse."

"What about Saxe, you gomeril?"

"Oh, we need not begin the Repeal work till after ten o'clock. We can block up the windows, and set a gossoon at Saxe's gate, to give us word if he is stirring."

Daly suffered himself, after a great show of reluctance, to be drawn into the scheme. But nothing could induce him to take a prominent part. My father was the natural leader. And who more willing than he?

When it was known that Hugh Bryan, sen., was the head of a Repeal Club, and that young Hugh was to give weekly specimens of the great Dublin orators, our meetings were, from the first, crowded and enthusiastic. This exercise supplied the most intoxicating draught one so young could imbibe. As the vehement words rushed through my lips, I felt as if the inspired genius of my country spake, through me. As the wild hurrahs went up around, I recognised the power of eloquence, and longed to be one of these kings of the souls of men. Whatever modesty I may have had before, vanished now. Lily asked me, had I any notion of becoming a play-actor, with my high tragedy airs, and long words; or was I going mad, with that long hair, and hurried step, and wild look? To my magnanimous rejoinder, "How can a Bryan be happy, when Erin is in chains and misery?" she replied with shrieks of laughter. My mother looked at me, with a sad face, and said all this Repeal work could do no good in the end to any, for it had robbed her of her son's sweet smile. To Mr. Saxe I was downright insolent. He gave me advice as to my course of reading, of which he knew not a tithe of the need. His reward was a national tirade, closing with the reminder, that *he* had got *his* land from Cromwell, who wrested it by the strong hand from my forefathers.

"Could it be so very wrong to try and win it back by the same means?"

He looked at me very gravely, and shook his head. "Poor boy!" said he, and went away.

But habit begat negligence, and the police had suspicions, and told Mr. Saxe that there were shouts from his Reading-room at midnight, and that the people must find great amusement there, they left in such good spirits. So, one night, he pounced on our slumbering gossoon; and with his own key quietly opened the door; and heard me thundering out one of the '98 speeches, calling on the sons of Erin to rise from the slumber of ages, and leave not one false Sassenach in the land.

As I stopped, he spoke out—"My friends, I warn you all, this is rank treason. Disperse to your homes at once. This Reading-room is closed from to-night. I shall have something to say to you and your son, Mr. Bryan, in the morning."

I was awfully frightened. It was the first time I had ever stood face to face in collision with the majesty of the law. My father consoled me by frequent ejaculations on the road home—that it was a

bad business—men had been hanged for saying less—Saxe's evidence would condemn the whole parish—they could not do very much to him. My mother grew very pale and nervous at the tidings ; but, so great was her trust in Mr. Saxe's goodness, that she was soon calmer than any of us. Daly had lain hid under the bench, till all was over. Then he got out of a window, and was free from suspicion of the Squire's as the babe unborn.

The morning came, and with it Mr. Saxe. With a serious kindly face he accosted my mother, who alone was visible in the shop. My father had discovered that pressing business required his presence at Langarvan, a town twelve miles off. I was lying *perdu*, under the counter.

"Mrs. Bryan," said the Squire, "I am very sorry that duty compels me to come to you this morning, on an errand of justice and severity. I was witness last night to a terrible breach of the law by your son. I heard him utter words, for which, forty years ago, he would have been infallibly hanged, young as he is. As it is, if he were a few years older, it might be hard to save his life. Now, I am sorry for it, but it must be said. My dear Mrs. Bryan, *your son must leave Rathcore, at once, for years.* If you promise me, to get him away in a reasonable time, I shall let the matter drop. If not, I shall be obliged to have him taken into custody without delay."

"Oh, sir ! Mr. Saxe dear ! you would not rob a poor mother of her only comfort ? Sure, I'll keep him as quiet as a lamb, if you let him stay. I can't live without him, at all, at all. Go away for years ! him, that never was a night away from home all his life. Ohone, ohone, but your honour does not mane it ?"

"Mrs. Bryan, you pain me extremely. Indeed, indeed, it is for the lad's own good. He is being lost here. Besides, he might do incurable mischief. Have you not friends in some town, where he could pursue his studies, and get the requisite education for Maynooth ?"

"Oh dear, I am afraid it is true. He is getting no good here now at all, at all. I'm afraid, sir, I must consent to let him go from me for his own good ; and I may never see my darling's face again."

"Have you any such friends as I've spoken of, Mrs. Bryan ? But there is no hurry for a day or two. Take time, and think it over."

"Now that I think of it, sir, there is my half-sister, Nance, in Armagh—would she do ?"

"Admirably, I should think, Mrs. Bryan."

"Then I will get Hugh to write to her good man this very day, and see, if they will take the poor boy and shelter him. Ohone, ohone, but it is the sore heart you have given me this day, my son, you, that never done the like before. But it is too much to expect an old head

on young shoulders. I dreaded some trouble ever since I dreamt, I saw you jumping off the Bream Rock into the sea—and it has all come true.”

Bridget was our next visitor. She came full of importance and dignity. The field was all her own now. It was the Parson’s suggestion that I should be sent away. Lily had ventured to intercede for me; but without effect.

“The boy was a very fine fellow. Of late he was going to the bad utterly. It was a warning of Providence,” said papa.

“A plain duty,” added the Squire.

So, Bridget came to claim me for her purpose, and show herself the guardian angel of the family. Aunt Nance was Bridget’s sheet-anchor also. It now appeared that, for a long period, Armagh had been chosen as the scene of my theological initiation. Father Redmond, the great Redemptorist, one of her idols, had been educated there; as well as Columbkillie, Colman, and countless saints of old. And Nance’s husband, Tim Mahony, had been the Lismore priest’s right-hand man, and so, would be sure to have the interests of the order at heart. In her hand she bore a letter, written by the butler, to Tim and Nance, ready, directed and stamped, but open for our illumination and consolation. In it, she besought Tim to receive her young priest with reverence; escort him to the holy fathers at the Seminary; settle all pecuniary demands with them as her agent; from time to time inquire after him: stimulate him; see to his wardrobe; and spare neither time, nor trouble, in bringing her designs to a happy consummation. From our house, she bore the missive straight to the Post-office. From the moment it passed into the receiver, suspense lay over the Bakery. I was the object of tender sympathy everywhere—going, as I was, “among the black-mouthed Northern Presbyterians, and savage Orangemen sworn to wade knee-deep in Papist blood.”

By return of post, came Tim Mahony’s affectionate response—bearing loads of love to all old friends—hearty welcomes (100,000) to young Hugh, and, to the surprise of all who had known rollicking Tim, so much religion, so well expressed, that Bridget showed it to the Parson. He read it with interest, and handed it back with many thanks to Bridget, adding a remark, which she relished not at all—that he was glad to see the priests in the North taught much more of the Gospel to their flocks, than their brethren in the South. He supposed it was the atmosphere of Protestantism, which made them so free from superstition, as her relatives seemed to be.

And it had at last come round to the time, when I must go out into the great world, I had longed for so often. Yet the way was covered with black and dreary gloom, and my heart was sore with misgivings, whichever way I looked. It was sad to part with my

mother, and know, that she was at the mercy of that man ; to give up Lily for ever—for she would be a great lady when we met again ; to go out from the home of my youth, with a mark of shame upon me, and by compulsion. But was it not the Sassenach that was driving me forth to exile? And was not this the badge of all my tribe? I gnashed my teeth at the thought, and swore ; things must change, or I shall die—— With a heavy spirit, I went to the Glebe to say, Goodbye. Mr. Crofton received me with the kindness of a father ; spoke at length of my journey ; the place of my future residence ; and ended by pressing money into my hands.

“Nay, Hugh, you would not vex me so much. Indeed, you must take it. I owe you a debt, which money can never pay. Remember, if ever you want a friend, apply to me. May God bless you, my son, and give you wisdom, and clothe you with righteousness, and make you a true priest in the Holy Catholic Church of Jesus Christ.”

“Amen,” said I, from the ground of my heart.

“Hugh,” said my own Lily, as I turned to her, with a heart nearer breaking than it ever was before—“oh, what ever shall I do without you? I cannot bid you goodbye. You saved my life. Kiss me, dear, dear Hugh, and do not be a priest.”

The Squire said, when he saw me for the last time—“You are angry and unjust now, Bryan. But you will thank me for this before the year is out, and ever after know me, as your best friend.”

Daly and a troop of boys, as an escort of honour, convoyed me to Langarvan, to the Dublin mail-coach. If they wished to cheer my spirits, or if *he* wished to give me any secret despatch of treason, they were doomed to disappointment. For Bridget walked manfully by my side, and held me by the arm the whole twelve miles. Much spoke she of her long sacrifice, her anxiety, and hopes and fears, and prayers and Rosaries. Many suspicions breathed she, of my steadiness and fitness, and the gloom my demeanour often threw over the bright ambition, on which she staked her all. But she had great reliance on Saint Bridget. *She* would bring me through all right, and Bridget on earth would see her godson, a priest of her own manufacture, standing at the altar with the Host in his hand, and thousands prostrate around him.

My friends gave me a parting cheer, as the coach drove off. I was in a passionate flood of tears. The wounds of my heart—my hopeless love—my helpless mother—bled so much, that, for two whole days, I knew nothing of the scenes before my face. Nor did the clouds lift, till raising my eyes on Carlisle Bridge, I saw the lights of Dublin, in long line, right and left, dotting both sides of the Anna Liffey.

## PART III.

## "Exilium."

## CHAPTER I.

"HALLO ! coachy, have you a passenger there from Rathcore, consigned to the care of Mrs. Daly, fruiterer, 17, Cole's-lane? If you have, I'm come for him," said a jarvey to our coachman, as we drove into the yard of the General Post-office in Dublin.

"Here I am," shouted I, in reply, no little relieved to find, that Daly's letters had opened up a house of refuge for me, in this strange Babel of a city.

"All right, your honour—jump up here on this illegant conveyance. Is this trunk all your honour's luggage?"

As he steered me through a network of lanes, he carried on a lively conversation. "Mrs. Daly bid me apologise, for not coming herself to meet you. She was drinking tay last night with the Lady Liftinant, and her Excellency pressed her so hard, that it was daylight before she got home ; and the tay was so strong, that she has been laid up with an excruciatin' headache all day. Oh, but it is herself that sees a power of good company ! She, and her charming daughter, Miss Julia, is the favourite of all the aristocracy and nobility. I suppose, now, you are a young nobleman yourself. Is it me lord, or most noble markis, I'm to call you?"

"Oh, don't stop at a trifle—say your royal highness at once. I am a Bryan ; and there were kings of that name once."

"And have I the honour of driving a Bryan ? They were the right sort of kings ; not made of Britannia metal. That accounts for the milk in the cocoa nut. I knew you had the high look about you."

"Do you see any green in the white of my eye, jarvey?" making use of one of Daly's favourite figures of speech.

"Troth, an' you're sharper than I expected, young gentleman, considerin' where you came from. But it is James Daly, I guess, you owe your cuteness to?"

I acknowledged that I might have gained somewhat from his society and instruction.

"He is the boy knows a thing or two. Trust the Queen's



Theatre for cutting a young chap's wise-teeth. But here we are at our destynation," as he drew up, before a fruit store, open to the street, and displaying, in the gas-light, huge pyramids of fruit. "The fare for driving a prince of the blood royal cannot be less than a sovereign," said he, as he touched his hat, with a knowing leer on his face.

"Won't a shilling do?" said I.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said he.

"Mr. Bryan, don't give him a farthing more than sixpence. That is his fare; and he is the biggest liar in Dublin," said a handsome young lady, coming to the door, and giving me a warm welcome to Dublin.

"Oh, now, Miss Julia, you oughtn't to keep spite that way, or hinder me from earning an honest shilling for the wife and four small childer at home. It is all bekase I tould her, that Lord George was going to be married to Lady Arabella, that she is so hard on me. She thought he was fond of herself."

"Be off out of that, Joe Doran, or you will blister your tongue with lies."

This lively dialogue dispelled the last shred of mist that hung over my spirits. I opened my eyes, and was conscious that I had passed into a stage of existence, new and dazzling. The great houses, flashing equipages, miles of lamps, great streets, had fascinated me. The young lady, like James, but far handsomer, smiled away my timidity and shyness, as some kind fairy, sent to greet and do the honours of her mystic land to a sad and wounded knight, might have done. She was a brunette, and, save one, the loveliest woman that I ever met. Lithe and graceful as a deer, with features, a look at which made criticism impossible; and eyes that gleamed with seas of fire. Her dress was, in my judgment, rich and exquisite, and adorned with a profusion of jewellery. Her manners were, to me, the perfection of good taste and elegance. I could not believe this glorious being belonged to our order. She would adorn any rank, was my soliloquy often through the evening. She received me with an air of protecting condescension, which made me feel quite at home.

"You cannot tell, Mr. Bryan, how glad we are to see one of James's friends. You can tell us all about him. I declare you are quite a gentleman. We expected a little boy. You are taller than James is, I am sure. Mother, this is James's friend," said she, as she introduced me to a fat, slumberous, old woman, who sat in an arm-chair, beside a table, on which were the materials of whiskey punch, and an empty tumbler.

Ah me! poor Julia, and is this thy mother?

"I-m v-e-r-y gl-a-d to see him, I'm sure. And so James is well.

Glory be to God for all his marcies ! I'm an old woman, sir, that is troubled with wind and rheumatiz. Does poor James ever speak of Kitty ?”

“Hush, mother. Mr. Bryan knows nothing of our troubles,” said Miss Julia.

“Well, I'll go to bed, I think. Julia, you'll take care of the young gentleman. Good night, sir,” and the old lady vacated the chair, and disappeared up a flight of stairs.

Miss Julia gave me a delightful repast of tea and muffins. When I had satisfied my far from polite appetite, and answered all inquiries about James, I had leisure to examine the place in which I sat. A glass door separated us from the fruit store—and the inner room was far more splendid than I had anticipated. The chairs and tables were of mahogany. There was a mirror over the chimney-piece. There was a sideboard with a little display of plate. There were sofas round the room, and pictures on the wall. Everything but the mother seemed not unworthy of the beauty, whose abode it was. She was working most industriously at a robe of some magnificent stuff, many yards of which lay beside her. To my wondering glance of interrogation, she answered, that she was a Court milliner, and the robe she was at present employed upon, was to be worn by a great lady at the next Drawing-room at the Castle. This gave me the clue to the jarvey's remarks on Mrs. Daly's rank and society, and accounted for the prosperity of the household. We were becoming more intimate and confidential every moment, when two young gentlemen, dressed in the height of fashion, as much above James in air, as he was above us rustics, with glossy moustaches and flashing jewellery, entered the room without ceremony, and hailed the goddess as “Judy,” like old friends. Soon, two others, “*pæne gemelli*,” followed. The visitors produced wine ; brought in fruit from the shop—for which, I observed, Miss Julia charged them a round price ; and made themselves quite at home. These gentlemen treated Miss Daly with far more freedom, and less respect, than I should have allowed any one to act towards my sister with. They were officers, I gathered from her replies to them. One of them was addressed as “lord.” They were rude, and even insolent, to me.

“Judy, who is the green one in the corner ? He looks precious glum. Could you spit fire, youngster ?”

“Oh,” said my fair hostess, imposing silence on me, “he is a young friend from the country.”

“A cousin, is he ? I observe that ladies of your class, Judy, often keep a tiger of that sort. Very convenient it is, too. Too young to be dangerous, and too old to permit familiarities, eh ? He looks fiercely virtuous.”

"Oh, send the cub to bed, Judy," said my lord.

Miss Julia bridled up—threw a glance of indignant scorn at them; and, with a beseeching look of offended modesty at me, for which I admired her exceedingly, said, "Indeed, I am afraid the dear boy is exposed to great danger in the present company. I shall be very much obliged to you, gentlemen, and you, my lord, if you keep the honour of your society for ladies of your own rank. It is a shame for you," and the tears floated in her lovely eyes, "to intrude upon and annoy an unprotected female. If my brother James were at home, he would protect me from insult; and you dare not come, where your visits are not wanted. But, Hugh, my dear, I shall expose you no longer."

Here she opened the door of the inner apartment, and gave me in charge to Maria, a slattern; who shewed me to my couch in a filthy cock-loft, which reduced my ideas of the grandeur of Dublin city, as the nobleman's behaviour had my estimate of the good manners of its people. Through my troubled slumbers, bursts of laughter, and convivial ditties warbled by a female voice, ascended, and dashed my dreams of coming glory with a shade of the ridiculous and Bacchanalian.

Next morning, at my request, Miss Julia led me, proud of my escort, to Trinity College. She left me at the gate, promising to return in an hour, from a visit to one of her patronesses, having first introduced me to one of the sleek porters, Ned Malone by name. He, receiving me as a young gentleman from the country, evidently thought he had secured a promising piece of booty; and treated me as if full-grown in mind and body. He was an exemplary guide—full of enthusiasm and pride in every stone of the building, and every scrap of paper in the library. Chapel, dining hall, kitchen, every spot was hallowed ground for him. The library was the finest room in Europe—therefore, in the world—contained millions of books—thousands of Assyrian, Egyptian, Hebrew, and Irish MSS. of incalculable value. Here is the handwriting of Mary, Queen of Scots—this is the seal of Rameses, King of Egypt—that is the Magna Charta, the palladium of English liberty. Observe, the barons could not write, so made those red blots by way of <sup>his</sup> X<sub>mark</sub>. This is the Theatre, called by common people the Examination Hall—much admired for its proportions. Yes, that is the great Henry Grattan, as he appeared, when delivering the Volunteer Oration. He is, you may observe, in the uniform of that body. Many a time he shivered in his young days in this hall. He sat in *that* corner when a student. His politics were odious, but his talents undeniable. Queen Elizabeth—life size—presented by herself to the University; a Sovereign of rare ability—cherished all loyal Protestants, and treated

Papists as they deserved. Remark that noble group, sculptured out of the most expensive Carrara marble. It represents the deathbed of Provost Baldwin, a man of immense erudition. He left £90,000 to the College. Yes, a most beautiful piece of statuary, indeed. There is nothing like it in Italy. It cost £9,000. This is our museum. Yes, sir—it is true, we have no fit accommodation for our treasures. This is the harp of the celebrated Irish King, Brian Boru. There was a large diamond *here*, but it is lost. A few weeks since, a wretched old man—Roderick O'Somebody—got in here somehow. He said he was hereditary harper of the Bryans, and the harp was his, as he could prove. Dr. — told him to do so, by all means. But it was only a poor fee he could give a lawyer. The bulk of his earnings went, I should say, to the publicans. Horrid drunkards these low Papists are! and so on, and so on, at a gallop, till the machine ran down, and the man became a gossip. Was Miss Daly a friend? Ha! her brother James was my friend. Might he ask were James and I intimately acquainted?

"Oh yes, very much so, he lodged in my father's house."

"Why, I was sure you were a gentleman. James is a sharp fellow—very, desperate fond of the Theatre he used to be. It was a very sore nip he got there, too. That was what made him go to Marlboro'-street, and give up the stage."

Remembering Miss Julia's annoyance at her mother's hint of their troubles, I thought it only right to discourage this line of conversation. I could not bear the idea of being dishonourable to the friend, who had gained me such a kind welcome in Dublin. Therefore, I turned Malone aside, by some questions about the students. This led to his inquiry, had I any notion of entering College, and, was it in classics or mathematics, I would take honours.

"Oh, no, I have no such thoughts, I am on my way to Armagh Seminary. My friends intend me for the priesthood of the Church of Rome."

"What is that you say?" thundered forth the indignant man, "you are going to be a Popish Priest! I cannot believe it."

"It is quite true, nevertheless."

"Oh, murder! murder! what would Sir Harcourt, the Grand Master, say, if he knew that the Master of Lodge 90, had touched his cap, and done the honours of the College, to a brat that is going to be a Popish Priest? The Lord deliver us! we never know what is before us. If any one had told me this morning, I was going out to bow before a young cub of a priest, I would have said 'Is thy servant a dog to do this thing?' I would not for five pounds, Wade was to hear it. It's all that precious Judy Daly's doing. That girl is no better than she should be."

Thus he went on muttering to himself, till he came to the gate. Then, without taking the slightest notice of my gratuity or myself, he bolted into the den, where his brethren were toasting their well-fed persons before a mighty fire ; and left me hugely amused at this, my first interview with an Orangeman.

On going forth into the street, no Miss Julia was visible. But before me stood the pile of buildings, in which the greatest of modern Irishmen won their laurels. I walked round and round the front of our old Senate House, and examined it from every point of view. My eyes dwelt upon its contour with perfect satisfaction. Every glance was, I felt, educating my taste. Soon, I was back in the past, thinking of the days when Grattan passed within those doors, to claim for our countrymen, the rights of a nation ; and our patriots, soon to be martyrs, thronged the galleries to hear him—when my charming friend caught my arm. Her witching smile drove dead orators, and lines of mural beauty, hopelessly into the back ground.

"What, out already? How did old Malone treat you? Ha! ha!" (what a pretty laugh!) "so he found out you were to be a priest. Oh, it was so thoughtless of me, not to have warned you, that he is the master of an Orange Lodge. Can you forgive me, Hugh, dear?"

It was delicious to hear the familiar monosyllable glide forth in that sweet, soft voice.

"Now where shall we go? Mother can take care of the shop till three o'clock. I am at your service. I will go any where with such a genteel young man. Oh, dear! what impudent fellows those officers were last night. You have no idea how much it grieves me, to see them come into our house at all. But you see, I work for their sisters, and, if I offended them, I would lose all my great customers."

I thought it very strange, that the sisters would permit their brothers to treat any young lady so rudely.

"Oh! of course they don't know anything of it; but if I said a word about it to one of them, they would call me an impudent hussey, and drive me out, and then poor I must starve."

I commiserated her lot.

After due reflection upon the sights I had heard of in Dublin, I said I should prefer to see the bodies of the Sheares—our latest patriot martyrs—which James told me, were preserved in a marvellous manner—to going to the Park, or up Nelson's Pillar, or down to Kingstown.

"Oh well, if you have such shocking bad taste, I will bring you to old Poker, the sexton of Michan's. He was Jim's schoolmaster, and will show you everything. I will not go near them. I could not look at the horrid things for the world. Oh Hugh, Hugh! I did not think you had such low tastes, and I would have so enjoyed a trip to Dalkey."

There was a struggle in my mind between honour to the glorious dead, and homage to the beauteous girl. I am happy to say, patriotism won the day.

"Oh well, get to Cole's-lane at three o'clock for dinner. *Au revoir*, as they say."

She had committed me to the charge of Mr. Poker, who brought me readily enough to the vaults. He was a good old soul, who, as he exhibited the ghastly objects, showed a real sense of the majesty of death, and the seriousness of life. I touched with no irreverent hand the marks the ropes had left on the dead men's necks, but had not the nerve, as I had the wish, to kiss those sacred relics. I stood awed, and shocked, and overpowered by the rush of various thoughts. There they lay, true patriots, if ever any were—exposed—unhonoured—condemned.

"Do you think," said I to the old man, in a moment of deep feeling, "they will be left here always thus? Oh, God, send the day when a grateful nation shall seek and place them in a fit shrine!"

"You are only a boy, sir," was the grave reply, "and maybe, you'll heed an old man's words. I've heard many talk like that. But it never led to anything but sorrow, and blood, and the gallows. Don't *you* have anything to do with thim agitators. Mind what Solomon said long ago, 'Do not meddle with them that are given to change.' Aye, and mind what his father said, 'I will thank the Lord for having given me warning.' Let them poor bodies be your warning. God knows, it is warning enough we all get, but there is few of us takes it. There is Pierce Regan, that is to be buried to-day; many's the time the minister warned him; and he had the horrors six times, and a stroke twice, and he was as bad as ever at the drink, till the third came, and took him away. Oh, dear, why won't they learn sense? Thank you, sir. Long life and a happy death to you."

Many a time I have thought of the old man's words. But what good did they do me?

On returning to Cole's-lane, I found Mrs. Daly in possession of her faculties. Kind, and hospitable, and affectionate, she was; full of inquiries about Jimmy, and of sympathy for my own fortunes. She was compelled, to her grief, by her numerous complaints, to take ardent spirits. She hated the very sight of them. But, she was bad every night, and without the whiskey could not live at all. Miss Julia was gracious and sparkling. She forgave and forgot my rudeness of the morning, in the anticipation of delight, from a visit to the Theatre, which she had settled on. She thought it was a great shame, that I would not stay and see life in Dublin for a week or two, instead of going to bury myself in a gloomy cell, with a lot of horrid old priests.

Could nothing induce me to stay and hear the bands in the Castle yard ; and visit the Strawberry beds ; and hear the great speakers ?

"Well, we must make the most of to-night."

I should have enjoyed a visit to the Theatre immensely ; but Mrs. Daly, about six o'clock, was seized with such an alarming attack of hysterics (my first acquaintance with that malady), that I could not think of taking her daughter from her side. Julia cared very little for the shrieks and contortions ; and was quite willing to shut up the shop, and leave her mother to the mercy of the slattern, and go to the play ; but my look of pain at her heartless words sent her into a bad temper and obstinate silence. Later on in the evening, one of the magnificent gentlemen of the night before, who fondled an exquisite straw-coloured moustache with great affection, looked in. I vanished to the cock-loft, and spent the hours gazing from the window, at the strange scenes beneath and around ; and listening to the hum, and cries, and chimes of the ancient city ; and thinking of a pale girl-face—till I was drowsy, and fit for bed.

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The next morning, at six o'clock, I took my seat beside the driver of the Armagh mail ; and was soon rattling past the famous field of Clontarf, which Jehu pointed out to me. His Northern accent embarrassed the action of my understanding, and, for some time, his conversation was only intelligible at intervals. I could gather, however, that, in pity for my youth, and to save my ears from bad language, he had sacrificed his half-crown fee, and installed me in the coveted seat of honour, on the box beside himself. By the time we reached the Boyne, I was familiar enough with his dialect. When he informed me, that the stream before me was the famous river, all my patriotic ardour revived. The battle of the 1st of July, 1690, which riveted our chains, rose in clear relief before my imagination. I saw the armies gathered on opposite sides—the Dutchman on his white horse, and the English troops wavering, routed, and driven back by our men, till the coward James balked them of victory. Never again, was my soliloquy, should we put our trust in princes and strangers. On our own right hands we must rely for all, and our leaders must come from our own ranks. Might it ever be, that we should stand again shoulder to shoulder, and have a chance of undoing the work of the Boyne ? Oh, if that day brings death to me, then death on such a day will be most sweet. The good coachman winced under my storm of inquiries—where James stood—William was wounded—Schomberg was killed—what were the respective forces—the depth of the water—the opinions of the Northerns—and so forth. For him, the famous past of Ireland had not the slightest interest. Clontarf was to him, not the field of Boru's glory,

but the place where a great preacher thundered out the terrors of the Lord, like a lion. He soon declared that he cared for nothing under the sun, but preachers, and prayer-meetings, and experiences, and souls. To gain souls, was the only good use we could make of life. He had been the means of converting three souls; and he was the happiest man alive ever since; and he meant to go on in that way, to his latest breath. I was a good deal mystified as to the honest man's meaning. That a layman should presume to engage in active spiritual ministry, had never entered my mind. But presently he began to angle for my soul; and I suspected, this was his reason for getting me beside him, in our journey of twelve hours.

"And you are thinking," said he, "my poor child—for you cannot be more than sixteen—about battles, and warriors, and heroes of this world; and longing to be in the thick of some bloody fight, when maybe your soul is this minute in near danger of being lost for ever! Where do you come from? Some part of the South, by your tongue."

"Rathcore, in the County of Waterford."

"I know that county well. I drove in it for nine years in my days of sin and blindness. Oh, but it is a dark place!"

"What makes you say, it is dark? The sun shines there as bright as here, and brighter than in the North, if all accounts be true."

"Oh, aye! I'll not say, but it is a pleasant country enough to the eye of sense. But there is none of the light of the Spirit there. The Sun of Righteousness hardly shines there at all. They know nothing of Him, who has come to give light to them that sit in darkness."

"And who may he be, sir?"

"Jasus," said he, with so broad an accent, that I had no notion whom he meant; and he proceeded to tell me of the love of Jasus, and how He had sought him, and found him, and made him so joyful, that sometimes he did not feel, as if he were on earth at all.

"Who in the world is *he*? I never heard of such a man as that."

"I thought not, my poor, dear lamb. Oh! but it's a terrible thing, to think of millions, not knowing Him, that died for them—the Saviour that loves them all."

"Why, surely, sir, it is not of the Blessed and Adorable Lord, the only Son of God, you can be talking so lightly? I dare not take His name upon my lips, in the way you do."

"Aye, aye, you only know him by the hearing of the ear. You don't know Him yet, as your own special Saviour—your best and nearest Friend."

"Why, sir, do you think we are all heathens in Rathcore?" said I, making the sign of the Cross. "Sure, He is in my mother's thoughts, every minute of the day; and my grandmother has fasted and prayed



to Him and His saints, without ceasing, for forty years. Every one of us tells our beads; and says the prayer He gave us; and makes the sign of His Cross between us and harm, times without number, every day of our life."

"And, poor craytures, do you think such foolish will-worship can do you any good? Where or when did He give you leave to cross yourself? or to use beads? or to turn His Prayer into a piece of magic?"

"His Holy Catholic Church tells us, and we know *it* must be right, and we would all die for it."

"Well, now, my dear young friend, bear with me for one question. *Do you know that your sins are forgiven?*"

He put the question with such abrupt solemnity, and with such a piercing gaze, that my mind was actually paralysed for several minutes. At last I mustered composure enough to reply, "Why, of course, sir, when I confess my sins, and get absolution from the priest, and do the penance he bids me, I get forgiveness for my sins. Yes, I am sure of it, if I am sincere. There is no other way than that."

"And what about Purgatory?"

"It is against the rules of my Church, sir, to dispute about religion with a stranger. I am sure, it is the True Church—and out of it there is no salvation."

"Oh my! oh my! my child, have they blinded your eyes, and hardened your heart so far? Well, well, the priests will have a deal to answer for. And you won't listen to an old man, that might be your father, that wishes you nothing but everlasting good, and wants to make every one as happy as himself?"

"You are very kind, sir, but I do not think it would be right, and you must excuse me—indeed you must, sir."

Foiled in his efforts to shake my faith, he delivered his conscience from all responsibility of my blood, and lapsed into a ten-mile silence. At noon, he produced a handkerchief filled with substantial rounds of bread and beef, and with a gruff voice, handing it over, said "Have some?" When I accepted the peace-offering with many thanks, a burden seemed to roll from his mind, and he became chatty and good-humoured, and unfolded freely his opinions upon men and things, North and South. My countrymen he held in very small esteem. His own were the most perfect beings of the human race—of course in a general way, which never affected his judgment of individuals.

"Honest, God-fearing, hard-working folks," was his verdict on Northern human nature. "Thriftless, Godless, lying, Sabbath-breaking ne'er-do-well's," were all my kith and kin. He meant no offence, did not even seem to imagine any could be taken, at the statement of so plain a truth, so clear a matter of fact.

My indignation cooled down into an amused appreciation of the opinionativeness of his vehement domineering nature.

After a little time of patient listening, I had gathered a tolerably clear abstract of his biography. He was of the blue blood of Orangeism—could trace his line back to one of William's sergeants, whose sword was still extant, an heirloom in the family. Robert, my friend, lived, when at home, which was at intervals few and far between, on the property of an Orange Earl. His wife managed a neat inn for His Lordship; at which we changed horses, and refreshed ourselves. To my entreaties for illumination, as to the nature, oaths, obligations, &c., of an Orangeman, he gave very scant satisfaction. He *had* been one of the hottest of Orangemen in his young days, but now, he was the member of a better society, which had put him out of all conceit with party work. He thought that flags, and drums, and fifes, and scarfs, were only vanity and vexation of spirit; and not over likely to edify the poor Papists. Not but that he was as good a Protestant as ever; only he had found out, that it was better to be a Christian as well. The novelty, and freshness, and strength of the coachman's character interested me so much, that I was scarcely conscious of fatigue during our long journey. Here, indeed, were new experiences of life flowing into my mind. This people is far more frank, and open, and determined than we are. Their religion, too, takes a deeper hold on individuals than ours. My conscience never met such an assailant before. Such men are well worth study, and will prove, when the time comes, no contemptible foemen.

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At last, as we emerged from a thick grove of trees, I saw before me, on the highest of a ring of hills, which crowned the wide expanse of a fertile landscape, the tower of the great Cathedral—and the buildings of our ancient metropolis, clustering thick around it. The sight drew a mist of tears over my eyes. Robert marked my emotion, and seized the moment. "Yes, my lad, if you have an Irish heart in your bosom, you will feel, that *this* is about the holiest spot on Irish ground. The great saint, whether he was yours, or ours, or belonged to neither of us, walked through them very fields, and may be preached the Gospel on this very spot. You would have listened to *him* any way."

And I did feel that this was holy ground, and took off my cap, and murmured a prayer, through the intercession of the Blessed Patrick, that mine also might be a blessed life. And in the strong faith of the instant, I implored for the kindly man, that he might be rescued from the perils of heresy, and brought into the True Church. When I had covered my head, he resumed his pious siege.

"A right good sign it is, and I rejoice to see it, when one so young

is not ashamed to pray anywhere. Your face reminds me of James Welsh. *He* was one of your sort once, and we have none like him now. My child, I will make the brethren pray for you this night, whether you like it or not. Who can tell, but *you* may be a chosen vessel, too, and the means of saving souls yet?"

I thanked him heartily, said, I had no objection to any good men's prayers, but quite the reverse. At the same time, I was sure, they would only make me a better Catholic. As I was longing to interrogate him about the Welsh he spoke of, he cut short my speech by a parting word of exhortation.

"In a minute or two, dear, we must part. Like ships on the sea, we have met, and sailed together for one whole day. Now we are going apart again; not to meet may be, till the Day of Judgment. My heart yearns over your soul, and Robert Briars, once a child of Satan, now—glory be to His Holy Name—a child of God, prays for a blessing upon you." He threw a look of wistful love at me, and I felt the unction of a true prayer, wafted to Heaven over my head. "Go on in truth and honesty. Keep praying to the Lord for grace. Read the Bible if you can, and oh! my dear, when the Father draws you, and the Spirit stirs in you, oh! mind, you follow wherever it leads you."

The horses stopped, the rattling of the coach was still, and we were at our journey's end. A fine wide street, with a row of good shops on either side; and over all, the Tower of the Cathedral, looking down over the city, as it had now done for fourteen hundred years. The sight carried me back to Rathcore. This was greater than our Tower, for here is the memorial of the Great Apostle of Ireland. Still it brought me a waft of home feeling, and revived the cherished wish, that I also might leave a mark for good upon the land, like Patrick.

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## CHAPTER II.

A middle-aged man, a strange figure, rushed forward, as our vehicle drew up, greeted the coachman, as Brother Briars, inquired for me; seized my hand; wrung it vehemently; restrained himself from kissing me; caught my arm, and by it steered me up the street. The coachman was quite as much surprised as myself.

"He is in good hands—glory be to God. His ways are wonder-

ful. *His seal is on that boy's face !*" were his ejaculations, as he saw me in his friend's charge.

My uncle and I walked up the street for several minutes in unbroken silence, till the mystery became quite oppressive. Here was Tim Mahony, who had left behind him, in the South, the fame of "the broth of a boy," fond of sport, and divarsion, and devilment; up to anything, "from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter;" whose merry pranks my father was never tired of relating, to the invariable amusement of his listeners, metamorphosed into a thorough Puritan, in a suit of sober black, with a white neckcloth, his hair combed straight down over his brow, and a portentous hat overtopping a shorn and serious face. I had expected to meet a decent, thriving shopkeeper, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a face that betrayed a fondness for the "crayture," and a shout that might be heard a mile off. His features wore, during the ten minutes of our silent march, the outward and visible signs of a tremendous conflict of opposite feelings. Sheepishness and determination, shame and pride, coursed after each other over eyes, cheeks, and mouth. At last, with a burst, he exclaimed—"Hugh, I am a Methodist."

When these ominous words were once out, his speech ran like a flood. He was evidently afraid of stopping just then.

"Not that that makes any difference between us. You are as welcome, dear, as the flowers in May. I would be glad to keep you all my life; and leave you all I have; and do anything to shew, that religion has made me love you all more than ever. And how is your mother, darling? Oh! it is she was the beauty, and the angel of goodness. I'm afraid, it is only a poor life she has had with Hugh. But, to be sure, he is your father, and you must not be asked to uncover his nakedness. Nance and myself have prayed for you all, ever since we were converted, and we won't give up as long as we have breath. It's all I can do—for I am a terrible coward, and have no faith, and dare not tell Bridget I have turned. Oh, dear! and so you are going to join that black gang above at the Seminary; and it is little they will let you see of your uncle and aunt. But God is good, and the Lord is mighty, and we'll do our best to pray you out of that."

Not one word would he allow me to speak—and, indeed, surprise sealed my lips effectually.

"Aye, aye, you will be a priest of the right sort yet, far better than Bridget thinks. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what would she say if she knew Nance and myself were Methodies? I doubt it would kill her. Well, thank God! I never knew a day's happiness, till I joined the swaddlers; nor a day's sorrow, since I found peace. But what *would* the ould neighbours say? I fear, I could not bear to hear all the curses the

ould friends would throw on me, if they knew it. But here we are at home. There is a real good man inside ; and your Aunt Nance is dying to see you. Welcome to Tim Mahony's house, my dear Hugh, now and always."

At last he ceased, and I stood in a spacious, well-stocked provision store ; but, before I had time for a moment's inspection of the scene, for reflection upon the revolution of ideas in my head, I found a pair of loving arms round my neck ; a good-humoured, comely face glued to mine ; and the accents of home rushing over me in mellow, liquid music.

"Oh, Hugh Bryan, but it is your own Aunt Nance is glad to see every bone in your body—and a rale handsome body it is—as your mother's son's ought to be. And you are the image of my own pretty Norry. The Flower of the Blackwater she was called, and was. Many's the time I nursed her in these arms. Come inside here, this minute, my poor could starved child. Acushla ! but it does one's heart good to feel their own flesh and blood so near one again. I did not feel so like home this five-and-twenty years. For the North, dear, is a could place for us warm South people. With all their money, and fine furniture, and religion, there is more heat in many an ould cabin below, than in the biggest of their three-storey houses here."

While she was speaking, her hands were busy, thrusting me into a chair before the fire ; taking off my boots with her own hands ; making a fresh brew of tea ; and setting before me a savoury dish of Irish stew which awaited me. Then she took a chair, and devoured every feature of my face, with eyes all love, and welcome, and admiration.

"Nance, dear, can't you be aisy for a bit, and let him drive away the hunger ; and see, that Mr. Waugh is thinking you have gone mad, and is waiting for another cup of tay ; and mind, we must soon be off to the prayer-meeting," said Tim to his wife, as she was entering on a minute inquiry about her old friends.

The allusion to another person made me observe the room more closely than I had yet been able to do. Beside me sat an old gentleman, clad in a binding similar to Tim's, but of superior quality, with an amiable expression of mild amazement at the family antics, looking at us, much as a benevolent cod-fish might at the gambols of the her-ring tribe. A sharp sting of resentment shot through me at what seemed an indelicate intrusion on an interesting event in our private life. Nor did it abate my wrath to know that he was a "swaddling preacher," which was our only title for a Methodist minister. Tim, after several gyrations—for, with all his admonitions, he was as mercurial as his wife—settled down, and said, "Oh, Mr. Waugh, he is

the first of the family we have seen for more than twenty years ; and we never seen him before, for he was not born then ; and his mother is Nance's darling sister ; and now, isn't it a cruel pity to think they are going to make a priest of him, and send such a beauty to that hole of a Seminary ?”

“We shall pray for him, Brother Mahony ; nothing is impossible with the Lord.”

“If prayers can do it, Nance and I will have him out of that.”

“Brother Mahony, your words convey an excellent determination, but I think the expression is unfortunate. It implies doubt.”

“Well, we'll try hard, Mr. Waugh.”

“Isn't he a fine boy, sir ?” said Nance. “Have not we reason to be glad at seeing one of our own people ?”

“Sister,” said Mr. Waugh, in slow, deliberate phraseology, the words coming out of his mouth like so many yards of a tape-line, “I have been observing with great interest the strength and warmth of natural affection which you have displayed in the welcome of your young relative. It is an edifying spectacle. Would that we were all as richly endowed with the affections of the ‘new man !’ Yes, would that we were always as glad to receive the visits from on high with as cordial a welcome ! Then would our souls flourish. You have greeted this young friend—an entire stranger, even as the father greeted his prodigal son. Oh, may the Lord bring this youth into His fold !”

Then, as a matter of course, and in the routine of duty, he turned to me, and, undeterred by all the cold *hauteur* I could express in a frown, he said—“Young man, your uncle and aunt are servants of God. You are going amongst those who differ widely from them. You are, I understand, set apart for the priesthood of the Church of Rome. I pray God that He may prevent that, and open a better path in life for you. Brethren, let us pray.”

They all at once dropped on their knees around me. I rubbed my eyes. Could I trust my senses ? Was I awake ? Surely, I must have fallen asleep on the coach, and these vagaries are the flimsy cobwebs, which an excited brain is weaving out of the meshes of the coachman's net. I pinched myself. Oh, yes, there they were, and no doubt about it. It was all real. There was the glass partition, and the dead pig suspended on the other side. There was the table, with the substantial viands, of which I had certainly partaken. There was that shock-headed servant girl, looking up stealthily at me, with those staring saucer eyes. Yes, and that is my own name, surely, mixed up with their prayers. And my aunt ejaculates hearty “Amens.” And now, my uncle is in a very fever of supplication, for my conversion from a brand into a burning and shining light. Everything adds

to my utter bewilderment. What would Father Phil say to my presence here? What would Aunt Bridget say, if she knew her own twin sister was a heretic turncoat? And, worst of all, they are "canting Methodies, the latest spawn of the bastard church of Henry the Eighth," as Father Tracy politely called them, in his last sermon on heresy. Surely, Aunt Bridget, your young priest has fallen into strange company. Your patron saint must have been asleep, when she suffered you to think this a heaven-sent refuge for your Levite. There are worse enemies than even the cruel Orangemen. At length the prayers were over, and they had arisen, much refreshed, and regarding me as already their own lawful prize.

Mr. Waugh reminded Tim, that duty summoned them away to a prayer-meeting; where he hoped to have Brother Mahony's aid in a powerful exhortation. He shook me warmly by the hand, conscience pricking me sorely all the time; seized the servant maid to fill the vacant seat in Tim's pew, and left me alone with my aunt. She took a seat opposite me, not in the least confused, but with intense affection beaming from every pore of her cheery loving face.

I burst out, unable to restrain my impatience and anxiety—"What on earth, Aunt Nance, does it all mean? For the life of me, I cannot make it out at all at all. You, Bridget's twin sister, and Tim Mahony, the priest's man, turned Methodies! I cannot believe, that you have left the only True Church, and denied your baptism, and perjured your souls."

"Hush! hush! darling, stop awhile, and I'll tell you all about it, if you only keep quiet, and listen to your poor aunt's story. Then, you'll see that, if we have left the ould way we were reared in, it has brought us closer to the Blessed Saviour, and made us value His Cross more; and that the Methodies are not so bad as you have heard."

"Yes, aunt, that is the best plan. Many a change has taken place in five-and-twenty years; and let them say what they will, your heart is warm and true to the old stock yet."

"That it is, dear, warmer than ever; Bridget does not love you more than your Aunt Nance. Ayah! ayah! Five-and-twenty years it is, last May day, since I saw the Blackwater last. The orchards were in beautiful bloom, and The Inches one sheet of daisies, when I bid goodbye to Lismore. I can see it every time I shut my eyes—the bridge, and the castle, and the steeple, and Mr. Foley's men drawing the net for salmon. Sure, and your uncle—it's Tim I mane—for all he was the priest's man, was a wild, stirring, wicked boy in them days. Niver a gentleman about, but had given him more than one trial, and none could get any good of him at all. Even the priest, that

brought him to our country, would not stand him at last. He was so given up to the drink, and he had such a shocking bad tongue, when he was drunk. Many's the night, in them days, I lay shivering beside him. But he was dead beat this time. There was no work for *him* in the country : even my own father was against him. The priest and he had fell out, and Tim always says, his reverence chated him out of five pounds. Well, he hears there is lots of work to be had for the asking in Dublin ; and he and I starts off for it. We tramped on from place to place, getting a job here, and a meal there, till we reached Dublin, footsore and weary. He tries everywhere, and he could not get a hand's turn to do. And we were druv to the wall altogether ; not a morsel had we to eat ; nor a farthing to pay for a lodging ; nor a friend to turn to. Tim had been to the priests in the morning, and the head of them had spoke very cross to him, and tould him, it was idle blackguards like him from the country, made the townfolks poor, and gave the Catholics a bad name ; and they turned him off like a dog. We did not know where to seek for shelter ; and so we lay down in an archway, out of the rain, off a great street, called Dame-street, I think. And we were lying there, could, and wet, and miserable as iver you seen, and I was muttering a prayer for help, when there comes over a breeze of the most lovely music, from an open door right forninst us. There was lots of people going in, and some, I noticed, did not seem better dressed than ourselves. 'Tim,' says I, 'there is poor people going in there. Maybe they would let *us* in, too ; and a warm room, if it was only for an hour, would be better than this wretched place.' 'It is worth trying,' says he ; and he goes across, and walks straight in, as bould as you plase. In a minute, or less, he comes out, and beckons me across, and I follows him. Lo, and behold you ! we are in a fine, light, handsome room, with a big pulpit in the middle of it, and people standing up, and singing such beautiful music as I had never heerd. We looked on in wonder at it all, in the middle of the house, till one came up very civil, and put us in a seat by ourselves. There we sat snug and warm, and I thought myself almost in heaven, after the could streets ; and couldn't keep my eyes off some sweet young ladies, that sung like angels. After a while, they all sat down, and up gets a fine, hearty old man in the pulpit, and talks for maybe an hour like a book, about God taking care of the sparrows, and giving them food, and houses, and feathers ; and bidding *us* look up to Him, and pray to Him ; and, if we sarve Him, He will take more care of us than of the birds. At this my heart smote me sore, for I had neglected my duty ; and Tim, I could see, was very fidgetty and unaisy. After this discourse, mugs of water and tidy slices of bread were brought out, and handed round the congregation. Some of them



looked at us, not illnatured like, but as if they wondered what brought us there, and did not right know what to do with us. By-and-bye, two of them that were serving out the bread and water, whispered and pointed to us, and brought us the first meat and drink we had tasted that day. You may guess we did not need much pressing, and up stands I, and 'Thank you kindly, gentlemen,' says I; 'it is the first food we tasted this blessed day. May the Lord reward you, for I am sure, whatever they call you, you are good Christian people.' 'Hush! hush!' says he, giving us more bread apiece; 'we are worshipping God now. I'll speak to you after a little. Sit still and listen, now, and you will hear how to get better bread and water than this.' 'That we will,' says Tim out loud—he could not help it—'for we want it sore.' When all were satisfied, another fine old man rose and told us that he was a monument of the grace of God. The Master had found him in sin and misery—in a deep miry ditch, and had brought him out of it, and made him as happy as the day was long, and had kept him that way for thirty years, and would keep him till the end. He could not help telling every one he met, what a good Master he had found, and advising them to enter His service too. 'Sure, an' if I knew that Master,' says Tim to me, 'it would not be long till I would be in His service, if He would take me.' When he sat down, a young man got up in the pulpit, so lovely and sweet-tongued, for all the world like one of the saints in the pictures, that I could not keep my eyes off him. He begun by asking were there any poor sinners there, for he had a message to such; and he spoke so powerful, we could not help listening to every word he said. After a while, he begun to speak of our Blessed Saviour—all about His dying on the cross, and the thorns, and the nails, and the spear, and the agony, until I could not help bursting into tears, and with that out breaks Tim, as bad as myself, but quiet, you know. And the young man goes on to tell that he was once a Roman, and trained up to be a priest; till he found out they were decaving him, and he was brought to the Cross in rale earnest. Tim and I got very frightened at that, but somehow there was a feeling upon us, that we could not shake off, and our conscience told us it was truth he was spaking, and we had never heard the sufferings of our Lord shewn us so clear before. But when he went on to tell us, that our sins were crucifying Him over again, worse than the Jews, Tim jumps up before them all, and shouts out, 'I am the biggest sinner out of hell this day. Can God forgive *me*?' and there we were, both crying out like children. They all gathered round us, and were very joyful, and sung over us, and spoke comforting words to Tim, and prayed over him—but it was all no use. He could think or talk of nothing but his sins, his black sins, his bitter sins, and the pain he had

been giving the Saviour all his days. After a while, the gentleman that gave us the bread got us to himself, and I told him all about our wanderings, and troubles, and want of work ; for Tim could spake of nothing but his soul being lost for ever. Well, the kind gentleman took us out, and got us lodgings, and gave me money for our breakfast, and promised to see us the next day. Well, my dear, the morning came, and with it the good man, and he did his best to comfort Tim. He was always moaning, and counting up his ould sins, and telling me of all the wicked things he had done, and saying he was a lost man. I wanted him to go to the priests, but he would not hear of it. He knew too much of them, he said, and they had chated him, and trated him like a dog, and he did not think they were Christians at all ; and he hung on the old gentleman, and would not let him go from him nohow. Well, the long and the short of it was, we came down here with our friend, and the best friend we ever had he was. He took Tim up, and lent him money, and brought him forward to be a rich man, and a good man. For Tim was changed from that night in Dublin. For a long time, he was in sore distress, and had no rest at all, till one Sunday, at the preaching (for we went there regular), who should stand up in the pulpit but the dear young man we heard in Dublin. The minute I saw him, I thanked God for it, and knew he had brought us the good tidings. Every word he said went straight to my heart. He told me everything I had ever felt in my soul, and, glory be to God ! showed me the way to Heaven as straight as Lismore steeple. That day, I felt as if the Saviour had lifted me up in His arms, and spoke to me Himself, and said, 'Anne, you are Mine from this hour. I have blotted out every sin that is against your soul. Love *Me*, and I will bring you safe to heaven.' Oh, Hugh dear, I was as full of joy as ever I could hold ; and when I looked round, there was Tim as happy as myself. He caught me up in his arms, and kissed me, and, 'Thank God,' says he, 'I am delivered from bondage. I am a saved sinner this day. I have got peace and joy unspeakable.' And that, darling, is the very way we came to be Methodists, and Tim is always quiet—still, he is the happy man, and the good man, and the kind one, too. He does a power of good, and is the right hand of the preachers, and of an odd time preaches himself. Lots of money he makes, and lots he saves, and lots he gives away. And all from the night in Dublin, and what we heard there."

Astonished before, I was dumb-founded now. If I had been lifted up bodily, and set down in the Caribees—if I had seen my relatives changed into oxen before my eyes, I could not have been more at my wit's end. My aunt's words opened a region of existence, with everything in it foreign to all I had ever heard, or seen, or

known before. The coachman's hints had tended thitherwards. His raptures I had rejected as delusions. But here was a confirmation of his doctrines I had never dreamt of, and it was irrefragable. Shocking as it was, Nance's narrative was so natural and vivid, her features glistened with such true emotion, her tones rung with a pathos so genuine and earnest, that I could not doubt the reality of the experiences she had related. Hypocrisy in her case was impossible. It was all an insoluble mystery. I despaired of finding the clue.

"But, Aunt Nance, have you really and truly broken off altogether from the Holy Catholic Church, that our Saviour Himself built on the rock—St. Peter and his successors? Am I awake or dreaming? I cannot believe it to be a fact, that you, Aunt Bridget's twin sister, are an out-and-out heretic. Oh, indeed! aunt dear, I am afraid for your soul. There is no salvation outside the Holy Catholic Church."

"My poor darling, and of course you are, and I am all the fonder of you for it. Wasn't I afraid myself, for many a day, that the house would fall on Tim and me, or we would be struck blind or powerless, till the Saviour spoke to me himself? But indeed, indeed, I am certain sure that we are right; and mind, mavourneen, if I can't argue with you, I can love you, and be as good to you as Bridget, and pray hard for you. And I will not trouble you, but let you follow your own conscience, and go on serving God as you think right."

I thanked her, and said I would do my best at the Seminary, and learn enough there to bring her and my uncle back again to the true faith.

"I am doubting they have not learning enough among them to do that. But, sure, you won't let them keep you away from us entirely? For my heart hungers and thirsts for the sound of the ould tongue, and the looks of a friend of one's own flesh and blood."

"Indeed, I will come and see you often, aunt. They can't refuse me, when they know its for your re-conversion I come. But why did you not let us know about it long ago?"

"And would you be the one to tell Bridget, that a sister of hers was a turncoat? let alone the shame that would have come upon yourself, and your dacent mother, that has enough to bear, and all belonging to you; when the country knew that one of your blood had deserted the ould church of their forefathers, and gone over to the most despised of all the Protestants."

This, I was forced to admit, was a difficult query to answer; and when I thought of the whillabulloo among the neighbours, I acknowledged, that I was not bold enough to undertake to be the bearer of such tidings; nor cold-blooded enough to wound Bridget in such a vital spot.

"But, my poor child, you must be cruel tired, and longing for your bed. Tim won't come back till late, for it is a quarterly meeting night."

Give me a kiss, dear, say your prayers, and get your beauty-sleep for-ninst the morning."

I obeyed, and was soon in a state of dreamless repose, and knew nothing of the world without, till the early bell of the Cathedral told me I was in the Metropolitan See of Ireland. Leaping up from bed, I threw open the casement, and, to my delight, found that Tim's garden underneath reached up to the walls of the Cathedral yard. A vast green sea of graves stretched everywhere around the venerable pile of St. Patrick. The sight set me on the steed of fancy. Many a form rose before me from the silent mounds. Boru, and Nial, and Connor, and Malachy, all were laid there. The bones of many of my great sires were under that turf. And hither I had come to be equipped for my battle of life—for a struggle with a worse foeman than any they had been called to encounter. I was sick of mouthing other men's speeches. I have the stuff within myself of honest work for Ireland, and it must come forth. Patience, heart, till the sinews stiffen, and the muscle has been formed, and the gristle has become bone; and the mind is mature, and filled with knowledge, and the boy of sixteen is a man. Oh, for a name! for a career! for the chance of smiting a death-blow to the enemies of fatherland! for the right to a national funeral within those walls, with troops of kernes and gallow-glasses, and white-stoled priests with swinging censers, and the line of Ireland's bishops chanting Hugh Bryan's requiem; and our Primate, the Comharb of St. Patrick, celebrating High Mass in the grand old fane, restored to our own race—and my bones resting, till the end of time, under the arches of the Apostle of Ireland! Thus the hours passed beneath the shadow of the Cathedral tower, till my aunt's cheery morning voice recalled me to the pork-store, and Methodism, and the Seminary, and the Nineteenth Century.

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## CHAPTER II.

I lost no time in making my way to the Seminary. The atmosphere of pietism which filled my uncle's house was unpalatable, and the taint of heresy was a thing to be shunned by a patriot with peculiar aversion. So, on the second day after my arrival in Armagh, I stood before the gaunt pile of bricks which bore the proud name of

the Diocesan Seminary of the Metropolitan See of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church in Ireland. Great was the surprise of the inmates, when it was known that a nephew of Tim Mahony, the noted swaddler and local preacher, was seeking admission as a candidate for the priesthood. But the principal had received a panegyric on his favourite acolyte from Father Tracy; and my credentials were undeniably correct. The grave superior, an elderly man, received me with a kindly smile; led me to his own apartment; heard my story with the interest of a father; gave me strong stern advice in a very quiet, gentle tone, that made me feel I had found a master indeed. I yielded to him in everything. Was I then to be a priest after all? Why not? There was no reason to the contrary, except my insane love for a lady, who could never mate with me. And what better field for work in life could I hope for, than the pastorate of souls? Was it not possible to combine Father Mathew and Brian Boru?—the servant at the altar of Holy Church, and the ardent patriot? Many of our greatest kings had filled both spheres—the spiritual and the temporal. The very See of Armagh had been held for hundreds of years by fighting prince-bishops. Popes had gone into the field. My own uncle, Father Murphy, had done so, and found in his priestly office the lever which upheaved the County Wexford. At any rate, knowledge was the key of the position which I coveted. Want of knowledge had marred every scheme for our deliverance to this time. Here, I could acquire knowledge of various kinds, to serve in after days. Even if I shrunk from the sacred office, I should know those who fill it, and have friends among them. Yes, the path seemed plain so far. I was sanguine of success.

Now I was under the yoke indeed. Every moment of the day and night was parcelled out for me. Nothing but books, and lectures, and devotions, and ironical recreation. Even our meals were garnished with readings from the *Acta Sanctorum*. Each youth was attached to a comrade, from whom he never parted. While the novelty lasted, I was content enough. Plenty of hard work kept me from fretting at my lot. I entered the lists with tough old grammars, lexicons, commentaries, and manuals. The judicious applause of the masters pricked the sides of my ambition, and I flagged not, until I was astride with my class-fellows. Then the irrepressible longing for freedom—for rambling—for the seaside—for Lily, revived, and only strict discipline held me in. I chafed at the restraint, and at last, for my health's sake, notwithstanding the disapproval of my superiors, gained the indulgence of three hours in the week for a solitary "constitutional."

My comrade, Denis Squillane, was a disgusting wretch. Most of the others were coarse clowns enough. He was this, and an envious hypocrite besides. Eating, sleeping, at class, or in the hours of our long

formal walks, his face was always close to mine ; I felt as if I were watched by a spy. His habits were filthy and loathsome.

A prize was announced for an essay on some part of Church history, to be given to our division. He was the only formidable rival. I caught him, while he thought I slept, copying from a book on the subject.

"Give it up, or the principal shall know. Now for fair play," and it was in flames.

The prize was mine, for there was no competitor. But from that hour, I had an enemy in the school, bent on my ruin. Soon a change was manifest in the conduct of all towards me. The air seemed full of suspicion. "He visits heretics." "He talks about the Methodists as if he was one at heart." "His uncle preaches damnable doctrines at our very doors." This was supremely disagreeable—but it must be borne. My kindly friends were not to be whispered away from me by these Northern brutes. Their love was worth more than the pain of worse sneers than these.

At last the climax came. A great festival brought us to the Chapel for a rare treat. A great orator, an Oxford man, who had abjured Protestantism, had come over to implore the prayers of the faithful for the conversion of England. I took very copious notes, for the demolition of my uncle's heresy. He and I engaged in amicable controversy, every time we met ; in which his rough-and-ready common-sense, and copious Scripture, were often too much for my skill and learning. The discourse this day was full of interest, delivered with touching grace, simplicity, and earnestness. The preacher began by describing the religious state of his native land. There, were great empire, vast wealth, gorgeous palaces, pomp, and glory, and magnificence, such as we could not conceive, on every hand ; but under these, there were misery the most appalling, crime the most atrocious, indifference to suffering the most cold-blooded. All came from their religion. It was not so before the Reformation. Then great abbeys covered the land, and fed and taught and cherished all the poor ; and holy laymen founded schools, hospitals, alms-houses for the weak and suffering. The greed of the wealthy Protestant Kings had seized these, like the lamb in the parable of Nathan. Even great noblemen and prelates grew fat on the income of ancient charities. As for their Church, he knew it well ; had been a minister in it ; had loved it, and would have died for it. It still preserved a great deal of Catholic truth ; but, alas ! it did not teach it. There was no room in the churches for the poor, if they had the wish to go there ; but they had none. In most places the devotion was confined to an hour and a half in the week. Indeed, the spirit of worship was almost

starved to death, by the apathy, and coldness, and mockery of the people. The bulk of the nation cared little in reality for their Church; called its priests hypocrites, to their faces, and hunted the best men out of its pale. The clergy (and there were good men among them), had lost faith in their mission, and become some, mere almoners, some ranters, most of them, perfect men of the world. They were the best measure of English religion; and they all swore to have morning and evening prayers daily in their churches; and then laughed at the vow, and sneered at such continual praying. They assented and consented to a book, that enjoined fasting and abstinence forty days in Lent, and all Fridays throughout the year; and they called the man a Papist, who taught the duty in the pulpit. The same book called them "priests," and counselled confession and absolution; and they scouted the mention of such things, with the very book in their hands, and its praises for ever on their lips. Their whole creed was "Believe on Jesus," and good works were only "filthy rags," and the Holy Law of God was called a dead letter, beneath the notice of a believer; and even such a wretched faith was losing its power among them. There was no hope for the English, but in conversion to catholicity. The bishops also had lost faith in their commission. Some went so far as to deny the grace of an Apostolic Succession; others spoke lightly of Holy Baptism itself. He, when in doubt, had consulted the chief of them all, and could get no light from him; only a vague direction to read the Bible. The prelate was as much at sea as himself, on the points which troubled his conscience. So he was driven, sorely against his will, to become a Catholic. Thank God for that necessity! It had given him light, peace, calmness, certainty. Thank God for the sight of such a people as the Irish—so full of devotion, of faith, of simplicity! Then, with unsparing hand, he lashed the English sects. There seemed to be hundreds of them, rising like mushrooms. Men swallowed, with greed, every foolish fancy, and wild delusion. Some worshipped a crazy woman, who uttered fearful blasphemy, that would shock a heathen. Others committed the ineffable sin of denying the Saviour's Godhead and Passion, with such abominable words as he dared not repeat. The Methodists were counted the best, as they were outwardly; but inwardly they were ravening wolves, cheating, lying for gain, sanding sugar on Sundays, compassing sea and land to make a proselyte, professing to be higher in the favour of God than the greatest saints, who ever were on earth, did; their lives were a long worship of Mammon. All saw through them. Stories of their hypocrisy abounded in all papers, and in all societies. Delusion was the state of England in all matters of religion. Then he painted the moral state of that unhappy country in colours of midnight gloom.

Natural affection seemed dying out of the national character—the most odious offences were common ; parents killed their children, and children their parents ; husbands poisoned wives, and wives husbands ; and showed no pity before, no remorse after. Nor was this marvellous, for they had degraded Holy Matrimony into a worldly bargain, in which it was a waste of time to ask God to interfere. Christ's poor were thrust into a corner, or left to perish out of sight, with none to care for their souls or bodies. Antichrist was enthroned everywhere. "Money, money, money," was their one prayer. Holy Communion, and Confession, and Fasting, and Penance, and Virginity, and Perfection in the Service of God, were only spoken of, to be ridiculed. His life mission was to go round Catholic Europe, and solicit everywhere the prayers of the faithful, for the conversion of the poor lost country, which he loved as his birthplace, and the home of his fathers. Therefore, he had come to the Island of Saints. He knew all our wrongs from his race. He opened to us a noble field of vengeance. Repay their insults, with prayers to God for their everlasting salvation, who have done you direful temporal wrong for ages. Thus, shall you heap coals of fire on their head ; and Ireland shall yet conquer England in the best warfare of all.

Evangelical declamation I have heard since then in abundance ; and watched the gentle thrill of commiseration for the poor Irish Romanist ripple over pious faces ; but for the unaffected pity of that hour—for that agony of supplication, which went up to Heaven, for the poor English heretics—I can find no parallel in my experience of Protestant oratory. Methought I stood among the primitive Christians praying for the souls of their torturers. *Then* I was proud of being an Irishman ; I would not exchange my lineage for the proudest name in England. Then, I was convinced that the earthly greatness of the English, was, as Father Phil had often taught us, but the prelude to their interminable woe. But, surely, our oppression will not last for ever. Has not God always, in the end, delivered His people from the tyrant, even in this world ? Will it not be so with us ? Oh, send, that I may be an instrument !

And, now, all was over ; and the crowd was pressing through the gates, round Father Ignatius. Why does he pause ? A figure in familiar habiliments confronts the priest. It is my uncle. I can hear his voice.

"I am a Methodist, sir. You have made severe charges against the body, which I belong to. I tell the people, you are a false prophet—a teacher of lies. I challenge you to prove that any of us is dishonest."

Father Ignatius passes him with a gesture of disdain.



He passes a review through the various scenes of his life, from his early years, through his studies, his travels, his various occupations, and his various sufferings. He passes a review through the various scenes of his life, from his early years, through his studies, his travels, his various occupations, and his various sufferings. He passes a review through the various scenes of his life, from his early years, through his studies, his travels, his various occupations, and his various sufferings.

"*Quicumque non odit patrem et matrem.*" The conclusion of the whole matter is :—(1st) My heretic friends must be renounced utterly, and for ever. (2) I must make a public denunciation of my uncle's odious conduct. (3) I must undergo a strict penance. On such terms I may look forward to any eminence in the Church ; even His Grace's own position will be within my reach. Bryan will be the favourite pupil of the Seminary ; will soon go to Maynooth ; will become the honour of his family, the delight of his country, the trusted servant of the Catholic Church, which is the Bride of the King of Heaven.

Still silence follows, and presses with leaden weight upon the heart of the youth of seventeen. Rivers of tears flow from his eyes. Mother, grandmother, Bridget, Vinegar Hill, Ireland, beseech him to yield to the voice of the Archbishop. But, on the other side, rises Conscience, and says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Justice appeals to Tim's words, which were fair and just : points to his bleeding figure, and the howling, pitiless mob.

"His acquaintance, your grace, I can and will, from reverence to your lordship, renounce. Penance of any severity, I shall discharge to the uttermost ; heresy, in every form, at any risk, in any place, I am prepared to denounce. Say my uncle was wrong in defending his character, or his Church, I cannot, dare not, will not."

"Obedience to superiors," the stern voice of the Primate reminds me, "is the first duty of the aspirant to the priestly office. Surely, rash boy, a moment's thought is enough. You will give way. You will not give pain and sorrow to *me* ; you will not, dear child, resist the voice of your Mother, Holy Church.

Conscience stiffens into iron. She will not suffer me to yield one jot, on peril of everlasting self-contempt.

"Go forth, then, obdurate one. The holy places in the Catholic Church are not for such as thee. God grant, contemner of the faith, you may not sink into blacker infidelity, and atone for this day's disobedience, by the loss of thy soul. Father O'Rourke," said he, accosting the parish priest, "you will communicate with Father Tracy, of Rathcore. Perhaps he, or the boy's parents, may have more influence over him. In the meantime, you will be kind enough to watch his movements, and be his spiritual director. See, sir," again speaking, with marked coldness, to me, "that you stray not from the One Fold, out of which is no salvation."

And so the fabric of years is shattered by one blow. The shadowy figure of a tonsured Hugh Bryan, standing before the altar with the Host in his hands, and thousands receiving his words as a breath of life from Heaven ; of another and a greater Father Mathew, leading the nation in a crusade, not against whiskey, but the tyrant and the

heretic, recedes into the host of things that were not to be. And well it is, it should be so. Daly has no guilty hold upon me now. My conscience is clear, without a speck, and bids me look the world in the face without shame or fear. For the deliverance of my country, and for that alone, shall I live henceforward; and, if need be, die. There shall be no tampering with the hallowed fire, for the impure purpose of worldly ambition. Lily comes from the clouds, and walks beside me, full of sympathy. I can welcome her now, with pure and true heart. She smiles upon me, as I turn from the priests, and seek the shelter of the brave heretic's house.

My uncle I find stretched upon a couch, in the inner room, with his head bandaged, and his fond wife bathing one of his eyes. He is holding an earnest conversation with a young Methodist-parsonlike man, whose figure seems strangely familiar to me, beholding it from behind. His voice is even more familiar. Nance's exclamation of joyous surprise—she first caught sight of me—made him turn his face. Yes, those are the features of James Welsh, with a look of fuller life than of yore.

"What!" said he, "you my good friends' nephew, Hugh, of whose gallantry I have just been hearing? I am rejoiced at it. You must tell me all about yourself, when you have satisfied your aunt."

She was welcoming me with terms of endearment, warmer than even her embrace. Tim leaped up from the couch, and a cordial gleam sparkled through his swollen eyelids.

"Hugh darling, but I am glad to see, they have not turned you against the imptdent swaddler."

"Faith, uncle, they have turned me out of the house, on your account."

"Blood-an'-ouns, man alive, you don't say so? Well, I did not think, they were so bitter and unmarciful."

On my recital of the course of events, which led to my summary eviction, he shouted, with a voice which rung out through the shop into the street: "And they wanted you to tell a lie out before the people! Oh, James, the priests are worse than ever I said, when I was hottest agin' them. I used to have some respect for Dr. —, but I see now he is as bad as the rest."

After a pause, during which Nance was throwing up her hands with expressions—now of abhorrence at their cruelty and villainy—now of thankfulness that I was delivered from them, while Welsh wore a grave and troubled look.

Tim spoke again. "Nance, it is many a time you have been wishing, and praying, for a son like Hugh; and just see how the Lord has heard and answered your prayer, and given him to you, out of the

hands of the enemy ; and you won't have the trouble of rearing him, either. Hugh, from this day you are my son and Nance's. This house is your home ; and all that is in it, and in the Bank, too, will be yours. Will you stay and be a son to us, in our old age ?"

For this whole-hearted offer, I was most thankful, and deeply affected by the tone in which it was made. Next to the dear hearts at home, I answered, would always be their place in my love ; but, before I could say anything of the future, I must wait for news from the South.

"That is right enough," said Tim. "I wish they were all here. But mind, you are my heir, Hugh, if you give up being a priest ;" and he passed into a strain of thanksgiving to God for the wounds which had brought about such a blessed result.

Before that, he had been in doubt as to the propriety of his conduct in the chapel-yard. Even Welsh could not approve of such a hazardous challenge to the passions of a mob. Now, it was clearly the voice of God which had bidden him deliver his testimony. Never more would he doubt the guidings of Providence, or the voice of the inward witness.

Welsh's story I had quite anticipated. He had been all along a Methodist preacher. During his sojourn in the South, delicate health had closed his lips. When strength returned, he had returned to his labours. To his evident discomfort, Nance told me he was far the best of their preachers, and was the very image of the sainted man she had heard first in Dublin, and owed everything to. They made him live in their house, when he was free from engagements in the country. He had now been a month in Armagh, and was in great repute. He presently turned the conversation to my reasons for leaving the South. Of these, I gave him only the faintest outline. He saw, that I was loth to be questioned by him on the topic, and shook his head, and hoped that we should know each other better before long. Before he went out on some call of duty, he called Brother Mahony to order, for having uttered such a very profane expression in his haste as "Blood-an'-ouns."

"Did I say that, James ? I don't mind it a bit—but of course, if you say it, it must be so. Sure, after all, it is only a piece of nonsense, like 'Arrah now,' or 'Baithershin.'"

"To the pure all things are pure," said Welsh ; "but I am sorry to say, that contains a very shocking allusion to Our Lord's Passion."

"How do you make out that, James ?" said Tim, in great alarm.

"Why, it is a contraction of 'Blood and wounds,' and is therefore an oath by the sufferings of Our Saviour."

"Well, well, who would have thought it ? Thank you, James. I

will keep the door of my lips better in future. But who can tell how oft he offendeth? And I suppose 'Tare-an'-ouns' is just as bad. Aye, as you say that means 'Tears and wounds,' and people can say *that*, and think it means nothing at all.

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Before a week was over, the postman delivered three letters at Tim's door, for Mr. Hugh Bryan. The first I opened was from Father Phil, written, no doubt, at Bridget's instigation. Thus it ran :—

"YOU YOUNG SCAPEGRACE,

"Your Aunt Bridget, honest woman, has torn all her hair out at the news of your atrocious villainy. You have broken your good mother's heart by your impious disobedience of the Head of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland. Your father wishes you were here, till he would scourge the devil out of you. If he could beg, borrow, or steal the money, he would go and take the miserable turncoat's life. The Squire says, there is too much hot water here already, and if you were back you would make it boil over, and he would have to hang you out of harm's way—and it is what you deserve richly for affronting the successor of St. Patrick, and bringing disgrace upon an honourable name. It drives me wild, to think of an acolyte of mine turning out such a character. What do you think will become of you? You will go to hell, if you don't mend your manners. Go back the minute you get this to the Seminary. Fall on your knees before your Superiors; ask their pardon; and do everything they tell you. I have written to beseech them to take you back. But you must take care, and behave yourself like a lamb for the future; and shake the spawn of heresy off your coat, *or it will be worse for you*. Now, my dear child, be a good boy, and say fifty Hail Marys every day. Confess your sins as often as you can, and God send, we may see you a decent priest without any more trouble. So says your loving well wisher, if you do as I bid you.

"PHILIP TRACY, P.P."

The next was in the bold handwriting of the Squire, but the words were my mother's :—

"MY POOR DEAR LOST HUGH,

"My heart is sore and heavy, at the thought of my own darling, that I was so proud of, coming under the displeasure of the Holy Archbishop. Oh why did your Uncle Tim ever turn from his own Church, and bring Nance with him? Why could they not be content to go to Heaven in the way that was good enough for their

parents before them? Why did he go to insult a holy priest, and bring the curse of God on his head? I cannot make out the meaning of it, at all at all. I do not know what to say, my darling child. You cannot come home, for Mr. Saxe says, he dare not let you be here. Your father has no money to send you, for your journey, or your keep, and he is in debt ever so much for flour. Oh, acushla machree, indeed you must go back to the Seminary, and do everything they tell you, no matter how hard it is. For, sure, and they would not ask you to do anything that was wrong. Do, honey, for the sake of your mother, that loves you more than anything in the world, and prays for you night and morning, and all through the day. My blessing go with you. We are all in good health, glory be to God, and that you may be the same, and be led right, is the prayer of your loving mother untill death.

"P.S.—Give my loving remembrance to Tim and Nance."

To this was appended a second postscript from the Squire himself:—"Dear Bryan—I have written this letter for your mother. Pray to God. Follow your conscience before all things. Do what it tells you to be right, and fear nothing. Mr. Crofton and I wish to have a full account of the whole matter from yourself. Yours truly,

"P. SAXE."

The third was from Daly:—

"UNHAPPY AND MISGUIDED PUPIL,

"You have been, and gone, and done it this time, and no mistake. You are the standing example of infamy in the Parish of Rathcore, since the sermon of last Sunday. It may be dangerous to my soul even to write to you. Oh fie! oh fie! how could you?

"MOST NOBLE PRINCE OF THE LINE OF HEREMON AND HEBER,

"It is refreshing in these degenerate days, to find that that choicest of fluids—the blood-royal of Ireland—has been improved by age. Not content with bearding the Saxon lion in his den, the present heir-apparent has, ere his twentieth year, thrown down the gauntlet to the Head of the Church. What a monarch will he not make? What glorious deeds may we not expect in his reign? The fact is, dear child, you are the most promising revolutionist I have ever heard of. You have fire enough in you to set a kingdom in a blaze. But this time, I fear, for reasons you can guess, you must dissemble, and stoop your haughty neck to eat humble-pie in the Seminary, instead of your uncle's savoury pork-chops. Time enough to try a fall with the encroaching pontiff, till you are firmly seated in the

throne of the Bryans. *We cannot do without the priests.* A young lady, who shall be nameless, administers daily consolation to the female author of your being, with much acceptance. Your mother loves to hear her voice, to such a tune; so would her offspring. Said young lady has driven a faithful servitor out of her home of twenty years, by wicked exultation at the prospect of your being a non-celibate. Faithful servitor, seeking comfort for a nephew's apostacy, is running her head into the noose, which a devout youth, who detests girls under forty, keeps dangling before faithful servitor's nose. The place is dull. Each quarter is to be my last, but a little girl, called Nelly, says 'Now Hugh is gone, she must not be robbed of Jemmy, or she will die for want of somebody to tease.' So a humane desire to save her life, and certain shares in the Patriotic Bank, keep me here, wasting my sweetness. Requesting the favour of an early reply, with the assurance of my distinguished favour, I am, as ever, yours most acutely,

"THE DALY."

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In the strict self-examination, which followed the perusal of these letters, conscience never wavered in her clear testimony of right. The idea of the priesthood filled me now with aversion. True love came in, and bade me not be faint of heart; for success was sure to crown the honourable knight. Pride brought up a heavy reinforcement, by asking, could I brook the sneer of Squillane? So I announced my willingness to remain as the adopted son of this worthy couple. In their house I could pursue my studies, and fit myself for the part I hoped to play in life. They took me to their heart at once with joy and gladness.

"Why should you talk about reading by yourself for? There is the College on the hill—a far grander place of education than any Seminary of theirs ever was; and there is the greatest scholar in the world, I am told, in it to teach you. And it is Tim Mahony will not grudge every shilling he has to bring forward the boy, that stood by him against them liars—and my own son besides."

"Oh," said Nance, "but I am beginning to feel at home already! With James Welsh and you in the house, we'll never know sorrow more."

They set apart a room for my special use. They agreed not to interfere in any way with my religion. As conscience bade me, I was to be a more determined Catholic than ever, and to fast, and live as I pleased. If ever the guests or their conversation were offensive, I might retire; and no offence to them. And I was to go to the College, and get all the learning the great Doctor Flower could give me; and then, if I wished, enter Trinity College.

To my mother, I wrote to be of good comfort, for that everything had turned out for the best. I had no vocation whatever for the priesthood. Therefore, it would be an unpardonable sin to seek it, or go back to the Seminary under that pretence. She was to feel no alarm for my soul. I was a better Catholic than ever, and would never change to the day of my death. I was as comfortable and happy as possible, and had the finest prospects ; and wanted nothing to complete my joy, but to hear that she was content, and forgave me all the trouble I had caused her—which she did.

To Mr. Saxe, I sent a magniloquent account of the distressing position I had been placed in, between the conflicting powers of the Church and my conscience ; and the sad alternative I was reduced to, of choosing between the disgrace of expulsion, and the shame of a self-convicted liar. I also gave him—for I knew it would reach the Rectory—a glowing account of my uncle's wealth and respectability ; my adoption ; and the splendid career opening before me. He replied by a brief approval of my conduct ; and enclosed a note of introduction to his old friend and college tutor, Dr. Flower.

"We'll go up to the College to-morrow," said Tim, "and present it to himself. I have a great longing to hear the talk of a man, that has wrote so many big books."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

On the next day, my uncle, having secured a meek old clergyman—who favoured Methodism, admired Welsh, and patronised local preachers—as a convoy, led me to Armagh College, the citadel of Ulster Toryism. The ample, massive range of stone promised far higher things than the thin brick line of the poverty-stricken Seminary. It seemed a very granary of learning. And the master—as he humbly called himself—looked like a man who had sown, and reaped, and harvested the whole field of knowledge. His body was the body of a dwarf : his head the head of a giant. It was as if the mind had gone on for seventy years, adding room after room to its quarters ; while the body had stopped at fifteen, and given up all hopes of proportionate development. The venerable scholar received us with affability, tranquil welcome beaming through his golden spectacles. When



our escort had duly given and received the salute, he towed us into position.

"Your name, Mr. Mahony," said the Doctor, "has become quite famous, since your valiant encounter with that pervert reviler. I am sure, we all owe you a measure of gratitude for your manliness, in challenging him to the proof. This, I presume, is the youth who has been turned adrift, for aiding and abetting you in your assault upon Popery. You wish to place him under my charge. I shall be most happy to admit him. He is in a manner one of our champions also. But I take it for granted, he has renounced Romanism."

"No, your reverence," said Tim. "I am sorry to say, he is a firmer Roman than ever."

"And I am very sorry to hear it, Mr. Mahony. It is against our rules to admit Romanists to the school. Indeed, the chief object of its foundation was for the education of Protestant clergymen. I am not aware, that a Romanist has ever been a pupil."

When all expostulation on the point had proved ineffectual, I, as a last resource, presented Mr. Saxe's letter.

"Ha! my old pupil, Saxe, takes a great interest in you—does he? He says, you have given promise of great ability, and have distinguished yourself by deeds of daring in the cause of humanity. He even fancies that he owes his own life to your ready wit and courage. Really, I am very much disposed to make an exception in your favour. But—have you any objection to learn our course of Scripture History? It is a simple digest of facts. Of course, I should wish to see you released from error, but I have no thought of converting you against your will. Yes, I think I must make this a *sine qua non*. My principles would not suffer me, to educate without the Bible."

If his course was confined to the facts of Scripture History, I saw no ground for raising any objection.

"Well, Mr. Mahony, I shall be very glad to receive him as a pupil. A boy of ability of the lower orders always enlists my sympathy. I shall prepare him for Trinity College, and I trust he will do us all credit. Go into the school, Bryan," said he, opening a door, and pointing to another opposite, "and one of the masters shall class you."

How I chafed at the indignity of such a mode of admission into a school endowed by the nation! Here is a noble institution, supported by the lands of our Catholic forefathers, and we Catholics are rigidly excluded from it. It is a preserve kept for the rich alone. Yes, this is the impartial administration—the just English rule—the ample justice, measured out to the Celt. And we can never be sufficiently thankful to Providence for sending us imbeciles such generous

masters ! Tush—away with the cant. They have us down, and they mean to keep us down. Therefore, the avenues to knowledge shall be blocked up against us. For knowledge is power. And power I must have. Bow down, then, my soul, to the yoke now. This very humiliation—what is it, but one argument the more, for the cause of Ireland and the Irish ?

Before long, I was fully initiated in all the mysteries of the school, and found that I was on the way to a higher level of education, than I had known of before. My schoolfellows were scions of the chief houses of the dominant faction. After a good deal of horse-play, and practical jokes, and pugilism, and bantering on my Popery, I settled down into a very respectable position among them. They were gentlemen at heart, and I was safe from meanness. When they found the Papist a good-natured fellow, not above bringing them in tops, and balls, and bats, and, ah me ! pipes and tobacco, and, alas, alas ! even whiskey and cordials, from the town, they began to court my friendship. When they discovered that I had the gift of the “gab,” and could sing, and recite, and mimic, by the hour, Bryan was voted “a brick.” The gems of our great orators evoked hearty applause from generous youths, who admired the noble ring of genuine eloquence. Toryism was in them a mere tradition. Some of them in after days grieved their ardent parents by denouncing Orangeism. My songs full of fire and fun always raised peals of merriment, and never grew stale. When lyrics on school topics were produced by the score, I found no lack of incense. But when I gave a highly-coloured imitation of old Waugh, the Methody preacher, the school raised a collection, and presented me with a Shakspeare, in the front of which was a neat sketch of Collegina Ardmachana (taken from the figure of Minerva in the Roman Antiquities) crowning Bryan with bays.

Our freedom from restraint in the school-house was delicious. Save during the repetition of our lessons, we were at liberty to do what we pleased ; and our pleasure was of a very lively order. Slings, and bows, and hurley, and football, kept us in health and happiness, when there was no chance of cricket, or the ball alley became tiresome. Great would be his mistake who would suppose from this, that our education was neglected. The presiding genius had seen to that. His system brought every boy through an ample course of the classics. The lessons must be thoroughly known, or punishment, swift, sure, and severe, caught up the defaulter. The under-masters were most competent men. Though from fewness unable to preserve order, they never failed to impart knowledge to all but dolts. The Doctor himself only gave us two hours of his presence daily, and then confined himself to the Sixth Form, and the English Composition of

the school. He could do no more, oppressed as he was with work. A populous parish owned him its Rector. The archdiocese bowed before him, as Vicar-General. Many great periodicals opened their pages to his profound dissertations on history, politics, and religion. How he discharged all his duties so well, was a standing marvel to us schoolboys. We revered him as a prodigy of wisdom. As he moved up the school-room full of dignity, despite his proportions; as the silver spectacles of the second master bowed before his golden ones, we stood up of our own accord, for we felt we had among us one of the greatest men in Ireland. While he remained, the stillness of the early morn hung over the school. Only his clear strong voice, and the accents of the construer were audible. For, me this man had a peculiar charm. He had been the class-fellow of Tone, and Emmett, and the great men of 1798. Often had he and they met in the hot collision of debate, over the very questions now seething in my mind. He and Plunket had been the only rivals of the eloquent tribunes of the people. They had been afraid of this man more than any. His cool iron logic, his boundless knowledge of history, had been often more than a match for their lofty and impassioned eloquence. He was the leading thinker and writer of the Anglo-Irish; the champion of their sovereign claims; the determined foe of the Romanist and the rebel. Here then was a famous seat of learning open to me, the first of the proscribed race. Judges, statesmen, soldiers, had here acquired the elements of that discipline, which had brought them success and fame in life. Their Coryphæus, the master of all their lore, would teach me to handle all their weapons, and forge unconsciously the bolt that would crush the Sassenach. My visions of future glory—wild and fantastic as they look now—stopped at nothing then. The field of Clontarf, the Boyne reversed, an Irish Republic, these were my dreams day and night, and I gave myself up to them wholly. I was a patriot pure and simple. Judas Maccabeus, Harmodius and Aristogeibon, Brutus, William Tell, George Washington—these were my gods.

Nat M'Crea was my sworn friend and ally. He and I were the only aliens from the faith by law established. We sat at a desk by ourselves. Contiguity soon wrought intimacy, which ripened into warm friendship, and a fellowship of most treasonable ideas. If I was a bitter Papist, he was a black-mouthed Presbyterian; and it would be hard to say, which form of religion was the more detestable in that school. And his faith was very strange and repulsive to me. His gloomy views of the inevitable damnation of ninety-nine hundredths of the human race—of the Love of a God who *would* not save them—of a Saviour, who only cared for a few choice sinners, irrespective of the rest in them—of the utter valuelessness of all human love,

virtue, charity, self-denial—of the entire isolation of each individual soul from all links of family and Church, made me shiver. And the cool positive way in which he asserted these loathsome doctrines, made me at first shrink from him. The mouth of that pit of all blasphemy and infidelity, which Father Phil had pointed out, as the sure end of all who strayed from the Catholic Church—seemed to yawn before me in the words of the determined Northern. But I soon found that these words had no root in honest Nat's heart. He was kindly, good-humoured, and as true as steel. Under the dry, hard, reserved manner, I found rich, good soil. The discovery that my grandfather had got his death-wound at Vinegar Hill opened the fountain of his confidence. His own father had fought in the same cause, and got a severe wound in Antrim fight; and an uncle had been hanged—a holy martyr to the right of the Irish to rebel. He had come from home a vehement Republican, to acquire a sufficiency of learning for T.C.D., whence he hoped to issue a full-blown barrister. He hated the rule of the English, as perpetuating class distinction with no ground of merit to rest on; as giving the landlords a tyrannous clutch on the tillers of the soil; and as investing the prelatical Church with robes of grandeur, to which it had a very poor claim. Hence we became sworn allies in the cause of Freedom. Together we discussed the chances of another rising, and devised means for uniting the members of the two Churches in an indissoluble confederacy of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Our plans in time grew into a most minute scheme for a Grand General Insurrection in the year 1848, of all the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians in Ireland. These were succeeded by the draft of a brand new constitution for the Republic of Ireland, in which the Presidential and Vice-presidential chairs were always to be filled by Nathaniel M'Crea, or Hugh Bryan, the founders of the state.

It was rather ignominious, Nat and I felt, to be ranged in class with a lot of small boys. However, there was nothing for it but patience and hard work. Classics carried the palm in that school; and we were weak in classics. Even to keep up with the small boys, was toil and vexation of spirit for many a month. But in one point we had a great advantage. In English, we were among the first in the school. Few of the seniors could do a sum in division, or spell a sentence of English, without mistakes. The Doctor often taunted the Sixth Form with this, and wished "they would imitate Bryan and M'Crea in everything, but their lamentable dissent." Before my first Midsummer vacation, he said he would put the head boys on their mettle. Therefore, he announced "Moses and the Exodus," as the subject of an English essay, open to the whole school. The successful

candidate would receive a handsome prize, and read his essay in the presence of the school and the rank and fashion of the City. The tidings were a glad surprise to us. Now, we had a chance of taking the shine out of the head class. Each resolved to do his best, and work out his conception by himself. The subject was the one of all others, which I would have chosen for my literary début. It was a labour of love. So familiar was the story in my mind, that the life of the great Jewish Liberator stood out in relief before me, when his name was uttered. After many elaborate and abortive attempts at the grand historic style, I was driven in despair at the last moment just to follow the motions of my mind, and write down the thoughts simply as they arose. The issue was a series of pictures. The Israelites—the chosen race of the Most High—have fallen into the power of the Egyptians. The yoke is heavy, and their lives are wretched. They toil in mud and slime all day; and burrow in filthy dens at night. The old men sink into untimely graves; the mothers are robbed of their babes and see them slain. The maidens grow up in beauty only to dishonour. The Egyptians use them as they lust. *They* are the respectable, wise, learned, great men of the earth—sneering at these filthy, troublesome Jews; calling them a lower race, only fit to make roads and ditches and canals for their lordly masters. If war arise, these Jews are the rank and file, and fight like lions—but when they have won peace—“Here are leeks, and onions, and garlicks, and cucumbers, and back to your work, ye hodmen and scavengers, for ye be idle.” In time a youth of godlike beauty grows up in the halls of the great Rameses. He is the adopted son of the childless monarch; glorious in manhood, in genius, in hard won fame. He dwells in the palace; sits among the counsellors; marshals the legions; is the hope of the kingdom. *Him* God takes aside, and shews, that his life-work lies among the Jews. These hewers of wood and drawers of water are his kinsmen, and *God's people*, and the jewels of the world. The scales fall from his eyes; visions of worldly greatness vanish for ever. He throws in his lot with the slaves, and burns at their wrongs, and the insolence of the tyrant. He can find no rest. Egyptian rank, and titles, and wealth, become loathsome. He will go forth, and rally his kindred to arms; and break their yoke; and crush the tyrant race. But alas! the Jews are so debased by centuries of bondage, that they meet him with suspicion, and threaten to betray him to the Egyptians. Disguised, he flees into the desert. There, at least, no cry of suffering brethren will sting his soul: nor will the sight of the lash and the pride of the upstart madden him in the sheep-fold. And he finds rest, and peace, and love among the shepherds; and forgets his great ambition. Forty years have passed, and now he has learnt patience, wisdom,

meekness, unshakeable faith in God ; and his kindred in Egypt had touched the lowest point of misery. Then, God calls him, and bids him go now, and bring forth His people from the house of bondage, and lay the pride of Pharaoh in the dust. He stands before the King—only a shepherd man—and rain, and hail, and darkness, and blight, and pestilence, and death come at his word, and crush the souls of the haughty masters of the earth. And in the end he does bring them forth—not one is missing—and the glory of Egypt is swallowed up in the triumph of Israel.

The Doctor awarded the prize to my rude sketch—at the same time announcing, that M'Crea deserved great credit for his copious and elaborate essay, and that we should both read them out on the morrow.

In going through my part of the ordeal, I felt almost the spirit of a prophet. In my mind, the whole tale was an allegory of the condition and hopes of my race. Were not we also the people of God in the land, in a higher sense than the Jews were? Did not all the promises of the covenant belong to us, who had kept the faith so pure? And were we not in sore bondage to a race that knew not our God? Were not we the hewers of wood and drawers of water—the scorn and derision of these Egyptians of the nineteenth century? Methought, the cry to arms in '98 was symbolised in the first attempt of Moses to awake his brethren, and our defeat was due to the self-same suspicion and treachery that hindered him. And my hope was strong, that, when next the voice of the leader was heard, success would crown the patriotic cause.

I was sure none could fail to observe the undercurrent of application which ran through all my essay. But not one seemed to detect any feature of the resemblance, which to me was so striking. Nat had learned his essay off by heart, and, instead of reading it, he dashed into a display of the most vigorous oratory. He had arrived at the building of the Pyramids, when the horrible grimaces of the wag of the school threw the orderly march of his memory into confusion, and brought him to an untimely end. That evening, as we took our customary stroll, he bewailed his break-down, and claimed my enthusiastic approval of his essay, which he recited, standing on a ditch ; and of his style of delivery, so far as he had got fair play.

"There is no manner of doubt, Hugh, but it is a far higher style of composition than yours. Not that I deny a degree of merit to yours, but it is only a flimsy sort of thing, like a bit of a story. There is no grasp of first principles in it ; no philosophical reflections ; no attempt to grapple with the grand metaphysical subtleties involved in the hardening of Pharaoh's heart. In fact, it is only a succession of sensation pictures, not well strung together, and thrown, without a

word of moral improvement, at the heads of the people who hear it. Only for the Calvinism, the prize was mine."

"Oh, I know, Nat," said I, "mine is a very trifling performance; nothing like so profound or learned as yours. But it was the best that I could do in the time. Besides, I have a theory that you may safely leave your audience to draw moral reflections for themselves. Paint your picture as well and as vividly as you can, and let *it* speak for itself. It will suggest deeper thoughts than your words could convey. What poor sermons men preach on the Crucifixion! What fathomless eloquence one glance at a good picture of it opens?"

"Well, Hugh, your theory is a mighty easy one to carry into practice. It would shorten most books and sermons terribly. But my theory is quite the reverse."

"Well," said I, "the Doctor seems to have preferred mine in this instance."

"Aye, he is one of your short-sermon men. I hear he never gets beyond twenty minutes himself, and that a child could understand every word he says in the pulpit. That is another reason why he preferred your essay."

"Well, Nat, according to my theory, he must be a good preacher, then."

"Your theory, man," said Nat, "is not worth a pinch of snuff, as I can prove. Our great preachers can gather their thousands to hear *them*. Your Doctor seldom has a hundred, if report be true. So says '*vox populi*.'"

"Nat, '*odi profanum vulgus*.'"

"So said the Court poet of Augustine. *His* contempt does not count for much. And *he* was not sincere, either—'*exegi monumentum*'—eh! But it is a pity I was cut short by that d—d Jackson. They lost half an hour of close logic, hard metaphysics, and sublime eloquence. Now, tell me honestly, didn't I recite it beautifully?"

"Well, Nat, if I were you, I would not be quite so vehement. Action and energy are good things, like sugar and lemon in a tumbler of punch; but punch all lemon and sugar would be an insipid beverage."

"Your simile is as faulty as your theory. Too much action, is it, you say? Why, my dear fellow, I have taken the greatest preacher in our Church for my model; and, if you saw him, you would say, I was a sucking dove."

"O'Connell is the best I have had an opportunity of hearing. He sometimes very quiet, and calm."

"Pshaw, man, there is no school for genuine eloquence like our Church—nowhere are there such models of elocution and composition

as our ministers. We will not put up with the flimsy child's-talk which does for you Catholics and the Church folk. We expect our men to go into the marrow of a subject, and divide it into, maybe, twenty heads, and expound, and prove, and defend, and apply every one of them. We count two hours only a reasonable length for a discourse. If a man is to earn his bread by the wind of his mouth, out of pockets filled by the sweat of our brows, we are determined to get good value for our money. So you see it stands to reason, with so much practice, and so many sharp critics, our men must be the very best. Groudy is the best of them, and he is my model. His action beats anything. He has had half-a-dozen handkerchiefs wringing with the perspiration of one sermon. And he has pulled out all his hair and more than half his whiskers in his bursts of impassioned sublimity. I wish you could hear him. After that, you would be a more competent judge of oratory."

"I do not think he would convert me from my love of simplicity."

"Well then, you must be incorrigible," said he. "But in the last part of my essay I meant to have gone down on my knees, and invoked the Genius of Liberty on behalf of the American slaves. You see, their case is not unlike that of the Jews, as I have read in some poetry. Here it is:" and he went down on his knees in the grass—"Others may insult your woes, children of a warmer clime than ours, and follow the flaunting banners of successful villany; and celebrate the chivalry, and polish, and lineage of thy taskmaster in strains of poesy—but, thee, oh, Freedom, shall one true heart worship; and choose the side of the oppressed and tearful African, rather than bow the knee to tyrant infamy, though it blaze with diamonds as bright and multitudinous as the stars in the firmament."

"That is very fine, Nat; but how do you reconcile it to your Presbyterian conscience, to worship the Genius of Freedom, and why object to the Episcopalians, for saying they worship their wives?"

"Oh! that is only a figure of speech. You must not shackle my Pegasus with too tight a rein. It is oppressed worth and virtue, dying rather than yield, that I admire. So, you see, I am not without an answer."

"No fear of that, chivalrous Nathaniel. You Presbyterians have a feminine love for the last word."

"Heh, sirs, and it is a settler when it comes. Did you hear what one of our ministers said to a Puseyite curate, that was claiming to be descended in a straight line from the Apostles? This is it—'I have no doubt you are, sir, and that the first of the family was Judas Iscariot.'"



## CHAPTER V.

After the vacation, I worked my hardest, and at length achieved an entrance into the Sixth Form—the Doctor's favoured circle of boys. His lessons I prepared *ad unguem*. He never found a fault with me, and I gained a noble preceptor in him. The whole field of history seemed to lie before his mind. He delighted in expatiating over the rise and fall of nations, and loved to dissect their annals, and point out the seeds of greatness, and the elements of decay, in all. His sympathy with the cause of liberty over the world was vivid and profound. Poland, Hungary, Circassia, Italy, the negro race, had his condolence, and his hearty sympathy. But for us Celts, he had nothing but contempt and aversion. Our enthusiasm was blind and hysterical; our oratory, tawdry fustian, pretentious nonsense; our efforts for freedom, ridiculous or diabolical; our character, frivolous, spasmodic, impracticable; our demigod, "the Big Beggarman;" our religion, only a profane jumble of heathenism and the dregs of Christianity. These were bitter ingredients in my cup of knowledge; but they served to keep the love of country quick within me. Often, when I went to my desk, I expressed surprise and indignation at the blindness and injustice of the great man. Nat's usual reply was, "'Oh, wud some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us.' Aye, the Doctor would give the men of '98 a great eulogy—if they had lived in Italy."

Once, so annoyed was I by a diatribe against the Church of Rome as the foe to light and liberty, that I said, when he went out, in the hearing of all, "He would speak in a milder tone, if J.K.L. were here to listen to him."

A High Churchman, the son of a distinguished clergyman, at once accepted the implied challenge.

"I say, Bryan," said he, "you are very well able to fight your own battle. What say you to a controversy—like Pope and Maguire's? The governor has stored me with a good deal of knowledge on our side. You have been primed and loaded at the Seminary. Nat there is always rhyming about the true-blue banner of the Covenant. Allen (one of the under-masters) is going up for his Divinity examination. Let us ask him to be our chairman; and discuss all our points of difference in the ball-alley. First, you know, Nat and I against you and Popery; and then, you and I, against Nat and Presbyterianism."

"With all my heart," said I.

"Who is afraid?" said Nat.

So our three-cornered controversy came off in the alley, with a great flourish of trumpets on all sides. It was a display of unproved assertions ; a tournament of boyish oratory ; a mustering of opposition texts. We soon exhausted all our stock ; and no change was made in any. Only, we found out that there was a deal to be said on all sides ; knots, which *we* could not undo ; doubts, which *we* could not solve ; abysses, which *we* could not fathom. The school watched our opening jousts with real interest, which revived with every hard blow, or quick retort. But when our chairman began to pour forth a deluge of hard quotations from folio volumes, the muscular Christians eyed the alley with covetous looks, and after a while crept away ; and we were all not a little relieved, when he said, we were in danger of falling into personalities and irreverence, and abdicated his throne.

But Nat, Murray (another day-boy), and I, thought, as an appropriate conclusion, that we should go in order to the different places of worship ; and compare the devotions and ceremonies of all ; and see which commended itself most to our ripe judgment and mature reason. Hence it came, that I said to Uncle Tim, one Sunday morning, "Uncle, I am going to meeting this morning with Nat."

"Are you uneasy about the old faith? That Nat must be a cleverer fellow than he looks, if he has managed to bring you over. But it is a step in the right direction."

"Oh ! it is far more likely I shall bring him over. But we have agreed to go round, and give a fair trial to all denominations."

"Then, we'll see you at the Preaching-house some day soon."

"No, no ; you are not thought worthy of a trial by any of us."

"Oh, dear, but you are the wise company of judges. However, you will get a rare treat of strong doctrine to-day ; for Vinegar is coming down to preach a sermon, and collect money, for the conversion of you Roman Catholics."

"Yes, that is the reason we are going to-day—to give them fair play. He has a great name, has he not?"

"Yes ; I hear he is the strongest of them all at that awful Predestination doctrine. I can't understand them Presbyterians. They are very queer people. They got up a Revival some years back, and joined us, and we were sure, from the way they called poor sinners in, they had given up Particular Redemption. But one night I was praying in their house for the conversion of everybody, when an elder stopped me, and said, 'it was false doctrine, for none but the Elect could be converted.' I went on, and prayed, if what he said was true, that the whole world might be elected that night. They are queer people. They wouldn't stand my prayer, nohow. But if they won't

believe our Lord, when He says He came to save *the world*, Tim Mahony need not expect to be listened to."

"I never could understand, uncle, how people who read such words as those could hold such a doctrine. When I ask Nat, he winds and twists the words into the direct opposite."

"They are great hands at that same. The old woman's definition of their form of faith, is the best I ever heard."

"What is that, uncle?"

"Here it is, and the history of it. An old crone had gone to Meeting to hear a probationer, that was preaching for a vacant pulpit. On the way home, she turned in to see a neighbour-woman that was bedfast. 'So ye had a new mon the day, Molly,' says the cripple, 'and what did he tell ye?' 'Augh, the guid auld doctrine: that we could do no good, if we would; and it would do us no good, if we could.'"

"Well, uncle, you have driven that nail home. It will take a clever man to draw it out."

The Meeting-house was an ugly edifice. Beauty must have been a great heresy in the opinion of the architect; so manifold and ingenious were his plans for securing ugliness. And the visage of the lion of the day was in keeping with the theatre, in which he exhibited. The sight of his face revived the memory of a portrait drawn by one of my oratorical preceptors:—"It was a compound, sir, of mustard, vinegar, and mortal sin." His voice was more a snappish snarl than any decent utterance of human speech. He left no doubt possible in the minds of any who heard him, of his perfect agreement with every syllable of the Westminster Confession. Over every jot of it he took his stand, a champion ready to do battle to the death. His system was Calvinism of the darkest hue. Souls are coming in ceaseless herds, in different ages, into the world—and they have no choice in that. They are placed in families, countries, nations, creeds—and they have no choice in that. They all bear a nature bad, dead, rotten to the core—and they have no more choice in the guidance of their lives, than clay in the hands of the potter. A few out of every generation of the lost herd come forth with a mark on them—for which there is no reason; and *they* have no choice in this. And they are healed, folded, fed, cherished, and glorified by the sovereign and distinguishing grace of God. The mass are in time handed over to inevitable, excruciating, interminable woe; and, by their misery, add to the happiness of the elect, and magnify the glory of God. And these are the glad tidings whereat the heavens rejoice, and earth is to be glad. Such was the impression conveyed to my mind by the words of the giant of orthodoxy. Glorious it may be, thought I, to those who have the requisite confidence or assurance; but to my Catholic mind, dreary, terrific,

abominable. My heart stood still with horror at the picture he drew of the adorable Father, destroying countless millions for *His own glory*. Before he came to his appeal, I had rejected *that* faith at once and for ever. But when he addressed himself to the pockets of his congregation, abhorrence of his doctrines passed into detestation of the man. He had come down to advocate his pet scheme for the conversion of such as myself from idolatry, to his lovely creed. In advocating this cause, he thought fit to draw a caricature of my Church, the mother of doctors, saints, and martyrs innumerable and incomparable—the House of God on earth. Surely we *did* catch it that day. It rained, hailed, stormed, thundered, lightened in a whirlwind of ugly epithets upon me, the sole representative of my Church. Stations, patterns, relics, indulgences, inquisitors, with rack and wedge, and fire and all implements of torture, of which his mind seemed a perfect inventory—these were our religion. Popes, corrupt, blood-thirsty, incestuous, demoniacal, these were our God. The air seemed to quiver with the shrieks, and groans, and ejaculations of the victims of *our* tyranny. We were heretic, apostate, loathsome, dead, and putrid. Again, we came to life and were drunk with the blood of the saints, children of a whore—and the prim maidens and the righteous elders sat, and listened, and believed it all, enjoying their snow-white purity the more, for our vileness and infamy. But the Prelatic Church did not escape either. For us he had bitter heart hatred—for them, only loathing and contempt. From the lordly Primate to the humblest midge of a Curate that floats in the sunbeam of metropolitan grandeur, he despised them all. They were only a galvanised corpse, decked out in the cast-off finery of meretricious Rome; a miserable compound of truth and falsehood propped up by fat livings, rich dignitaries, gorgeous Cathedrals. It was a juggle and imposture, incapable of good service for God or man. The sooner it was buried out of sight for decency's sake, the better. Yes, the only hope of a world hastening to ruin, lay in simple Scriptural Presbyterianism—such as *they* exhibited. And he belaboured their consciences for his mission, with weapons drawn from above, around, and beneath; driving them to bless the nations with this sovereign remedy—this universal panacea. And he drew another picture of the happy and glorious days, when his ideas should be transmuted by their zeal and cash into fact. They would never, never rest till the whole earth was involved in the meshes of one vast General Presbyterian Assembly; and the whole human race had come for shelter under the true blue mantles of Knox and Calvin; and the name 'Catholic' had paled and vanished before that of 'Calvinist;' and meeting-houses—like this—stood in every angle of every road; wherein rhinoceroses, like the speaker, might display their

clumsy gambols, before the admiring eyes of an universe, bound, every soul in it, by the brief and charitable vows of the Solemn League and Covenant. Finally, he shook the money bag rhetorical in our faces with piteous accents, and still the burden of his theme was—"Money, money, money"—and the Man of Sin must fall.

"That is a nice treat for a Sunday, Nat," said I, as we came forth, "to hear the Church of my mother, and my grandmother, and the apostles, saints, and martyrs, abused through all the moods and tenses, and dragged through the mire by that foul-mouthed reviler, whose soul is as ugly as his face. And I, that ought to be in love, and charity, and union, with those good ones to-day, am full of malice, and anger, and uncharitableness. Oh, Nat, Nat! and *you* sat and drank all that in as Gospel."

"Well, Hugh, I must admit it was very severe and bitter—shocking, in fact, but you must not judge my Church by him. You must hear Cooke or Morgan. They cannot fail to impress you for good."

"No, no; I shall not run into temptation again. I have had enough of your Church to serve me for a lifetime—and far too much. I am not so hopeful of the union of Catholics and Presbyterians in the great work, as I was this morning."

He strove to do away with the ill effects of the tirade against Popery, but failed.

I closed the discussion by saying—"I must go to Vespers to-night, and wash that sea of slander out of my mind, before I rest. Come you two along with me, and perhaps, Nat, you may discover something of what the word 'worship' means."

"Well," said Murray, "I rather liked the way Vinegar showed up the Popes, and those villanous Inquisitors. But I could have punched his head for the way he talked of our Church. Somehow, I do not feel as if I had spent Sunday right. But as I am in for it, I will go through it; so, Bryan, I am your man for Chapel. Lord! what would father say, if he knew I was going to Vespers?"

Said father was master of the Lodge of Purple Marksmen. True and loyal Protestants were they, for whom orange was not nearly a strong enough colour. They aimed at the top of the supreme grade of ultra-refined No Poperyism. Orange was Murray senior's necktie, but purple were his coat and waistcoat. Orange were his whiskers, purple his face. Over his shop front, the letters of his name in orange, shone in a field of purple. From his Bible, bound in purple, flowed a streamer of orange ribbons, fully a foot wide.

The appearance of the Purple Marksmen's master's son and heir in the chapel-yard, produced murmurs of resentment. "He can be here for no good purpose," said many a voice. But for the approach

of Father Clancy, one of the curates, and my best friend, Murray would have borne home some rude reminders of his parentage. The priest raised his eyebrows, when he saw the companions I had brought to worship with me.

"God bless you, my son," he said to me apart, "you may do good service to the Church as a layman yet. That is a good sign," pointing to Nat and Murray, "God bless them also !"

"Amen," said I, "and, Father, give us one of your good homilies to-night : no matter how short it is, it will do us all good."

He bade the sacristan place us in a retired pew, whence we could see, ourselves almost unseen. He sent my friends prayer-books. The chapel was, as usual, thronged with devout worshippers. There were no smiles, or whispers, or titterings here, as there had been in the Meeting-house. Every soul bowed before the felt presence of the Most High. Scarcely one upright figure was to be seen. Most, with hands clasped, and faces turned to the altar, were on their knees. Many, with streaming eyes, before the picture of The Crucified, bewailed their sins, beating their breasts, and crying—"mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa."

Such a scene was quite new to my companions. Anything like it in a place of worship they had never witnessed. Nat shrugged his shoulders, opened his prayer-book, glanced through its pages, flung it from him in horror, (he had seen "Holy Mary, Mother of God, now, and in the hour of death, pray for us,") and fixed himself, like the genius of Protestantism, grimly defiant, in a corner. Murray wore a look of puzzled disgust—"Why don't the fishwomen hold their tongues, and behave themselves decently ?"

My reply was, to fall on my knees, make the sign of the Cross, and join in the confession "*mea culpa*." Then the priest came forth, and a strain of music, soft and low, rose from the screen behind which sat the nuns. I bowed my head, and forgot all the incidents, and thoughts, and persons of the day ; and was at home with my mother as of old, and at one with angels, and archangels, and the Holy Church throughout all the world. I exulted in the thought of the countless myriads, with whom that act placed me in fellowship, of the chain of holy men, who had brought the peerless faith down even to me, stretching, as they did, without a missing link, from that pious celebrant—my pastor—to the College of Apostles, who stood on Olivet, and received their mission from the lips of the Lord God. There, in the deep calm of the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church, I could afford to smile at the miserable systems of hexesy, with their plans, and opinions, and controversies, and revilings, and blasphemies. Such was the staple of my worship, until Father Clancy's voice recalled me

to the present, giving out his text for the evening—"He maketh His sun to rise, upon the evil and the good." Nothing could be simpler, sweeter, or more unaffected, than the words which followed. The good God sends his blessing freely to all men, without respect of persons. The Blessed Saviour—the True Sun—gave loving words, food, healing, pardon, grace, life to all—prayed for all—died for all—lives to plead and work for and in all—evil as well as good. We, who are sinners all of us, must love Him above all; and be like Him in this, as in all things else. In the midst of wolves, ye Catholics are to live gentle, harmless, kindly, as His sheep. So He says; so says Holy Mother Church. So lived and died all the faithful. Love God, and all men, made in His image, redeemed by His blood, for His sake; be true and faithful in all your dealings; confess and wash away your sins by prayer, and penance, and the Holy Eucharist; and all things shall work together for your good, for ever and ever, Amen. That was all his sermon. Not quite ten minutes did it last. There was no show of fine language, or rounded periods, or oratory; not a trace of animosity, or reference even, to the enemies of his Church; only simple truth spoken in simple words, which none could gainsay or resist. My friends were quiet during the greater part of our walk home.

Before we parted, Nat gave his verdict. "Yon man is a Christian man, and speaks grand truths like one who believes them; but I cannot stand the bowing and scraping, and the pictures, and the worship of the Virgin."

Murray's was even shorter. "Bryan," said he, "Vinegar spoke as much truth about your Church, as he did about my own, this morning. Somebody is not so black, as he is painted."

I said nothing. Why seek to make proselytes? Enough, that they confess, we have something to say in our defence. Their faith, no doubt, is best for them—as mine certainly is for me. Enough that they acknowledge, "Papists are not so black, as they are painted."

Our next inquisitorial visit was to the Cathedral. That shrine I always viewed with reverence; much as a Jew must the mosque of Omar standing on Mount Moriah. The temple on that hill has been the mother fane of Ireland's worship—false and true—for more than 2,000 years. There our kings had been anointed; and our greatest men had knelt in the most solemn hours of their lives; and the earth around it is their dust. There, they had sat surrounded by tanists, and brehons, and knights, and kernes, in all the pomp and power of real sovereignty. Within those walls, the sacred heroes of my race and faith had communed with their God. Now, it was utterly English. In it, the Sassenach Primate and Bishops were consecrated. In it the Sassenach prayers had been chanted daily since the Deformation.

The bells, Sassenach also, always smote me as sounding, the triumph of the alien—the knell of the native race. Most gladly would I have evaded the part of my compact which was to bring me to the worship celebrated within its walls. But Murray was inexorable. He had gone to Chapel at great risk. I must go to the Cathedral. I entered the hallowed portals, brimful of prejudice. The "*genus loci*" was hostile to a Bryan. The minutes before the service were absolute torture. The Lord Primate—a most venerable man—but with the mien of the High Priest of a race of conquerors, moved up the aisle, with a burst of music, and a train of choristers and dignitaries; after whom came the English officers and judges. I champed the bit furiously in the stall I sat in, and could give no heed to the opening of the service. Until a surpliced boy, an innocent youth, whom I knew well, ravished our ears with a solo, in the anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and my fretted spirit was hushed and composed into the frame of devotion. He held me in a trance of delight. I thought I heard an angel singing in the clouds before he ceased. Afterwards, for a little, I could not but own that the words which fell upon my mind were pure, sublime, and Christian; and I *was* in the spirit of prayer—when suddenly there bellowed out behind us, like the roar of an ox, "Oh God, the Father of heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners." The voice which thundered out these solemn words actually stunned me. Nor could I comprehend their dread significance, till thinking over them in the quiet of home, I mourned my guilty irreverence. For, Nat and I turned round, to see whence came the concussion on our nerves; and just behind us stood Elliott, with head thrown back, and throat stretched to its utmost tension, and his stentorian voice pealing out sentence after sentence of the Litany. This man was at once the terror and the laughing-stock of all the boys in the town. Woe betide the urchin who stole his apples! and his orchard was a tempting one—or gnawed his turnips, and his fields lay along the road to our bathing-place! For them strange punishments were in store. Had we not heard this same Elliott, as we followed him in his country rides, carrying on long conversations, garnished with expressions strangely like oaths, on the most unearthly subjects, with his pony? Was not this the man, who had cunningly contrived, and warily set up, a mirror of a strange device, over his mantel-piece, wherein he could observe, safe from detection, every gesture of the individual who stood behind him? Had he not so caught Johnny Cargy—who is singing over there—with tongue out, and thumb to nose, while the boy was whining out in lachrymose tones excuses for his bad chanting, deprecations of the great man's wrath, and piteous entreaties for mercy? Had he not turned on Johnny in



the act of scowling at his patron ; and caught him on his toe, and spun him out through the open window on the gravel ? And now, this same grotesque tyrant is behind us, thundering out in his terrible voice most humble supplications. Yes, and now he returns our stare with a sour, bilious, magisterial look, that puts to flight our last remnant of gravity. It was a shame, a scandal, and a sin—but we could not help it. We held our heads down, filled our mouths with our handkerchiefs, and, for several minutes, shook with chuckles which could not be repressed. Nor did we return to decency, and the sense of where we were, until the silver, flute-like voice of the patriarchal Primate rose, entreating for us in a sublime prayer (how appropriate !) that God would cleanse the thoughts of our hearts, and enable us to worship Him worthily. The words covered me with a cloud of a bitter shame. Little more of the service can I remember now. The sermon was the driest and most wearisome of commonplace, ringing innumerable changes on the word "Justification." When we came forth, I was deeply ashamed of myself, and carried away the impression that the English service might be of great value to one who was familiar with it, and whose heart was attuned to it. But the only effect which these visits had on my views, was to deepen the hold which my own Church had on my feelings, and convictions, my heart, and my mind. My mother, Bridget, and Father Phil had grounded me too well in the faith, to be easily moved by any wind of strange doctrine. Nat was worse than ever against the prelaticals, after his visit to the Cathedral. The whole service was, in his eyes, from the procession at the beginning to the procession at the end, a miserable piece of play-acting. The singing of the psalms and prayers was downright foolish. The graven images and pictured windows were shocking. The sermon was like a mouthful of sawdust.

"Yon man," said he, "would not eat salt to his porridge, if he was one of our ministers. He can only gabble—Faith, faith, faith, like a turkey cock ; he would soon empty our houses ; and he is one of *their* great guns, and has more than a thousand a-year. Poor craytures."

Murray was severely thrashed by the Arch-Marksman, at the instigation of Elliott, for bringing profane Dissenters in to disturb the service of the Church.

My uncle was not surprised at the result of our experiment. He tried his hardest to expound to me the mystery of Justification, but gave up in despair, saying, it was too strong meat for one in my condition. "However," said he, "it was some comfort that the Primate gave you satisfaction. It is well that the old man did not know you were there, or he would have been very nervous. He would have

broken down, if he had known he had to read before the heir of the Bryans, praying over the bones of his great ancestor Boru."

"Spare me now, uncle, and let the bones rest."

"But, Hugh," interposed my aunt, "don't be so hard in judging Mr. Elliott. For all the quare stories they tell about him, Tim there knows, he is a rale good man."

"Do you know him, uncle?"

"In a kind of a way; he and I met at a place, that hypocrites are not fond of."

"Where was that?"

"At a death-bed. I was sent for, to see old Bill Dick, the pensioner, when the doctors gave him up. A neighbour woman, one of our people, could not bear the thought of his going out of the world, without some care for his soul, 'so, come you over, and try your best to waken him,' says she to me, at the class-meeting one morning. Such a bad case I never came across. He was Gospel-hardened. You would have said, his heart was like a paving-stone. I read the most dreadful parts of the Bible over to him, and showed him, there was no hope for the drunkard, and he was that; nor even for the moral man, and he was not that; and I was ready to cry over him, going like a stalled ox to the slaughter. All I could get from him, when I read the description of the Judgment Day, and the lake of fire, and the souls crying to the rocks to cover them, was, 'Oh, yes, Mr. Mahony, I know all the Bible better than you do. You see, when I was young, I was taught my duty—that I ought to read the Bible; so, I read it through seven times, and that, I think, cleared my soul of that duty, and has saved me a deal of trouble in my old age.' 'And how long ago was that?' 'Well, I suppose it's forty years since I finished it the last time.' 'And have you not read it since?' 'What's the use? sure I know it all. The curate was in last week, and he asked me as a favour to read some of it on Sunday, and so I did. I read twenty-nine chapters in the Chronicles, about the wars.' And he went on wandering about the way the Duke would have settled the Syrians. As a last resort, I read over to him all about the Crucifixion, and when I had finished, I was sure *that* must have softened him; so, says I, 'William, what a loving Saviour He is!' 'Oh aye,' deed is He. But look here now, Mr. Mahony, as you are a friendly man, I'll do you a favour. It came into my head, while you were reading. There is a bed of onions in the garden there, sixteen yards by three. They are the finest ever you seen. I am sure there is six full-grown onions in every square foot,' and he went on calculating, and said, he would give me the lot for £1. All I could say was, 'Bill, Bill, what would you do in Heaven? There will be neither onions nor bank-notes there.'

Just as I was going out, Mr. Elliott was passing. 'Sir,' says I, 'you are a clergyman, and there is a dying man in here wants some one to open his eyes.'—and I told him it all. He walks straight up to the bed, and says, in a voice that made me shiver, 'Attention, Sergeant Dick. The General is coming to inspect your soul. Is it ready?' Bill's eyes seemed to sink into his head with fright. His face got as white as the sheet. He fell back in a heap on the bed. 'No, no, no. I am not ready—I am not ready.' Then said Mr. Elliott to me, 'Good friend, leave us alone for a little.' Well, Hugh, as sure as I am here, Mr. Elliott stayed all the night, and far into the next day, with Bill; and did not leave him till I went to take his place. Bill was like a little child then. He had no joy or transports—but a kind of hopeful calm. He said he had been an awful sinner, and had only a little hope, that his late repentance would be accepted; but, if he was saved, he would owe all to that good man, Mr. Elliott. The precentor attended him to the last minute of his life; and the look he gave, as Bill's spirit passed away, will be with me to the hour of my death. It was as if he longed to follow him, or to send a message by him to some one in the other world. He is a queer man. He would not miss a death-bed for a hundred pounds; and there is not an execution in the Three Kingdoms, but he must be there to see the hanging."

"He is indeed a singular man, uncle," said I. "Do you know much about his former life? He is English, of course."

"Oh, yes, English all over; and has no more notion of what Paddy is like inside, than he has of the meaning of 'Thurrapogue.' He came to Armagh about five years after ourselves. The Primate brought him over to get the choir in order."

"Well he has done that, at all events," said I.

"Oh, dear, at that time, he was the finest man I ever saw. He was the greatest preacher I ever sat under—the greatest, mind, not the best. He used to hammer away at you Papists and us Schismatics, and wicked Church people most of all. He drew great congregations to the Cathedral I can tell you. If he had kept it up they would have had to knock away the screens, and enlarge the bounds for him. He was a great man for music then, too. Nothing would do him, but he must catch every child in the town, and teach them music. And he got hundreds. But *they* came in sport for fun—and *he* was in earnest, and had a soul above jigs, and songs, and ballads. Still I think he would have broken them in. And, for all his strong sermons, he was hand in glove with the Roman Catholic Primate, and the Presbyterian Ministers, and was for ever dragging them after him for the health and the comfort of the poor. He was for doing good, I mean, in them days. But one morning

there came a blow to him in a letter from England ; and none saw him out of his house for months ; and when he came out again, he was like a dead man. They say, he was raving mad ; and that still at times he goes out of his senses. Anyhow, he has never preached, since he got that letter. He cares for nothing but his fiddle and his farm now. I suppose the sweet sounds and the green fields compose his mind."

"Hugh dear," said my aunt, "don't you know young Peter Carty, the locksmith's son? He can tell you more than any one else about him."

"I have a nodding acquaintance with him, aunt. We both sing in the Chapel choir. How does he know anything of Mr. Elliott?"

"Why, man alive, Mr. Elliott got him taught all he knows about music. That is another of his oddities. He always keeps a young Roman, to play the fiddle along with him. There is a chance for yourself, you see."

"I wish there was—I would hop at it. But I shall speak to Carty about his patron."

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## CHAPTER VI.

My home-life in Armagh was as happy as life in this world ever is. Kinder or less selfish souls than Tim and Nance never dwelt in love and harmony and innocence together. They loved Peace, and she loved them, and abode with them. Of discord, or ill humour, or discontent, I never traced a sign in that house. His business was safe and prosperous. The name of Timothy Mahony was known, and his brand valued, even in Liverpool. He had, as a matter of course, the custom of all the Methodists in the country ; and in time most of the farmers who wished for fair dealing, came to him, and never forsook him. During the period of my sojourn in Armagh, he contracted his business life to six hours daily, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. That he might have acquired a large fortune, he and every one in the town knew. A boy whom he picked literally out of the gutter, is to-day a baronet, and the possessor of an estate, which gives an earl his title. Him my uncle reared, and taught his craft, and lent money, to embark in a venture, which led to wealth and rank. But Timothy had

overcome the love of money. His tastes, when he had £1000 in bank, were as simple as when he earned 8d. a day in the South. Potatoes were to him and his helpmeet always the sweetest and most wholesome food on earth. In one of Mr. Wesley's sermons they had read of a man who lived for years on a daily pennyworth of parsnips, in his zeal for the spread of true religion. From a sense of honour and loyalty to the great name, they tried the parsnip-diet; but the change was so great, and the diet so washy, that they almost lost their tempers, which they thought a worse sin than the carnal extravagance involved in the daily halfpenny more, which the potatoes cost. Butter, and eggs, and pork were stored in the house by the hundred-weight; but their uniform diet was potatoes and sour milk. When I became an inmate in their house, the table was always well stocked; and for my sake tea became an article of daily consumption; and the baker a regular attendant at our door. They had always entertained their preachers since they had a house of their own, or a morsel of the fat of the land. Nothing was too good for these honoured men. For them, long before my advent, a neat sitting-room and bed-room ("the prophet's chamber") had been set apart, and furnished by the leading upholsterer of the town in his best style. More than £100 this had cost him, my uncle informed me; and he was glad the amount was so great, as it proved his esteem for the cause. When they were in the house, a dignified old lady, who had lived as housekeeper in a very great family,—herself also an ardent disciple of John Wesley,—came, and ordered all things at her own pleasure. Had she represented pine apples at a sovereign a-piece as the best preaching-diet for ministers, Tim would have procured them without a murmur, so long as the money lasted. Nance sometimes gave her husband a sly hint, that he should make more money, and be able to give Hugh a decent fortune.

Whereat the good man shook his head, and replied—"Hard enough, Nance dear, it is already, to keep the world under our feet, where God has put it, and means it to stay, till we go under it. Buying and selling, and making and handling money, and seeing it grow almost of itself, is a great snare to human nature. No, no; we are well and happy as we are, thank God. We will be able to give Hugh as much as will be good for him. Money is the worst thing you could give a boy like him. He has hands and brains of his own, and they were meant to be used; and he is sober, and has a good temper, though it is a bit too quick; and a ready tongue, and a smile that is worth a guinea, according to your own valuation, Nance; and it will be pleasanter for him to make a fortune for himself, and a shame for him if he does not. I never saw good come out of big fortunes yet.

See how the filthy lucre has taken all the sap and life out of them dead-alive Quakers. They are nothing but wooden machines ; and I hear they were once as warm as ourselves ; but that was, when they were poor. And I would not give up one minute of the time I spend in the work of the Lord, or go one inch in the way of the lukewarm money-grubs, for all the money that ever was coined on earth ; and you are not the one would be after asking me, old woman, or I do not know anything about you, after thirty-five years of rather intimate acquaintance."

His labours in the work of a local preacher were indeed abundant. Three evenings in every week, would his manly form stalk out into the country to scattered portions of the Wesleyan community. Then, he would visit and counsel all who would receive him ; and, among his own brethren, he warned the backsliders, comforted the heavy-laden, and inflamed the young, until late in the evening ; when from the highways and hedges he gathered in all-comers to listen to his word of exhortation. Seldom did he return from his field of duty, before the Palace clock struck ten. Then Nance had a dish of potatoes, and a bowl of milk ready for him, and, for an hour, he would give us a frank and graphic narrative of the success and failure of his ministry that evening ; and the incidents, grave or gay, which diversified his walks. Punctually at eleven, the loving pair would kiss their boy, and leave him to his books, and seek repose. Often during the night, Tim's voice would echo through the house, as he wrestled in prayer for soul after soul of all he knew. "He must pray aloud," he said, "or his thoughts would be frittered away ; and it kept the devil at arm's length, he found ;" but it was a very long time before my nerves were reconciled to the weird murmurings, which often syllabled my name in the darkness. No one could hear Tim praying, and have a moment's doubt of his sincerity. On Wednesday night, the stated service in the chapel detained him in the city. There, the burden of the duty often fell on him, and was performed with alacrity, and acceptance to his hearers. Tuesdays and Saturdays were his only evenings at home. Then, Nat and I enjoyed a feast of conversation with him. His mind—droll, sparkling, good-humoured, full of stories—as free from guile or bitterness as pure spring water—would wander back to old times, over the events of the day, the doings of the city, his hopes for the future, and his projects for the universal conversion of the human race. He could garnish the most unlikely subjects with racy wit, and make us listen to long religious histories without a shade of weariness ; because he always spoke from real life.

Welsh, when in Armagh, which was in my second and fourth years there, lived with us entirely. In him also the sunny Southern nature

showed itself in a genial love of innocent mirth and fun. He had grown mellow and less Puritanical than he had been, when in feeble health in Rathcore. He had a great store of old Irish music ; and the skill and taste of a master in handling the harp. From it he drew strains of melody, which I accompanied on the violin, that kept my aunt in tears, and the favoured circle of listeners in rapture.

Then, Nance would say, "James Welsh was for all the world like the picture of King David—only his hair was black, and he had no crown on his head ; but sure, whoever sees him shining in glory, will see few with so many jewels in their crown, as James."

Sunday was no day of rest to the Methodist part of our household. At seven in the morning they started for the class-meeting ; at nine returned for breakfast ; at ten, Tim went to the Sunday-school, and Nance to visit her sick and indigent room-keepers. At two, we sat down to a dinner, cooked and placed on table, the night before. At three, he dived into a ragged school, of his own establishment, in a miserable hovel in the dirtiest den of the city. At seven, both sought the place of prayer and preaching once again. The light in their faces, and the tone of their voices, were enough to convince the most sceptical that the day was one of supreme happiness to them. We were perpetual enigmas to each other. I, blind and hostile to the truth and power of their Gospel, was the thorn in their flesh. They, by their entire severance from the Catholic Church, made me often shudder for their guilt and danger. And, worst of all, I could not deny, that change of faith had made Tim altogether a new man. Many a time I asked myself, could it really be, that this man was once the wild, drunken, good-for-nothing rake—known even to my charitable mother as Tim the Devil ; whose reckless exploits were among my father's richest stories—this exemplary local preacher ? Could this be the wretched sot, whom my aunt had pourtrayed, as entering Dublin in want and ruin, from his inextinguishable love of ardent spirits ? Now, he is the shining model of honesty, virtue, temperance, charity, godliness, to all the inhabitants of this metropolitan city of two great churches. Every one admits his merit, decry his principles and creed as they may. Still more, he is a man of refined tastes, who has spent his twenty quiet years to good purpose. His mind is stored with information which he can communicate with rare skill to others ; his heart is, I know, alive with a glowing fire of the noblest sentiments, both towards God and man. His language, marked as it is with the brogue and dialect, and coloured by the warm fancy of his native South, is the flexible instrument of a masculine understanding. And this man was, in other days, Tim Mahony, the blackguard, drunkard—"The Devil." Whence came this mighty and undeniable change ?

Could it be, that the Spirit of God had reached his soul, through the voice of a heretic? I dared not say either "Yea," or "Nay." But I reasoned somehow thus. Had a worthy priest met him that night, which was clearly the turning-point of his life, and been a good Samaritan to him, and brought the truths of the Faith and the Voice of the Church to bear upon him, while smarting under his sins, and alive with gratitude; the result would equally have been his conversion from evil, and his after life and devotion would have been of a much higher order. It was plain that he was no common man—that he had rare ability, and energy, and faith. Such a man in the Catholic Church would have found his proper field of work; under a wise priest, he would change the character of a whole parish. What a lieutenant he would be for Father Mathew! What an ally in the patriotic cause against the enemy of our Church and race! As it was, heresy had done his nature deep injury. He had no reverence for holy things; no awful sense of the majesty of God, and the unutterable humiliation becoming the sinner in His sight. These were plants which I could find to flourish nowhere but in the Church of Rome. My uncle's language about Holy Baptism and the Eucharist was shockingly profane; his familiar expressions, in speaking of our Blessed Lord, pained me excessively. And he lived in a world of unrealities—spent his life in the ceaseless retailing of certain Methodist nostrums in religion, with the most signal want of success. And he was as blindly subservient to the will of the preachers, as any ever were to their priests. Instead of doing such work, as Vincent de Paul, or François de Sales, or Borromeo, and achieving the crown of sainthood in the Church, he was only a pork-dealing, swaddling, local preacher. At all events, Methodism, and the life it assigned him, satisfied him to the core of his heart. He had no more doubt of his new birth—of his unction from above, of the certainty of his immediate beatification at the moment of death, than Father Phil had of *his* commission. There was, I was convinced, a terrible, it might be a fatal, delusion in his mind. True, the effects of it were good. But false views often led to results that were worthy of all praise. The fancied apparition had reconciled the Dwyers and Dempseys. In their case, deceit and falsehood produced blessed fruit, where the simple truth had failed. So it was with Tim and Nancy. Their heated fancy had led them, by a strange path, to virtuous and exemplary living. May it not even be the old leaven of Catholicism, working in their hearts, that gives such life, and charity, and love to them; and raises them so far above the meanness, and pride, and bitterness of these Northern Protestants? But my own faith was not staggered for an instant by the sight of their lives, any



more than by Tim's arguments. Mr. Crofton's life had shown me a more impressive type of Protestantism, and *it* was immeasurably beneath the standard of the Catholic Church. But at length I banished all thought on the subject, and acquiesced in a state of affairs which brought abundance of comfort to me ; and which I was powerless to change. But the sight of their earnest service of error made me a more devout Romanist. I performed with zeal all the duties of a good Catholic, and submitted in everything to the advice of my spiritual director, the good Father Clancy.

Indoors, Tim was seldom seen without a book. All the works of John Wesley, sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford ; all the volumes of the Arminian or Methodist Magazine ; the huge tomes of Clarke's Commentary ; and the works of John Fletcher, of Madely, with a few books on gardening and natural history, stood, in strong calf-skin bindings, in the neat book-case in our sitting-room. These had been his teachers for the last twenty years, and these alone. Some of Wesley's journals, which I dipped into, reminded me strongly of Aunt Bridget's lives and legends of the Saints.

"If they were saints at all," said he, "I am very sure they did."

Over and over again, he had read his library to Nance ; and from every part, to my admiration, they extracted serene refreshment.

The only weak point in my uncle's character lay in excessive fondness for his garden. His love of flowers amounted to a passion. He burned to have specimens of all beautiful plants in his Paradise ; and grudged neither money, nor diplomacy, nor humiliation, to procure a root, a bulb, a slip, even a few pickles of the seed, of a rare plant. His own hands tilled the soil, and tended his darlings, with no helper but Nance. He brought the long strip of mould to the beauty of a fairy bower. Snowdrops, crocuses, violets, tulips, carnations, dahlias, roses of fifty sorts, flowered there, each in its season, and in its highest development of form. For fruit he cared very little. Yet he grew fine strawberries and plums. And was any sick in the town ? To them went his sweetest bouquets, and the best of his produce. The first fruits of every tree and plant were vowed and rigidly rendered to the sickest and poorest of his wide acquaintance. This garden was his oratory. Turning over the earth kept him, he said, in mind of man's former and latter end. Here he chose his texts, and produced and arranged his discourses. Up and down among the beds in the early morning, he walked in holy meditation—Bible in hand, the tower of the Cathedral stretching up before him, and his treasury of illustrations on every side of his path. Every flower in the garden—and the insects that hovered about them ; every stone in the tower, the graves

around, the clouds above, and the earth beneath, had served as similes to adorn his sermons.

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One morning—it was a holiday—I had news from home, and I went out to relate it to my loving foster-parents. The letter was from my mother, written this time by Nelly. As Tim was in the agony of composition, addressing a bed of hollyhocks, on the duty of continual thankfulness, I took a seat beside my aunt in the arbour, and gave her an abstract of my tidings. The storm had quite passed over, and all were reconciled to me. Even Father Phil admitted, that the career open to me as a student of Trinity College was large enough for any ambition; the Parson and the Squire made no secret of their joy, and augured great things of my future; my father was never tired exulting over the great fortune had come to his Hugh; Bridget had installed in the throne of her affections, a pious young husband, who, like herself, had been sworn against matrimony; so, neither could cast it up to the other. To Nance, I was charged to convey Norry's dearest love, and kisses innumerable. When I ceased reading the warm expressions of her sister's heart, and raised my eyes, tears were trickling down my good aunt's cheeks.

"Ohone, darling, but such kindly words as them bring back the thoughts of old times, and old friends, and old faces; and I can't help longing to see the old places once more. Oh, Tim, dear," said she to Tim, who now joined us, "could you not manage to give us just one peep at Lismore, and the Blackwater, and my own mother's grave?"

Tim, with affection fresh and warm as on their bridal-day, put his arm round her waist, kissed away her tears, and said, "Mavourneen, you do not know what it is you are asking. It is the bitter heart you would carry back with you from the old place. Cheer up, dear; think of the real home that is not so far before us; and the river of life; and the harps of the angels; and the smile on The Face, that is waiting for you."

"Tim dear, I know all that; and I am not fretting—the Lord forbid!—but the longing for one's own people comes over me, and I can't help it; and the neighbours here have not the friendly, loving way of the friends below."

"Aye, Nance, home is home, be it never so homely; and there is no place in the world like home to all of us. I suppose the Northerns would feel it as cold, and desolate, and friendless among our people, as we do here. But, dear, that is the crook in your lot, and I know no one has so little denied them, as we have. So let us be happy. I am going to preach this night on 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,' and I must not leave a heavy one at home."

Meanwhile I was admiring the handsome polished slab of marble, which formed the seat of Tim's arbour.

"Uncle," said I, "this is a singular stone. It must have been an altar stone, or something of that kind. And there are the traces of an inscription on it. Can they be Ogham characters, I wonder? I must copy some of them, and ask Dr. Flower."

"Well, it is an ancient stone, I am sure—at least as old as the world. But the inscription was English once, and the polish is not more than a hundred years old, at the farthest."

"How so, uncle? You seem to know all about it."

"Aye, aye, there is a story about that stone, and it is not so long, since I heard it myself. You know, this house was owned by old Billy King, the pawnbroker, before we came to it. Every one said at the time, I was the only man he ever gave a bargain to; for I got the place under its value. Well, dear, he was a terrible screw, that had no heart at all, but only a gizzard; and drove his children away from him by bad usage; and cared for nothing, but gathering golden guineas. He used to boast, he had as many as would reach in a line from the old Cathedral to the new one, and that is a good mile. So you may say he was a rich man. He was bitter hard, with only one soft spot in his composition. Like myself, he was cruel fond of his garden and his flowers—yellow ones especially. All them crocuses, and tiger-lilies, and tea-roses, were planted by him. He spent a deal of time, working and walking among them; and talking to them a deal more affectionately than to his children. He made this summer-house, and when he had got the roof and sides done—'It only wants a nice seat,' said he, 'to make it perfection.' At that very time they were working about the Cathedral, and levelling the yard. They had raised ever so many bones, and, of course, the tomb-stones were lying against the walls in heaps. 'One of them,' says Bill to himself, 'would suit me to a T.' So, one morning the miser made Sam Fisher, the mason, wonder where he was, when he asked him down, to share a quart of whiskey with him. Right good stuff it was; and no man was ever freer with his liquor, than the miser this day. Before the quart was done, Sam found out what was wanted. 'Sam,' says Bill, 'a power of fine stones you have above that it would be hard to find right owners for.' 'Aye, that we have,' says Sam. 'I was thinking, one of them would make an illigant sate for my summer-house. You know, you might let it fall over the wall by chance, some evening; and if it was missed, you could get it up, and no more said. If I find one there some of these days, Sam, I'll give you the price of another quart.' 'Mr. King,' says Sam, 'if you give me the money at once, I'll engage you will find the best stone in the yard—ready, set, and all—when you go out to your

garden in the morning.' 'Well, it is against my rules, but you are an honest fellow, Sam, and I'll trust you,' said he, giving him the money. 'And mind, Sam, and set it as firm as a rock,' was his parting salutation to the mason. Next morning, at ten o'clock, out comes Bill into his garden, and, dear alive! sure enough, he sees a most beautiful stone, smooth, and spacious, and as firm as a rock. He runs up to it with joy;—and falls down before it in a faint (Sam and the men watched him from above), for, it was his own name he saw before him. 'Erected to the memory of William King, by his mourning widow.' You see, it was his own father's tombstone, that the play-boy of a mason had set up for him, as a seat in his summer-house. The marks there are the remains of the inscription. Hard as he was, the fright shook him all over; and for days he thought, he saw his father's ghost every night. He never entered the garden again, and was glad to sell the house to me cheap. He gave up the pawnbroking; took a place in the country; went to church regular; and was a changed man from that day. Who knows, but it was the finger of God that touched the only soft part in his hard heart? Anyhow, Nance, his money is all scattered now to the four winds of heaven. And, before it went, it split his family into splinters. Not one of them all, I have heard, died a Christian death."

"Hugh, darling," said Nance, who had been absent in mind during Tim's narrative, "go in for your fiddle, and give your old aunt some music, before Tim opens the shop."

"Yes, my boy, fetch it out, and gratify the lady and myself with 'The Coolin,' or 'Savourneen Deelish.' They will not sound worse, on a balmy morning among the sweet flowers; than in a dirty shebeen, with the reek of the punch, and the tobacco smoke about one."

I tried to gratify their wish, and played as well as I could, several of the sweetest of our melodies; and was closing with the most delicious of them all, "The Blackbird," when a voice, from the Cathedral side of the wall, startled us. A dignitary—the great precentor himself—had been eavesdropping.

"You are a savage murderer, sir. That unhappy blackbird deserved a more merciful execution. And, Mr. Mahony, it appears from your own confession, that you have taken part in a shameful piece of sacrilege. A fine local preacher *you* are, sir!"

We stood aghast at the terrible charges hurled against us in a truculent voice; until he spoke again.

"Come up to me, boy, this instant, till I hear any defence you have to offer, for mangling my favorite blackbird"

The bony hand of the precentor stretched down the wall (the ground was much higher on his side), almost to the collar of my coat.

His rigid angular features glared on me, with a comical look of eager vengeance. Tim and my aunt were speechless.

"If you please, sir, I had rather go round to you by the gate, than climb up over the wall. I may be a cruel executioner. Burglar I am not. I do not think you need be alarmed, uncle and aunt; Mr. Elliott will scarcely like to tell a jury, the way in which he heard your confession."

"Your tongue is too sharp by half, sir. But come round to the gate; I shall meet you there."

Great was my joy at the precentor's gruff salutation. I knew that Carty had paved the way for my introduction to him, as that youth's successor. He, unlucky wight, had fallen in love, and suffered the strains of his adored one's favorite, 'Mary Blane,' to mingle with Handel's sublime notes. Whereat his irate patron uttered a howl of pain; put an end to the discord by a sound cuff on the faulty ear; and then healed the wound, by a cheque for a goodly amount, which sealed the close of their connexion. The precentor, informed of my desire and tastes by Carty, had listened to my execution of the Irish airs; and was, I felt sure, about to hand to me the idle fiddle, and bow of his musical disciple. He met me at the gate, led me into his own house; posed himself, with his face to the invisible mirror, and his back to me. I tried hard to look unconscious; but the effort was too much. He turned and scowled at me.

"Sir, you have heard of this? Well, I wish to have the services of a Romish boy of your years, who has a passion for music. He must give me six hours a week, of his time; and submit to me in all things. Have you the courage to try me as a master?"

"I can answer for the courage, sir, but not for any accurate knowledge of music."

"Oh! I shall teach you myself. It is the easiest way in the end. Sit down now, sir, and play your best—you may be a musician some day."

He named the days and hours, at which he should require my attendance; and dismissed me with a heart full of gladness.

"He is the best master in the world," Carty had told me.

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"Hugh," said my uncle, next morning, "I am far from aisy in my mind about that tombstone in the garden. Mr. Elliott was only joking, of course, but his words won't go out of my head. Every time I look at it, it seems to say, 'Tim Mahony, thou sawest a thief and consentedst unto him—you are only a whited sepulchre yourself, though you are a local preacher.'"

"Deed an' Tim," said Nance, "it does seem unchristian-like to

be enjoying one's self over the tombstone that a lone widow set up in tears, to keep alive the memory of one that was all in all to her."

"You see, Hugh," said Tim, "I took counsel with the brethren about it last night. We found it impossible to settle who the right owner of it is. Bill is dead, and his sons and daughters are dead, of sin and drunkenness; and not one of the blood is left in the country anywhere. What to do, I do not know. Only out of *that* it *must* go."

"Suppose, uncle," said I, "that you go and consult the Dean about it. He is the proper guardian of the Cathedral, and all its belongings."

"That is the most reasonable speech I have heard yet. Where is my hat, Nance?"

"God speed you, Tim," said she, as she brought down his Sunday coat, and hat, and stick. "The widow came between me and my prayers last night. I know it was all nonsense, but I could not help thinking that the ould man's ghost was haunting the house. Yes; and I catch myself making the sign of the Cross, whenever the thought comes into my head. God forgive me, and all friends here and elsewhere, if it is wrong," with a sly look at me.

On my uncle's return, he told us the Dean was in as great perplexity, as the preachers had been. He apprehended, it would be difficult to determine, with any degree of probability, the spot where the interment had taken place. In fact, since the restoration, and he understood the elder Mr. King had been buried before that event, there was no possibility of discovering the site. Furthermore, the chapter had no funds at their disposal for such purposes. Indeed, such a shameful act of desecration never could have been anticipated. As, however, Mr. Mahony seemed troubled about it, if *he* were willing to bear the expenses, he (the Dean) would point out a spot where the slab might be repositied. He was glad to hear the words "Beneath," or "Here lie," or an equivalent, were not on the stone. That simplified their course—Ha! indeed! Well, as Mr. Mahony was so liberal, and, upon his word, he honoured him for it, he would see to it without delay.

So, with all decency, the stone, freshly lettered, was set up in a retired corner of the graveyard, which became in consequence the most frequented; and Tim's conscience was at rest in his Paradise; and Nance lost the dread of the old man's ghost; and the widow's tears were dried; and the possibly-sinful habit of making the Cross fell into disuse.

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The precentor was a stern and imperious master. For months he kept me at the simplest exercises, and exacted hard and constant study

and practice. Rarely did a word of praise, or even a look of satisfaction, give a hint that I was improving; till one day he said, "Now, sir, you may throw away the corks; henceforth you can swim in the deepest water."

Thenceforward we played together, and the man's rugged, warped nature stood out in majestic lineaments before me. Music was to him, in truth, another sense; by which he believed that he held communion with another sphere. At times his emotion would rise to the pitch of frenzy, and he would pour forth floods of sublime and wonderful thought—often rising far above my comprehension. At other times he would lie back in a rapturous trance, while I continued playing. Then, his emaciated face would light up with serene joy, and his lips move, as in adoration. A single touch of discord would send a shiver over his whole frame; and drive him into a fit of fury, before which I fled. When our connection had lasted a year, he flung me one day a handful of sovereigns—which I turned away from, in disdain.

"Take them, sir," said he. "You have fairly earned them. I receive favours from no man."

"Nay, sir," said I, "the debt is on my side. You have conferred an inestimable favour on me."

"Look here now, Bryan, you must take the money—I insist upon it. Our connection is purely one of business. Don't think you can flatter, or ingratiate yourself with me."

"Sir, I have no such thought, I assure you; but I should despise myself, if I touched a farthing of that money. The privilege I have enjoyed here is, I say again, an inestimable favour."

"Now, boy, understand me. I know you think me a monster. They say I am a Papist at heart, don't they? Because I play Romish music, and always choose a Roman Catholic for my music-boy. Little they know the reason. Protestant boys would not suit me. Their faith would be shivered by contact with such a clergyman as I am. They might slide down into fathomless infidelity. No fear of that with you. You wear a very complacent smile. Pshaw, child, you have swallowed such a mass of the incredible and absurd, from the cradle, that the mystery of a half-christian, half-pagan priest is only a reason the more to increase your disgust at heresy. Yes, it will make you all the firmer adherent of the *Sedes Apostolica*. You won't take the money. Well, it can lie over, till the time for parting comes."

"What a riddle man is," said I, on my homeward way; "if I had met you, Mr. Elliott, in a work of fiction, I should have thrown away the book, as a tissue of badly-woven falsehood."

## CHAPTER VII.

Coming home from school one day in the winter of 1843, with my head full of a dissertation of Dr. Flower, on the party riots at Athens, during the Peloponnesian war, delivered over the pages of Thucydides, I heard the familiar notes of our favorite air in the South, "The Coolin," played on a harp. The minstrel was hidden from view by a crowd of boys and girls, with a sprinkling of mechanics, on their way to the foundry. I at once leaped to the conclusion that it was my dear old Rory. Armagh had been a conspicuous shrine in the itinerary of his pilgrimage. I seldom passed any of the holy places of the city, without a faint hope of finding the old man. There is a pause in the music, a hum of applause; the sound of tributary coppers falling on the ground. Now, he is off again with fresh and grateful vigour. But what the mischief is he playing? Surely, it cannot be. Yes, poor fellow, he has chosen no other tune, than the hateful "Garryowen," in this capital of Orangeism. Of course, *he* knows nothing of its fatal significance in this den of hellish bigotry. To him, it is only the oft-called-for tune, which has never failed to bring in a supply of half-pence. The crowd listen for a little, as if not sure that their ears are trusty sound-bearers; a few begin the warning hiss; he, in the full tide of inspiration, dreams not of the brewing storm. Alas! ere I can reach him, a shower, not of coin, but of paving-stones, crushes on the poor old man; a burly mechanic strikes him, seizes his harp; is in the act of breaking it, when my hand clutches it fiercely—and I stand over the helpless form, maddened by the sight of blood on the long white hairs. I feel contusions on various parts of the body; become conscious of danger; but thankfully descry three policemen—who had been sitting on a wall a little way off, listening like myself to the dear lays of home—hastening towards us. Now they advance with a dash upon the crowd, and the cowards fly in all directions. The guardians of the peace pursue them. I am left alone with my old friend senseless and ghastly in my arms. He lifts his face, peers from a visage covered with hair whiter and longer than ever, in piteous terror at my face. Fear soon gives place to wonder, surprise, joy.

"Glory be to God! it *is* himself. Hugh, avick, what is it all about? Is it the Danes that have come back again, and killed the poor ould Irish harper?"



The police come up, full of sympathy. The ruffians have escaped. "Can I identify any of them?"

"I am sure I can." I describe the man, who was breaking the harp.

"Aye, that is Ned Maguire, not a doubt of it," and a meaning smile crosses the constable's face. "We can talk of prosecuting them," said the leader, "when we have the old man safe. Where shall we bring him to?"

One suggests the Infirmary. I declare, he shall go home with me; my kinsmen will be glad, I know, of an opportunity of showing kindness to one of their own people, who has fallen into the hands of the Philistines. They will consider the presence of the wounded man, a blessing in the house. We get a door, and bear the again unconscious Rory gently through the streets. The cause of his wounds is soon known; and the harp serves as a rallying point. The lower orders on one side of our march scowl at us, and our charge, and curse His Holiness; on the other, they whistle "Garryowen" martially, and cover the minstrel with green boughs.

"Hugh, dear," says my aunt, as I enter the house as pioneer, "what in the world ails you? I won't believe you have been fighting. Where did you get that black eye? But who is this?" as she saw the venerable form of the helpless Rory, borne in by four. "Ah! my poor suffering patriarch, that is a cruel blow you have got on the head. Tim, come down stairs this minute, I tell you. Here is one to fill the prophet's chamber."

My uncle issues with a pen behind his ear, a Bible in one hand, and a sheaf of writing-paper in the other. Soon as he sees the lamentable figure, all fall with a crash on the counter. He sinks on his knees beside Rory, who has been laid, still unconscious, on the great table, where several pigs repose in death.

"Och, my poor maimed, and murdered, and ancient brother, is it alive or dead you are? Tell me, honey." Either Tim's accent, or his earnestness, touched a chord in Rory's mind.

"Och, I'm kilt entirely! Sigtrig, the biggest of all the Danes, hit me there," putting his hand to his forehead, "and the bloody haythens pelted me with bullets. I am a dead man; but, sure, I am content, for King Bryan took me up in his arms, and cried over me."

"He is wandering, Tim," said my aunt; "get him up to the prophet's chamber. James won't be back for a fortnight. Only this morning I was grieving to see it empty."

"Come, Hugh," says my uncle, "take hold of the poor desolate brother's feet," as he lifted him tenderly by the shoulders. The crowd disperse, amid Nance's profuse expressions of gratitude to God, for

sending her a countryman to nurse ; and to them, for carrying him to no other house. A little after, and we three stand around the bed, whence the wild eyes look out vacantly ; as the old man chants the dirge of Roderick O'Toole, the last of the minstrels of Erin.

"God help him," said my uncle, "he thinks he is dead; his head is gone clean astray. I'll go for Doctor Foster. He seems an old friend, Hugh; but if he was our greatest enemy, he is welcome. Nance and you will take care of him, till I come back. Lord send us and him peace within and without."

Nance, meanwhile, has been providing clean raiment for our patient ; and she sets herself in Tim's absence, to strip the wasted figure, and wash away the blood ; and trim and comb the long white beard—possibly the first time it underwent that operation. When she has arrayed him to her satisfaction, he looks every inch a patriarch. It was hard to believe, that the fine face, pale, intellectual, even spiritual, was that of my dear old drunken Rory ; that soap, and water, and scissors, and Nance's hands, and one of Tim's shirts, could effect such a transformation. She gazed on him with proud and loving wonder, and spoke of entertaining angels unawares, and sank on her knees, to pray, that he might both bring and find a blessing. The sight of the venerable man propped up with pillows, and my aunt's devout face, as she knelt by the bedside, bore my mind back to the prints in the Parson's Bible at Rathcore. And the weird fancies, coming thick and fast from his lips, transported me to the sea-shore, and the coronation, and the ambitious dreams of glory, he fed with such inflammable fuel.

"Yes, my poor Rory, it is an enemy has done this ! The self-same hand that robbed our race of everything but their true faith in God, respects neither age, nor grey hairs, nor helplessness, nor innocence ; and now to-day, on *thy* form it has vented its bitter grudge against us, poor Irish. Oh ! will the day of gloom never pass ? Must we for ever lie at the mercy of these men of blood ? Shall that flaunting rag, with its bloody pride, always float over our pure God-given green ?

"Hugh dear," said my aunt, interrupting the flow of my passion, "how did it all happen ? I fear party work has been at the bottom of it. But he does not look, as if he would hurt a child ; and an old man like him would not use bad language."

"Oh, aunt, he only played 'Garryowen.' He knew nothing of the hellish spirit of party in Armagh."

She needed no long story. The few words told her all.

"That's enough, Hugh. Oh ! they are poor Christians, them bullying Orangemen. Only for them, there would be few of you Romans. Oh my ! oh my ! to think that a simple tune, that makes *us*

think of nothing but home and merry days, and loving hearts, will drive *them* mad with cruelty. It is a wonder they don't bring a judgment on the land ! It is the devil and none else gets into them."

"Aye, aye ; *he* used to tell us, a judgment and a curse had fallen upon us Irish ; and that, for the sins of our forefathers, we were given up to a treacherous and cruel people. Still, aunt, I would rather be on the side of the oppressed. He used to say, too, that the curse was nearly spent ; and that we should soon shake off the yoke of bondage."

"Oh, my own darling Hugh, do *you* trust in the Lord, and be doing good. Don't, for God's sake ! have anything to do with rebel work. It leads to no good end. 'The wicked will not triumph for ever.' But—here is an ould rag ; he held it so tight I could hardly get it from him. It is only fit for the ragman—The Lord help us !—the child is kissing the dirty thing. It must be a relic. What is it, darling ?"

"A relic it is, aunt, and there is none more precious in the world—barring the True Cross. That is the very flag my grandfather fought under against the foes of his country, and his Church. His grandson swears on it, that he will give his life to the same cause, and no other: even if he is to be hanged, drawn, quartered, and exposed on the gates of Dublin Castle to all eternity."

"Oh, Hugh, on my bended knees, I ask you to take that terrible, sinful oath back again. You know you never refused Aunt Nance anything yet. Leave it all to God, darling—Ohone ! ohone ! he won't. Oh, Lord, change his heart, and save him from having blood upon his hands. Sure, honey, I would die for you this night ; and won't you take pity on me, and say you did not mean that awful oath ? Sure I am older than your mother, dear, and I mind many a one talking like you ; and when they rose, they lost all pity, and died by the hangman's hands, with the blood of women and children on their souls ; and left things worse than before."

"Aunt, dear, I am very sorry that you heard me ; but it is the great hope, and wish, and one thought of my life, you ask me to give up. I cannot do it. I am sure that the cause is the holiest one that ever blood was shed for. But I swear now that never shall *my* hand hurt one hair of a Protestant's head, save in fair fight. I swear by my hope of salvation, that women and children, and old men like *that*, shall always find in me a guardian, who will die before they are harmed."

"Hugh, I am sure that is true, and you mean it ; and I think you would keep it. But, oh, man ! oh, man ! the devil is very strong, when once we give way to him. As I see *you* won't be guided by me, I'll besiege the Throne of Grace for you. There is always hope and help there."

The Doctor came—a man of skill and wit, and always ready with an apt quotation for a fit audience from the Latin poets. There had been a serious concussion, he said ; ice should be applied. For the rest, quiet and Mrs. Mahony would bring him round. He would always be subject to delirium. Any violent shock hereafter would probably be fatal. He heard the curious tale of Rory's life and avocations with much interest, and, as he was withdrawing, after a last look, said to me, "His favourite author would say of him, '*Temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus.*'"

The minstrel's eye grew bright at the welcome sound of Latin.

"Is it the melodious accents of the tuneful bard of Mantua I hear? Now I know that I have joined the shades. Oh, prince of poets! by the great gods! I beseech thee, benignly reiterate thy glorious words."

"Do you know Latin?"

"Know Latin, is it, Virgilius, my darling? Sure and haven't I led hundreds of youths of the first families in Ireland all through the luxurious mazes of your own immortal *Æneid*. Thank your honour, aye, that is it, is it? '*Temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus.*' *Senectus*, the old man—*canebat*, was singing—*sparsa*, catches—*temporibus geminis*, in double quick time. Faith, and that is what I always did," and he wandered away into incoherence again.

"That is the most original man I have ever met," said the Doctor. "No, thank you, Mr. Mahony, no fee this time. That translation is worth half-a-dozen fees. Mr. Bryan, I am not surprised at your success in classics, at the college above. But you will never equal your first master."

When he departed, the policemen were in waiting to consult with me about the prosecution of Maguire. I said, I was determined to swear informations against him without further delay. He shall suffer as far as English law will punish. They replied, there was no doubt that he would be heavily punished ; but as friends of mine—for they were Southern Catholics—they advised me to let the matter drop. The man was Master of a Lodge of Orangemen, more numerous than any other in the town—more violent in their temper also. They all came from one parish, a few miles distant. From it they took their name—"The Killaman Wreckers." In their eyes, this was a name of glory, derived from the destruction of a Catholic chapel. Hundreds in this parish were leagued with their brethren in town. If I prosecuted their idol, my life would be in the greatest danger. Of course, the law would do its utmost to protect me, but it could not cast a shield over my head at all times. These men would be sure to waylay and provoke me ; get up a riot in my path ; and shoot me down, like a dog. I held out

determinedly for the law's revenge, until my aunt, on her knees, once more implored me to have pity upon Tim and herself, and my sweet mother. I could not refuse this, the second appeal, in one day, from such a suppliant. I yielded. The friendly policemen besought me to keep silence as to the part they had acted in the business. They had perilled their prospects in the force, and perhaps more ; but they had great respect for a Catholic who did so much credit to the name ; and could not bear to think of my career being brought to an untimely close in Armagh.

Rory fell into an uneasy slumber. Nance was washing the old man's raiment. Tim had brought in his literary implements, and seemed to be engaged in some work of unusual difficulty. His ideas would not run or shape themselves to his liking. More than one pen he gnawed and hewed to the stump. Nance was deploring the damage he was doing to the carpet of the prophet's chamber, but he was too abstracted to heed any remonstrance.

At last, I could not help saying, "Uncle, you seem to be in some perplexity to-night. I suppose it is a sermon for some special occasion you are engaged at. Perhaps, if you gave me an outline of your meditation, I could help to disentangle the skein."

"Thank you, Hugh—that is the very thing I want. I was afraid of asking you, lest you might think I was laying traps for you—not but that I would, if I thought you would not see through them."

"Oh, well, once in a lifetime cannot do much harm. I suppose there is a dash against Popery, of course ; but I am sure from *you* it is not very unfair. 'Expound your difficulty,' as Mr. Waugh would say."

"Well, Hugh, it is kindly of you ; and I will take you at your word. You see, it is not just a sermon I am at. If it was, it is not paper, pen, or ink I would trouble. When I am preaching, I don't fear the face of clay. I would speak my mind out of the Bible before the two Primates any day, and feel I was doing what was right, and in the path of duty ; and maybe I could tell them more truth in an hour than they have heard for a year of Sundays. But this is a sort of oration. You must know, there was a blacksmith came here from Newry—he belongs to the other connection—and gave a great oration on 'His Smithy.' It was not bad, I can tell you. The way he brought in the fire—that was the Spirit ; and the tongs—they were the grips of a wounded conscience ; and the hammer—that was the preaching ; and the rusty old iron—that was the sinner, was downright ingenious. Well, he did a power of good, and filled the house for them ; and the brethren on our side thought they ought to get some one that would give an 'oration' in our house, too, and keep the people from leaving

us. And who should they choose, but your humble servant? They said a pork-dealer would do just as well as a blacksmith—for most of us are awful rogues. And they vowed I was better fit for it than any of them, and had more wit than blackie. I thought so then, myself, but I have changed my mind. There is nothing like experience for making a man humble. I tried the pork-store, but people would not like to be compared to pigs; and the bristles are only a poor simile for sins; and the subject brought in quare ideas, about saving your bacon; and altogether it was a hopeless topic."

"Savoury enough," interjected I, "at all events."

"Stop now, Hugh; don't go too far in your jokes. However, I was in despair—for they announced, after preaching last Sunday, that on Thursday evening—that is the day after to-morrow—Brother Mahony would give an oration; and it is all abroad through the town, and all the bucks are sure to come for diversion. And I hear the new curate says, he will be there himself, and that will bring loads of the Church people; and *they* are very sharp crickets"—(critics, he meant). "Yesterday morning, I was wandering all through the house, at my wit's end, hunting for some good handle to hang the truth on; and I turned into your room, not thinking where I was going, and there, right before me, was a picture of St. Peter, with a big bunch of keys in his hand. It came into my head, just like a flash, 'What would *he* say of us all, if he was to come on a visit to Armagh?' So, from less to more, it grew, and it grew, and now I have got the whole gist of the oration in my head; and maybe I could say it off right enough. But an oration is a new thing for me; and I have been trying to write it out, and get into an elevated strain of language. But, somehow, every time I begin to write, the ideas all run through other; and the fellows that ought to be last, jump up in the middle, and the heads all get wrong tails joined on to them. I am afraid it is nothing but the want of faith that ails me. However, it can do no harm to have a rehearsal. You and Nance will represent the ladies and gentlemen of the audience, and Rory, yonder, will make an uncommon fine chairman. And so, here I begin," and he started off in a low tone, but with the speed of an express train. "Brethren, and friends of other denominations—Among the many faculties which the bountiful hand of the Maker has bestowed upon the soul of man, none is of more value than the imagination. Through it, we can receive endless instruction from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. Moreover, we can weave delightful parables, in humble imitation of the Master, out of everything; and make the past and the present shake hands, and together give instruction to the future.—Oh, bother it all, Hugh; I cannot manage the style of the sermons in the Magazine, for any

length of time, and I have no liberty, when I don't see the faces before me ; and yours, good-looking as it is, can't be made, even by the imagination, to look like four or five hundred. So, I'll give it in my own way.—My friends, you are to fancy that you are not here at all, but at home in your beds ; and that you are asleep, and dreaming, and see what I am going to describe to you. Or, if that is too great a stretch on your powers, you may imagine I am telling you—my family circle—a dream that I had last night. One Sunday morning, not long ago, I was taking a walk in Dobbin's Folly, and throwing a crumb or two to the beauteous swans, when up comes a fine old man, with a white beard a foot long, and a big Hebrew Bible under his arm. 'I am St. Peter, my man,' says he ; 'and I have been sent to inspect the state of religion in Armagh. St. Patrick is anxious to hear how people are living in the place he did so much for. I want you to come with me, and be my interpreter, to explain the meaning of everything I see to me.' 'I am your man, your reverence,' says I ; 'but I am afraid you'll not have over good news to bring back with you.' So we walked along over the Barrack Hill ; and just as we gets to the barracks, the soldiers are marching out to the tune of 'The British Grenadiers,' on their way to Church, Chapel, and Meeting. 'Who may these fine fellows be, with their red coats, and the shining sticks over their shoulders? What a noise they make !' says the Apostle. 'Oh, those are the soldiers, that are sworn to fight, and destroy any man that says a word against the Queen, at home and abroad—and the shining weapons, you call sticks, are guns that can kill a man near a mile off ; and the song they are marching to says that Jove, and Mars, and all the gods celestial, descending from their spheres, behold, with admiration, the British Grenadiers.' 'What is all this you are talking about?' says he. 'Have you not done fighting, and slaying, and killing one another, and believing in false gods, after eighteen hundred years? Sure, we ordered all Christians to live in peace, and obey them that were set over them ; and not to fight with any one on any account. There must be a power of haythens among you in this country still, after all Patrick's talk.' 'There is not one, your reverence. But it is the French they fight mostly.' '*They* are haythens, I suppose?' says he ; 'but that is a very bad way to convert them.' 'Oh no, St. Peter ; you are mistaken. They are Christians, too—every man, woman, and child of them.' 'It is impossible, sir,' said he. 'But what is that ugly big black building, with them wicked-looking trap doors in front of it?' That is the place, your reverence, where they shut up thieves and debtors ; and the traps is where they hang men for murder.' 'Now, my man, you don't mean to tell me that they have the face to call themselves Christians that run in debt, and rob, and shed inno-

cent blood?" "That they do, every mother's son of them. I would not like to be the man would tell them they were not. And sure, they have been baptised, every man of them." "Worse and worse," says the Apostle. "But where are the soldiers going to?" "Oh, they are going to the different places of worship, to say their prayers." "Well, now, that is the first comfortable word I have heard. Let us follow them. This is a fine building, indeed, and a great congregation entirely; but did I not tell them, as plain as words could speak, not to wear them trinkets, and chains, and gay dresses? There is a deal too much finery here, for my taste. But let us listen." So we sit through the whole service, and when it is over, says the Apostle, "The words were all right good; and there was plenty of Scripture, I was glad to see; but that is not the way we used to preach, I can tell you, my friend. Why, one would think it was a fine piece of prose composition he was reading, like our poor old philosophers. It was very weak, only—Brethren, it is a good thing to be honest, and say your prayers; and it is wrong to do harm, and stay away from church, and ye had better be good, and I am afraid ye will be sorry hereafter, if ye won't be good now. Why couldn't the man spake boldly, and tell them right out that sinners will be damned, if they are not converted?"

"The curate will enjoy your neat allusion, uncle," said I; but he did not heed me.

"And the people were worse than the preacher. It was awful, the way they behaved themselves, giggling, and laughing, and flirting, and bridling; and looking about them, and saying their prayers, as if it was a compliment they were paying the Almighty; instead of pleading for life, and glory; and to escape eternal death and misery. Ohone! ohone! I am afraid things must be very bad, when they say their prayers that way. But let us see what the other soldiers are doing," and I brings the Apostle, and very sorrowful he was, into the Chapel, and we get in just as the priest is elevating the Host. "Come now, sir," says he, in a passion, "no more of your tricks upon travellers, if you please. Confess, now, it was an out-and-out lie you told me, when you said they were all Christians here. This is a haythen temple, or I am a Turk myself. Oh, yes! that big statue there, with the keys, is Jupiter himself, and no one else. Oh, Patrick! Patrick!" "Indeed, indeed, your reverence, these very people would take my life, if I told them they were anything but the flower of the true flock of the Lord; and that statue is yourself, St. Peter; and the keys mean that you can open or shut heaven, or hell, for whoever you like." "Only I was forbid to speak out," says he, "I would let them know the difference—that it is only my Master has got that power; and that it is not this kind



of play-acting will make Him favourable to them. But what is that goblet yon pagan priest is holding up before them all?"

"Stop, uncle," said I; "I would much rather not hear the Holy Eucharist spoken of irreverently. The rest is all fair enough from your point of view. Skip that part."

"Well, Hugh, maybe it is best to spare your feelings. But that is the very part the audience will like most. However, to make a long story short, I make him give his opinion on prayers in an unknown tongue, and a deal more, till I bring him at last to our preaching-house. There we hear James Welsh preaching the love of Jesus; and pointing sinners to the Cross; and warning them of sin, and death, and hell, and judgment, like a dying man to dying men. Then Brother Riddell gives us a prayer full of nourishment; and every one in the house opens their lips, and they sing like a whole woodful of thrushes, and blackbirds, and nightingales, with all their hearts praising the God of their Salvation, and the wonders of His Redeeming Love, and the joys, and graces, and experiences of the Holy Spirit. And that sends the Apostle home to heaven with some hope for the world. Tell me, now, Hugh, do you think it is any harm to bring in the name of the Apostle that way?"

"Well, uncle, you mean nothing irreverent—and it gives wonderful point to your oration. Of course, I would give a very different version of your report; but, I am sure, your audience will be very thick-skinned, if you do not send a good many of them away heartily ashamed of themselves. Though the Methodists will certainly have no reason to complain."

"Thank you, Hugh—there is a volume in that. That is just what I want to shew them, that fighting and murdering one another, and talking and laughing in church, are things no Christian ought to do."

"We are all agreed there," said I.

"Well, Hugh, I'll trust in God to give me liberty of utterance at the right time, to open my mouth, and bear a righteous testimony. The sight of poor Rory is enough to make one ashamed of the religion of this town."

"Hugh, dear," said Nance, "that ould rag would be the better of a wash. Give it to me—for I can't abide filth in the house."

"Not for the world, aunt; there is the blood of more than one holy martyr in that venerable filth."

"There is more than one kind of martyrs," said Tim; "and the men that witnessed at Scullabogue and Wexford Bridge, are not to my taste."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Yielding to Nat's entreaties, I accompanied him, in my third summer vacation, to his home, on the shores of Lough Neagh. The old man, he said, was longing to see the lad, that had suffered, like himself, from '98; and his mother wanted to take the measure of Nat's great friend for herself; and Lizzie, his sister, was dying to meet a young man from the sunny South. I was glad of the chance of seeing the famous Lough, and of becoming acquainted with the Presbyterians, in their home-life. We marched on foot the dozen miles that lay between the city, and the farm house of Torneroy; beguiling the hours, with visions of the good time coming, when a fair field would lie open to Irish genius and enterprise, and Orange insolence would be crushed under the sovereign alliance of the friends of liberty. Our plans for the union of the Catholic and Presbyterian interests were minutely and rigidly criticised—success was pronounced infallible—and a vow of unchanging friendship made us closer friends than ever. At the clear cold eve's declining, we stood on the shores of the Lough. A round tower welcomed me as an old friend. The M'Crea domicile was in front a mansionette, resembling on a small scale the great houses of the gentry. Like theirs, there was a hall door in the centre—two windows on either hand—an upper story with five uniform lights; but the proportions were so much reduced, that the house looked like the middle term of a series, ending in a baby-house. Internally, the same model was adhered to with strict fidelity. There were the same rooms, and sideboard, and mirrors, and tables, and couches, as in the Squire's houses—but all, with proportions sadly reduced—except the chairs, which were massive enough for a bank council-chamber. These rooms wore no signs of occupation. They were only the marks and tokens of a full farmer, who hereby proved, that he, too, could afford to have his drawing-rooms, and dining-rooms, and state bed-rooms. Here I was received by Miss M'Crea, on my arrival—but was soon borne by the buxom hostess, into the back part of the house. This was the ancient nest of the family, where M'Creas had been born, and flourished, and died since the Plantation of Ulster. These apartments were spacious, clean, and snug. Everything was bright with use, and told of comfort and plenty. Huge meal-arks and oat-bins wainscotted the kitchen walls, fitches of bacon depended from the rafters; a snow white table, covered with viands, shewed we were expected and wel-

come guests. There had been, Miss Lizzie M'Crea informed me in confidence, a long diet of discussion, anent entertaining the young man in the company rooms, but the voice of the master carried the day. "The laddie will be more at home in the kitchen, with ourselves," said he. "So you see, Mr. Bryan," were the lady's words, "we do not intend to look upon you as a stranger, in Torneroy." Which I was delighted to hear, from such a pretty girl.

When the bustle of our arrival had subsided, and I had consumed great quantities of most substantial food, which the guidwife pressed, and pressed, and pressed upon me, the guidman relieved me from the aggressions of importunate hospitality.

"Can't you leave the chiel alone, Bessy? He is full enough already. There is no use killing him with kindness. Send him over here, till I have a chat with him about old times. And so, you are the boy, our Nat has so took up with. Heth it is a brave, sonsy chap you look, too, with your curly head, and your merry eye, and your light step. I'll be bound, now, you are not averse to what our meenister calls, the sinful diversion of dancing."

"Not I. I am very fond of it—a hardened sinner, in fact," said I, repaying bluntness with bluntness.

"It is not much of it, you'll get here. We are a God-fearing people in these parts, and don't take Herodias as a pattern for our girls."

The old man's large, sharp, angular features—his stiff steel-grey hair—his keen blue eye—the hat firmly set on his brows—the pipe boldly smoked by his own fireside—the strident voice—all gave emphasis to the self-asserting manner.

"A fine, full country you'll have seen the day—a sight better than your own. There's not so many beggars in a day's walk, I'm thinking. We are not afraid of working up here. But, it is your priests, and Popery, keeps you down. Why, don't you get sense, man alive, and shake off the whore of Babylon?"

I declared, that we had no doubt whatever, that the Holy Roman Catholic Church was the true Bride of the Lord; and that we saw no hope of salvation for our souls, if we left it.

"Ayah, do you say so, now? Well, it is surprising. But you are under a strong delusion, poor craytures. You ought to read your Bibles, and not heed the blethers of the priest."

I remarked that we were convinced the Bible was all on our side; and *it* charged us, to hear the Church, to which God had given the keys of heaven and hell, and to obey them that had rule over us.

"Faith, it is an awful pity to see, that Satan has such a tight grip of your soul, young man. But, I suppose, it is the will of God, some

should be blind, and see nothing at midday. But, I don't want to offend you, and though you are a Papist, you are right welcome to Torneroy ; and I'm thankful to you for standing up for our own Nat, among the prelaticals at the College ; and showing him so much kindness in your own house. And, your own grandfather was out in '98, and was killed by the cavalry? Well, my brother Jock was hanged for the same cause, and myself," baring his arm, and showing me a deep hole in it, "has got a mark, will testify of Antrim fight, in my coffin. Gi'e us your hand, my lad," and he wrung it, till it ached, with his impressive testimony of regard.

"Is there any of the old spirit alive among the Presbyterians now?" said I.

"Well, it is there—but it is smouldering, and looks like dying out. The meenisters, you see, have got an allowance of £75 a-year a-piece from the Government, and that keeps them brave and quiet. They'll talk hot enough about tenant-right and prelatic insolence, and tithes, and bishop's courts, and fat rectors getting big pay for worse than no work ; and the abomination of surplices, and wedding-rings, and bowings, and scrapings, and Popish prayer-books ; but they'll no risk the loss of the bawbees."

"Are you still Republicans at heart?" said I.

"Well I suppose we are, in an abstrac' kind of way, but the meenisters do all the talking for us ; and they know on which side the bread is buttered."

"But how are the people affected, towards another rising?"

"Oh there are times, when they are hot enough for anything. You see, we have as good a right to our farms, as the landlords have to their rents. When our forefathers came over, they had to fight for their lands ; and the noblemen promised them leases in perpetuity. So, whenever the landlords now use the high hand, and turn the tenants out, the people get wild with the unjustness of it. But, there is a heap of money to be made out of the flax, and we get our share of it ; and we are no' that dissatisfied with the Government now, as we were in '98."

After awhile, the conversation became general, and before we retired to our chambers, I was on good terms with all the family, and especially so, with Miss M'Crea. Next morning, I found the truth of his remark, that they were not afraid of work, for, from early dawn, all the household were as busy as cart-horses, till twilight. But the next day, Nat was sent off to represent his aged father, at the deathbed of an uncle in Belfast. By special favour, Lizzie was released from toil, to show me the wonders and beauties of the district. She and I soon discovered that we were congenial spirits. We spent the sunny hours in rambling through green lanes ; or I rowed her over the glassy bosom

of the Lough—to explore the ruins on Ram's Island ; and we found the time pass swiftly, and in mutual enjoyment. She came as a sun-beam into my lonely life ; and lit up the secret chambers of my soul. She loved to hear all my tales of home, of our merriment, and sports, and gay careless life. She entered enthusiastically into the bold and brilliant future, which I carved out for my coming days. She brought forth all her little secrets ; told me of the many novels, romances, and poems, which she had smuggled into her room, and devoured with such rapture ; asked me to sing her some of the melodies ; and in no long time, learned to warble the liquid words herself. These stiff Northerners were too solemn for such a merry lass as she. She longed to be a wild Irish girl. Would I show her the way we used to dance ? How she would like to see them dance at my home. Did I think she could learn ?

She was a very handsome girl. Her figure, tall and straight as an arrow, was full of graceful bounding life. Her features were regular and faultless ; and her hazel eyes threw a bewitching glamour over the youth she smiled on ; and the prettiest tinge of carmine, deepening into frequent blushes, sent a glow of tenderness over all my senses. Dulness fled from such a presence. The rough-spoken father, the homely mother, dear old Nat, the prim pretentious house, all became transfigured to my eyes ; and floated in fond light before me. The airy visions of my boyhood's love fell before the enchanting reality, and I yielded without a struggle to a fate, that wooed to such a sweet entanglement.

But alas ! news came of the uncle's death, and that his remains were to be interred on the second day from that, in the family sepulchre ; and that the resources of Torneroy would be taxed to the utmost to provide for the cavalcade of mourners. I was preparing for an immediate exit from the house of mourning, when my fair Lizzy started from her sable millinery, and put an absolute and imperious veto on my departure.

"Oh, surely you would not forsake us in our trouble. Not that there will be many tears shed in this house for Uncle Jamie. I never saw him in all my life—for father and he could not agree, and he did not come near the place for twenty years. And he has left all his money among a parcel of ministers, except a thousand pounds, that is to come to our Jamie." And she went on to tell me, that the said Jamie was a brother of hers, and a probationer, waiting for a call to some vacant pulpit in their church—very pious, but 'awful sour and hard upon poor little Lizzie. So I must stay, and protect her from the ogreish brother. Her parents joined in the entreaty, and I consented to await the return of Nat. He came on the following day, as the *avant courier*

of the procession. He scouted the idea of my going away at the very time, when a great sight was awaiting me.

"*Mi frater*," said he, "you will see such a sight to-morrow morning, as the whole South of Ireland could not show you."

"How so, *frater alter*?" said I.

"Uncle Jamie," said he, "never could make up his mind, which body of Presbyterians had the truth on their side. So, he has left all the money he was worth, except our Jamie's thousand, to be divided among the whole of them."

"And how many varieties may there be, Nat? Are there half-a-dozen?"

"Half-a-dozen! Scarves and gloves had been sent to ten before I left; and I have little doubt there will be double that number. Our Zion has many children."

"A rare and goodly sight, indeed!" said I; "and who shall show me the heroes when they come, and tell me, the banner each marches under?"

"I'm afraid, I cannot be near you: but come down to Alick Fowler's with me. Uncle Jamie and he were great friends in their young days: like ourselves in fact. He knows all the bigwigs, and can enlighten you on their tenets."

I was duly introduced to cheery old Mr. Fowler, and spent a pleasant evening with him. He was a man of great intelligence, with a degree of shrewd humour, which flavoured his conversation. The deceased and he had been out together, in the Rebellion. It was a foolish business altogether. It might be possible, no doubt, to enlist some of the adventurous youngsters in another struggle—but the main body would side with the strongest. When we proved that we had might on our side, they would go with us. Till then, they are loyal to the Crown, that gave the "steepends." The late James M'Crea and he, after '98, had abjured politics, and devoted themselves to theology. From his candid narrative, Presbyterianism seemed to be a very maelstrom of controversy. The dead man never could come to any definite conclusion, on any of the questions started among his co-religionists. He had the unhappy gift of being able to see the two sides of every doctrine. At last, he lost himself in the maze of thorny words; and took to drinking, and finished his course, by bequeathing his all to Presbyterianism in general.

On the next morning, I was sitting with Miss Lizzy in the drawing-room, when the hearse and a long line of carriages drew up, in front of the house. She drew me to the window; and, through an up-lifted corner of the blind, we gazed upon her father, and the coffin, which he, with quivering features, aided in bearing from the hearse.

I was glad to see tears in her eyes : but at the stern look of a sable, sombre, scowling youth, she shrunk back.

"Yon is our Jamie—oh dear ! I'll catch it."

On going forth, I found a wide circle of divines, grouped around the gate, from which the coffin was borne to the grave, on the shoulders of the M'Crea kindred. The ministers—tall and short—burly and bony—mournful and merry—filed off on each side of the pall. I joined Mr. Fowler ; and we all moved to the burying-ground. My companion was wrapt up in his own thoughts, until we reached the grave. I was chilled by the absence of all those Christian emblems, which mark Catholic places of sepulture. Not a cross, nor a garland, nor a figure kneeling among the trees, redeemed the home of the dead from utter loneliness and desolation. The huge coarse stones—the rank weeds that filled every inch—the rusty iron of the railings, grouped themselves in my mind, with the unlovely features of the faith, which was preached in the bare bleak Meeting-house, that stood in the midst. The minister of the place delivered an unctuous eulogy on him that was gone, conferring on him all the cardinal virtues and graces ; enlarged on his large-hearted love for their Zion ; his catholic (ah me !) spirit, and so forth. Others followed, with scarce a variation, in the same strain, until one of the Belfast leaders closed the exercises (oh, appropriate word !) with what seemed, to my disgusted mind, a parody—others, no doubt, thought it an improvement—on the Perfect Prayer of the Divine Lord. The oratory quite dissipated Mr. Fowler's gloom. He led me apart from the crowd, and, as they watched the interment, he unfolded to me the names of the theological captains, and the colours each marched under.

"Yon little man, with the eagle eye and nose, is the champion of orthodoxy. Our friends M'Crea follow him ; so I need not dwell upon his standard of faith. He is known as 'The Cock of the North.' You have heard, of course, of his victory over your great Dan O'Connell ?"

"No, sir ; I cannot say that I have. Where did they meet ? Did 'The Cock' really overcome O'Connell ?"

"Oh, he drove the Agitator clean out of the North. Yes, he routed him—horse, foot, and dragoons. He annihilated him. At least, so every one says. But now, don't tell me, that you never heard of the thrashing, Dan M'Fee over there gave your Dan—for the world knows, he destroyed him."

"Indeed, sir, I never heard his name."

"NO? *Such* is fame. *We* all think, that they did not leave O'Connell a spark of life."

"Well," said I, "O'Connell does not seem much the worse for

their assaults. His speeches in Parliament, and elsewhere, do not read like the speeches of a dead man. I think, Mr. Fowler, your cocks must have been on their own dunghills."

"Well, I'll not say, but there is something in that. It *might* have turned out differently in Dublin. But the man who stands next to him, is the big man of the Seceders."

"And who may they be?"

"The only difference between The Cock and him, is that he is narrower, stricter, and bitterer."

"Indeed! *That* must be the *ne plus ultra* of Calvinism."

"Hut tut, man, but you are simple! Yon big man, with the red face, and the ragged whiskers, is a Covenanter, and he thinks the Seceders are sadly latitudinarian. And you see the man that is blowing his nose with the blue handkerchief? He is a Cameronian. He is narrower and bitterer still. He sees no hope for such a lax believer as a Covenanter."

"His heaven must be a very close corporation."

"Poor youth—do you think he is the last? It is clear, you never heard of the M'Faddenites. There were only two of *them*—Mac himself, and a neighbour of mine, Willie Simpson. Mac said, when he was dying, he did not see what was to become of the world at all; for Willie and he were the only two that knew the true doctrine, and Willie wasn't sound either."

"Now, sir," said I, "you cannot go any further on the side of strictness and narrowness. Are there none on the other tack?"

"Oh, dozens," said he. "See him with the spectacles. He is a Morrisonian—that is, a cross between the Presbyterians and the Methodists. The immense man over there, 'a miracle of mind, a monster of matter,' as a friend of mine calls him, with the jolly face and Hessian boots, calls himself an Arian. He makes our Saviour a sort of inferior God. I am not quite clear whether he allows his flock to worship Him or not."

"This is dreadful," said I; "worse than the others, I fear."

"Maybe so; but he is a very pleasant, kindly man, and a great friend of us farmers. I would like to hope well of him. However, let us proceed. Yon sharp-looking man, with the face of a greyhound, says he is a Socinian. He leaves the Arian far behind. To him, the Saviour is only the best man that ever lived. He thinks the whole Christian world has been left in idolatry for eighteen hundred years. That man beside him, like a rat, is a Humanitarian. He says plain out, 'The man of Nazareth was a great teacher, and a very good man; but, he was just like the rest of us; and the Four Gospels give us a romantic account of his life, which is not to be read as real history.'"



"Thank you, Mr. Fowler ; that is enough," said I. "I dare not listen to anything after that. It is awful. I do not feel myself safe, beside him ;" and I crossed myself, and drew Mr. Fowler away. "I hope most sincerely, sir," said I, "that *you* are free from such awful blasphemy?"

"Well, young man, you see, I have read my Bible through and through twice, and sometimes thrice, every year since '98. I am sure, that my Saviour is my God—and that He will not reject me, if I strive to follow His directions. That is about my creed. There are more than a dozen Doctors of Divinity over there, and every one of them preaches a different gospel, and I am sure they would die for their opinions. This man says, little children are not good enough for the kingdom of heaven, and he would be burnt before he would baptise one ; and his arguments are strong. That one says, we ought to be circumcised, and keep the Sabbath on Saturday. I hear he has even offered a burnt sacrifice before now ; and *he* can reason for his opinions by the hour. There is a Ranter. He thinks, his prayers will do no good if they cannot be heard a mile off ; and so, he screams, every time he goes into the pulpit, till he loses his voice—and he is as good a man as any I know. I have tried the whole of them, and more than are there, till I was nearly mad. Now, in the summer, I go out and worship God in the fields, among the birds, or by the Lough shore ; in the winter, or when the weather is bad, I turn in among the Episcopalians. They are about half-way between all sorts of Christians ; and do not startle one with strange things. Their prayers are real good. They give us plenty of the Scriptures ; and, if their sermons are poor, they are short."

"Sir," said I, "I am very much obliged to you. You have opened a new and startling page of human life to my eyes this day ; and I thank God, as I never did before, for my birth and education in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church."

"If you can believe it," says he, "it is the most comfortable faith I know."

"Because it is the only true one, sir," said I.

"I am not able to say that yet," said he.

When we returned to the house, there was ample provision ready for the divines, to which they did ample justice. Controversy was eschewed on all sides. The common topic of their conversation was the common foe—the Catholic Church. This was safe game, and all joined in the chase, with infinite gusto.

"Could you believe it, brethren?" said the immense man, "when I was lately in the South, I actually saw them dancing in the chapel-yards, on the Sabbath Day."

"And," added another voice, "with my own eyes I beheld two men, in the same holy hours of rest, playing cards on a tombstone."

A chorus of groans condemned the enormities of *my* brethren, and sent the hot blood into my cheeks.

My friend Fowler came to the rescue. "Of course, Doctor, *that* was very shocking ; but I am not sure that it is worse than what I heard of the ministers and elders of a congregation not far from this. After the communion on last Sabbath, and they got drunk at it, they went to a public-house, and spent the poor's money in liquor."

"Oh, that is very bad ; but, sir, you should have veiled such a deed in impenetrable darkness. 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins.'"

"Aye, well, why did you not cover up the sins of the Catholics ? People in glass houses, Doctor, should not throw stones. This young gentleman is a Catholic, and his feelings are as keen as yours, and ought to be respected."

A hush ensued. Life ebbed from their future conversation ; and the call to start on their homeward journey, was hailed and obeyed with great unanimity.

The probationer, who remained with his parents, established a complete reign of terror in the house. Every day opened and closed with a terrible exposition, *a la* John Calvin, followed by a dictatorial address to the Deity. Every meal was hallowed by a portentous grace. Father and mother bowed in abject submission, before the stern servant of the Sanctuary. Lizzie, Nat, and I combined, and fled from his presence ; and took our fill of wordly pleasure on the water, rowing, or sailing, or fishing, or fiddling. When the Sabbath came, I started at daybreak for the nearest Chapel—many miles distant—and returned not till late in the evening. I found a solemn conclave of the whole household, buried in meditation over the Sacred Volume. A sly gesture of the young lady pointed to the garden—where, in five minutes, we sat in a pleasant arbour. Great was her dislike to the iron rule of her brother. He had reproved Nat for whistling in the morning ; had discovered, and burned her precious "Lalla Rookh ;" given a terrible rebuke to his father, for a word about the crops ; and administered a grave homily to his mother—as they walked to the meeting—on their familiarity with the idolatrous youth, whom Nat had brought in, to sap the fortress of their purity and orthodoxy. "And, Hugh," said she, with an arch-demureness which was irresistible, "he says, it is a sin for a man to kiss his wife on the Sabbath day. I'll never forgive you, sir !—I could not have believed you were so rude—Well, if you promise to show me the steps of that sweet dance, I may look over it, this time ; but mind, if ever again—"

And, on the grass, in the twilight, I taught my lovely partner the

polka ; and learned that I had lost my heart. Sweet were the moments, but alas ! far too few ; for a rude hand clasped her arm, and bade me release his sister ; and the dread probationer bore her in terror over the desecrated threshold. Half-an-hour afterwards, Nat came forth. It was clear he was sadly shocked, at our untimely levity ; but, oh triumph of friendship ! he battled for his comrade with the licentiate ; and threw all the blame on his sister. Strange, how blind he was to all her merits !

But the day after closed my acquaintance with the home life of the Presbyterians of Ulster. They gave me such a horror of heresy, that the Catholic Church had no more faithful adherent than I, from that day forth.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Nat lived in the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Berry, jun., of the Armagh Cathedral choir—a lively, dashing young man, of good parts, and handsome face and figure. He and Bella M'Crea, Lizzie's elder sister, had married for love, taken violently at first sight. They soon found that more than the choral stipend of £1 is per week was required to make the wheels of conjugal love run as smoothly as they had anticipated. Somehow, there were deep ruts in the way ; and a spoke would fly now and then ; and at one time a break-down seemed inevitable. For they were fond of dress and parties ; and he had a special penchant for whist. In his single days, his musical ability had attracted invitations ; and he had been made much of by the gentry ; and he could not become a hermit all at once, or sacrifice his refined tastes to a humdrum Darby-and-Joan life. Nor, indeed, did his wife urge him to do so. The gaiety, and music, and balls, and suppers had unutterable charms for one whose young days had been passed in the stiff M'Crea household. "It was like coming out of a cave into daylight," was her own opinion of the change marriage had made in her lot. But alas ! the yearly fifty guineas may be spent in this way in the first quarter ; as it was by them. A free house, elegantly furnished, is a very good thing, no doubt ; but an empty larder will communicate dreariness to the neatest of drawing-rooms. And Bella's fortune of £100 went before they knew where they were—

and the dead lock had come. He took counsel—as was proper—with his parents—English, both of them. Body-servant to his Grace the Lord Primate, at the Palace, was the sire ; active, bustling, crisp, little woman—a queen of managing housewives—was Mrs. Berry, sen. They agreed to come and dwell with the young couple. Their £100 a year would make a most welcome supplement to the choral income. The old gentleman and lady—for so were they justly esteemed—were glad to see their son in good society, visiting such folks as Attorney Parker and Doctor Mangan. Berry, sen., sucked his pipe placidly of an evening in the kitchen ; and talked with his wife of his Grace's looks and remarks that day ; of the guests at the Palace ; or of their other children, all in dear old England. They envied not the gentlemen and ladies passing the hours merrily upstairs, over music, and wine, and cards. Senior gave an occasional grumble, when junior forced him to break in upon his savings ; and rob the other lads behind their backs. The ladies, senior and junior, had a week of combat for the sovereignty ; but the M'Crea thickness of skin and sharpness of tongue triumphed ; and the elder lady thenceforth cared for nothing but her husband's wants, and left everything else to the fine Irish wife, whom Joseph had chosen for a helpmate. They had never liked the connection. They were devoted children of the Church of England, and looked upon their Primate as the shining exemplar of all Christian grace. "The greatest and best of living men," was the character given of his Grace by his valet. They could not speak of Dissenters without a tinge of disgust. These Presbyterians claimed the monopoly of all the common sense on earth ; thought themselves wiser than all the great and holy divines and bishops of the Church—as if, forsooth, the whole united acquirements of all the ministers they had, have, or ever shall have, was more than a fraction of the necessary learning of the poorest curate. Mrs. Joseph, jun., sneered at Episcopacy, coupled its name with Popery and superstition, indeed !—as if any one who was not blind with self-conceit could fail to see in his Grace's superhuman virtues the sure witness, that he was the Divinely-appointed father of the faithful in Ireland. Had he not been called at the wicked Court of George the Fourth, "the beauty of holiness?" And now, they were told by their son's wife that it was superstitious to say, that such a man was nearer God than any of us.

"Successor of St. Patrick, indeed ! as if he, or any other rubbishy Irish saint, was worthy to untie his Grace's shoe-strings, or to unbuckle his gaiters. Every one saw he was above his post—high as it was. If you Roman Catholics, Mr. Bryan," thus would the elder lady conclude her discourse, "gave up your wrong doctrines, he would be the very man for Pope."

And the younger had thrown contempt upon the Prayer Book ; as if the most gifted of the schismatics could—not utter, but—even conceive, such purity, fervour, and sublimity of devotion. They were genuine souls with a deep-rooted reverence for the powers that were—above all, for his Grace the Lord Primate—thorough Conservatives, in whose eyes the slightest change in the laws was the sure sign of a dry rot in the timbers of the British Constitution. Much as they despised us Irish, they won my admiration and esteem ; and upset my early convictions of the mean character of the English race.

Nat's advent into the Berry household was very welcome. With him came a monthly sack of oatmeal, fitches of bacon, hampers of eggs, firkins of butter, which the mother thus smuggled into her daughter's larder. When these necessities were provided, there was more money for gloves and finery, suppers and wine. Hither Miss Lizzie M'Crea came to taste the luxury of city life. Pleasant was the escape for her, from the dreary routine of the Puritan household. As her tribute, she bore a web of home-grown, home-woven, home-bleached linen. The day after her arrival, Mrs. Berry, jun., and my enchanting Lizzie were at the College gate, awaiting our exit, and bore me a willing captive to the Vicar's Hill. There the Berrys, senior and junior, gave me a hearty welcome. Out of doors, they were Tory, High Church, Orange—and violent in their speech against professors of my faith. In their own house, they were truly hospitable, as friendly to me as to a "brother," and perhaps even more so. Here, Lizzie shone with a lustre brighter every day ; and drew me in her train, a dazzled admirer. She, too, was gay, and fond of amusement, handsome, and one-and-twenty. I was a good dancer, able to pay a neat compliment ; or tell a story ; or raise a laugh ; and just then in sad want of a young lady-friend of congenial tastes, with whom to talk of country and home, and the sad sea waves, and the moon, and Byron. How charming it was, to have a graceful figure resting on my arm in the Mall ; to find one so lovely, delighted to hear all my choice scraps of prose and poetry ; all my dreams about the great place my name had filled in Irish annals, and was yet again to fill in wider history ; and in raptures with it all ! Then, first I became sensible of the incalculable importance of "dress," and wore gloves ; and visited the professional hair-dresser ; and purchased razors ; and even went to Douglas, the fashionable tailor ; and mourned in anguish over clumsy, gigantic feet, which boots would never fit. She, dear girl, saw no defects in mind or body. Everything about Hugh Bryan had a peculiar fascination for her. Night after night found me at the Hill—supping, singing, conversing very originally about the stars, and love in a cottage, with Miss E. M'Crea. She grew more and more enchanting ;

filled a larger portion of my thoughts every day ; and absorbed every spare moment of my time. She preferred me to all others, and made no secret of the preference. Mrs. Berry, jun., asked me, with a meaning smile, one night—did I think my uncle had much money in the bank ? Heigho, if she had to marry again, Joe must shew her a bank-book.

Nat was fraternal in his own dry, quiet way. I found myself addressing "Ego" with such questions as these—"Would it be so very ridiculous for a young man of nineteen—six feet high—to marry a young lady of little more than twenty ? Oh, let the world laugh. The winner of such a prize might smile pleasantly on his future likewise. Would flax-growing, and living by Lough Neagh, and making lots of money, be an honourable life for a Bryan ? A very snug one, at all events ; and snugness has its charms. Would the presence in the flesh of the comely Miss M'Crea weigh down the shadowy vision of seraphic Lily Crofton ? Ha ! what a spasm was that ! Well, there is no use in raising that point. That is an insoluble question."

But I am driven more and more to discuss such problems, when Aunt Nance says, "Hugh, there is great talk in the town about you, and that fine young lady on the Hill. Tim heard to-day that the match was settled, and was asked the day of the wedding. That is nonsense, of course. But you are not far enough forward in your studies to think of getting married. Still, you might do worse. Tim there was only eighteen when he brought me before the priest ; and he might not be so well off to-day, if he had not married me then."

"It is in my grave I would have been these twenty years, darling," said Tim, with a fond embrace, and a resounding smack.

"But, Hugh acushla, is it rale love you feel in your heart for this young lady ?"

"Well, I do not know that, aunt ; I am very fond of her, and we like to be together, and our tastes are very similar. But, it is not downright love yet, at all events. She is a great friend, and her brother is my comrade ; and it is time enough to think of getting married these ten years."

"What kind of a girl is she ?" said Tim. "Is she pious in her own way, or her father's way ?"

"I don't suppose," said I, "*you* would call her pious, any more than myself. Indeed, I never heard her speak about religion, except when she said that she would like to hear Mass, for she was sure we Catholics could not be so bad as she had always heard ; as I was one."

"Darling," said my aunt, with solemn emphasis, "if it was my last word, I would say to you—'Have nothing to do with any girl would change her religion for the sake of pleasing you. She might give yourself up for another after a while, if the fancy led her.'"

"Aunt," said I, "she is as good a girl as ever breathed ; and there is not as pretty a face, nor as bright an eye, nor as light a step, nor as warm a heart, from this to Dublin."

"If you had said Rathcore, Hugh," said my uncle, launching a keen dart unwittingly, "I would have been easier in my mind. But has she money, this Miss M'Crea? Not that I would have you marry for money ; but I would always like to know, why a girl is ready to leave her father's house, and go with a stranger for good and all. If she is not content at home, I would be doubtful of her."

"Oh," said I, "what is the good of talking about it—as if it was all settled. It is as likely as not, that the lady would not take me, if I asked her."

"Well, Hugh," said Tim, pouring oil on the troubled waters, "there is no fear that you will be like Jim Crow, that was married a fortnight ago. It is only three months since, he told me he was going to marry Bessy Sloane, the class-leader's daughter. 'More power to you, my hearty,' says I ; 'she will keep the fire alive in the house for you,' for she is a shining Christian. A month after, he told me it was Bill Hinchey's daughter—her that is lame of a leg, that he had settled on for a wife. 'Why, Jim alive,' says I, 'what made you change your mind? Sure, any one with half an eye would see Bessy is worth a dozen of her.' 'Brother Mahony,' says the dirty rascal, 'when I came to consider the matter more seriously, I found Bessy (and I was fond of her—I won't deny it) had only three cows for her fortune, and Peggy Hinchey had four ; and I don't think there is a cow differ atween any two women in the world.'"

"Well, uncle, are you afraid that I shall reckon after the same fashion."

"No, dear, but I must have my joke. There is no accounting for tastes, as the old woman said, when she kissed her cow."

"I have got it," exclaimed Nance, with such a voice as Archimedes must have cried "Eureka" in. "Tim, you are well enough able to give a party. We'll have the young lady and her friends down for a night's pleasure, and I'll take her measure ; and trust your old aunt's eye, Hugh, for finding whether she is real fond of you, or not."

"It is not a bad idea, old woman," said Tim ; "but then, what we would call 'taking our pleasure,' would be black Lent to them, and to this lad, too. It would never do for a local preacher to have dancing or card-playing in his house ; and, if we have liquor at all, it must be wine, and not enough of that to do any harm. I have no experience myself in such things, barrin' a wake or a wedding in old times."

"Sure," said she, "there is poor old Rory's harp ; and James

Welsh (thank God, they have sent him back again) and Hugh, will give them lovely music ; and Mr. Berry will be in his element ; and we can let them off early."

"Nance," said her admiring husband, "I often think there is more sense in this house than one head could carry. Yes, it shall be done, please God. Hugh, you and your uncle will get bran-new suits, for the occasion, from Douglas himself ; and faith ! (oh my ! oh my ! that bad habit !) I will dance at your wedding, even if the quarterly meeting would never let me preach again."

Thus the affair was settled, and an evening party came off at our house. The kind hearts of my relatives more than compensated for any lack of polish ; and none could see any fault in their simple and unassuming manners. Welsh gave us, on the harp, some old Irish airs, which drew from Berry vehement requests for the music. So favourable was the impression he made, that his prayer at ten o'clock was listened to with perfect reverence ; and sent Joe Berry home to his father with high praise of the Methody parson on his lips, to the senior's discontent. Lizzie was in raptures with my uncle and aunt—so different from the stiff people she had met at home. She was sure that Methodism must be a better religion than her father's : it made people so merry and happy. She could have fallen in love with Mr. Welsh—and my aunt was *so* fond of me, and never tired of talking about me. What a pleasant companion she would be in a house !

"Mind, Hugh," said she, as we stood on the steps of the Berryan door, at midnight, "to-morrow night must make up for to-night. I have been practising all the steps, you shewed me, with Bella ever since. I can go through polkas, and waltzes, and quadrilles ; and I am not a bit afraid of the great people. Oh, dear, what would father, and mother, and Jamie say, if they could see me dancing at a ball ? You are to be my partner. You can dance so beautifully, and are always so ready to help me. You are the partner I like best, Hugh ;" and I thought there was a gentle pressure of my hand.

How that touch sent my heart up and down—"pit-a-pat, like a chicken's fist ;" which, Tim said, was an infallible symptom of the presence of true love in the human frame. "Lily would never have said or done such things," spoke a voice within. But Lily is a star in the cold and distant heaven : and Lizzie is beside me—of my own rank ; loves me, and is very loveable. Is not a bird in the hand worth two in the bush?—and so on, and so on.

The ball which Miss M'Crea referred to was to be a very great affair indeed. The Member of Parliament had taken to himself a wife, and the Corporation had published their intention of giving the gallant soldier and his lovely bride a ball and supper in the Assembly



Rooms ; and all the rank and fashion of city and county glorified the advertisement by their patronage. Tickets, 10s 6d for gentlemen ; 5s for ladies.

Tim and Nance were reluctant to consent to my *debut* in such a scene. Not from any thought of the expense. What did they ever deny me, that the dirty money could procure ? Nothing was too good for their Hugh—the boy that had borne for them the whole brunt of priestly wrath. But they feared it was too worldly and carnal—and it took several hours to prove that my Catholic conscience should not be fettered by Methodist scruples.

When the Berry party entered the ball-room, we found it filled with all the notables of the county. These great people kept quite by themselves ; and very fine, and grand, and exclusive they looked. But, not without a degree of satisfaction, we remarked, that among these grandees, male and female, there was an uniformity of blank insipidity, only varied by portentous ugliness. But there was one among them, an exception in that galaxy of plainness—Miss Lucy Foster ; and she, the sweetest, purest, loveliest being these eyes have ever rested on. I could have gazed upon those features, too beautiful for earth, methought, for hours—not in love, but in wonder and delight—as on some celestial form. But alas ! propriety and my partner forbade it ; and I descended from the spheres to earth. Our circle of trades folk and the like had many handsome, dashing belles, of whom we were proud. And the officers of the garrison agreed with us in taste ; and, as Miss Foster scarcely looked at them, they joined our ranks. One of them—his name, to my astonishment, was that of our greatest landlord in Rathcore, Sir Percy Rigby—paid marked court to Lizzie. She moved round the room, a queen of beauty and the dance. Not a trace of rawness or embarrassment could I remark in her. Clearly, she had often studied, in the pages of her favorite Sir Bulwer Lytton, the style and converse which suited the occasion. The literary baronet would have been proud of his pupil. It was after midnight, when Sir Percy sought the honour of Miss M'Crea's hand as a partner. She referred the point to me. I could see no opening for a refusal. At least ten times already I had danced with her. He was in ecstasy with her calm assent : swore out loudly that "his partner was the finest girl in the room." This he did with impunity, for he was by far the first man there, an officer, a baronet, and "one who hated snobs." My eyes followed them with jealous suspicion. She bore herself with a haughty grace, that checked every approach to familiarity : went through her part with perfect indifference ; motioned to him, with a smile for me, to conduct her to a seat, near where I was standing—When lo ! in an instant, everything is in darkness. Some mischievous

urchins in the lobby outside have turned off the gas. Indescribable confusion follows: strange rustling noises are heard around; ladies rush into my arms, and extricate themselves with a shriek. Above the general hubbub, I catch the accent of a familiar voice, saying, "How dare you, sir? Where are you, Mr. Bryan?"

"At the second window," I reply, with sharp intonation.

She stands beside me there. The light, from the lamp in the street without, reveals her features—nervous and fluttered. The gentleman had pressed her arm too closely, as she had thought. In her sudden alarm, she had called me. No doubt it was all a mistake. He had said so. Never mind it now, as she is safe. How glad she was to find me.

"Where could the Berrys be? Dear me! that sounded exactly like a kiss. Isn't it shocking? Oh, Hugh! how could you? Thank goodness, there is the light again. On with the dance, let joy be unconfined—till daylight doth appear. You know, Hugh, I never spent such a night in my life before; and never may again.—No, sir; a baronet is not a great catch, for a lady from the country. True love cannot be bought or sold, for wealth or titles. He is rude and impudent, and can only talk about 'our fellahs.'"

In the grey dawn, we are standing once more at the brother-in-law's door. Amidst honey-sweet adieux, she says, "To-morrow will be your half-holiday. I do so wish to gather flowers in the Folly."

"Where might I hope to see you, then?" said I; "here, or somewhere *en route*?"

"I shall wait for somebody," said the angelic charmer, "at the Hermitage, till one o'clock."

As she spoke, two military figures passed us.

As one o'clock strikes next day from the Palace clock, I am approaching the Hermitage: when a man's voice makes me hasten my steps.

"By Jove, I swear you are the finest girl I ever saw. Don't throw yourself away upon a lout. I love you. By G—d, I love you. Just one kiss."

It is my own Lizzie's voice, which cries, "Unhand me, sir. You are a villain."

At last I have burst through the bushes, into the little green slope, before the Hermitage. Now he is on the ground. I stand over him. He scowls up—handsome but loathsome. I thunder down a very strong opinion of his conduct and character; spit upon him; and bear my trembling dove away in triumph on my arm. She nestles by my side; falters out her gratitude—lavish praises of my valour—boundless aversion to the Baronet. Then follows material for at least ten pages,

gushing with the most delicious sentiment, which may be taken at random from any of the love scenes, in any fashionable novel. It flows into my soul like nectar. I emerge from the Folly, with my affianced bride upon my arm. In the limpid depths of her blue eyes I read an eternal future of the purest joy ; in the thrill of the graceful form which rests so fondly on my bosom, I feel that I have passed into Eden. Sink back into Chaos, O visionary bride ! Welcome ! thou bright reality, with store of happy days. Even the thrashing and ducking in a horse-pond, which my body suffered, at the hands of four cowardly soldiers, as I returned from the Hill of Harmony that very night, could not abate the transports of my soul. The outrage did but revive the fire of patriotism, too long slumbering in my inglorious ease. Greater cause than ever have I now to hate the treacherous redcoat Sassenach. Again, I decked Hugh Bryan's ladye-love with the laurels of an heroic spouse—the deliverer of Ireland from Saxon wrong. Nat kept guard at the barrack gate with a ferocious horsehip, and a pistol, to be ready for an extremity—until we learnt from a Methodist sergeant, that Sir Percy had exchanged into a cavalry regiment, and was far away, beyond the reach of the insulted lady's brother's vengeance. And now, the course of love ran smooth and clear, and our one trouble (sooth to say—of trivial weight) was Nat's uneasy conscience. He awoke, when our engagement was a fact—to a sharp sense of the danger of his sister's soul. Between the irreversible decrees of Calvinism, interpreted by every-day logic ; and the remonstrance of his pastor, he fell into a maze of perplexity, and doubt, whence he could see no clue. He expressed disgust with life in general ; and moved through our mirth and joy, like a spectre at a feast. The laxity of faith and practice in both his sisters, made him the more rigid in his attachment to the church of his sires. Others might move from their allegiance, and give way to the allurements of the prelatical Delilah. He would maintain the honour of the League and Covenant, and its snow-white purity against all comers. They went to the Cathedral. He redoubled his attendance at the Meeting-house. They began to discover, that things were not so bad as they had been taught to believe ; that the Church people did not worship saints and angels after all ; and that the Prayer Book was mainly taken from the Bible. He had no name for it, but a Mass Book altered for the worse. If they spoke slightly of the strictness and gloom of their father's house, and the long-winded discourses of the ministers ; he waxed contemptuous about poor creatures, that could not say a word to the people, except it was written down before them—and the same ice-like collects, served up day after day by drivelling hybrid Priests. If *they* thought, that causeless Reprobation was rather too strong a doctrine ; he brought forth such heavy

ordnance of texts, that he soon had the field to himself. They were all bowing down to the golden calf, and dancing and playing before it; and he knew it must end ill; and he could not rouse his kindred from the terrible infatuation. Still, the good soul did his best to be kind and true to me, his friend, through all; and enjoyed rare gleams of sunshine, in the hope we should be allies at home, as in the field and—oh, glorious and inspiring prospect!—in the Parliament of our Ireland that was to be.

And thus the golden sands of time ran out in sunny hours for many days; till one luckless morning when my uncle said at our breakfast circle—"Nance, your party has just cost me twenty pounds, over and above the expense of tea and sugar, sweet cakes, and cordials."

"You are joking, Tim," said she; "how could that ever be?"

"Aye, but it is the truth, old woman. You look staggered, Hugh. Well, take a look at this," said he, handing me a slip of paper, from which I gathered that Joseph Berry, jun., and James Foxall, and Timothy Mahony, pledged themselves to pay the sum of twenty pounds to the Ulster Bank, on a day which had expired twenty-four hours before.

"What have you to do with Foxall, the Orange grocer, uncle?" said I.

"Oh, the mischief of it is, it is not Foxall, the grocer, at all, but a poor fellow, next door to a pauper, that owns the same name."

"I do not understand it at all," said I.

"Well, listen, and you'll learn," said he. "The history of this slip of paper, that has cost me twenty pounds, is as follows: Your friend and brother-in-law-that-is-to-be bolted yesterday morning, and left me in bail for that debt of his. But he was always kind to you; and I don't mind the loss so much as the roguery."

"Tell me all about it, uncle."

"Sure and I am going to do that same, if you will give me time. On the night of the party, the young gentleman came round me with a story about a blackguard that had run away, and left him in the very same quandary that I am in now. He said his money would not be coming in to him for a couple of months; and his father was very strict in money matters; and if it was known he was in debt, it would ruin him with Mr. Elliott; and would it be too great a favour to ask the loan of my name, for form's sake, for a few days? He had Foxall's already—he was the Master of his Lodge, and his name was as good in the bank as the Primate's; and he made me believe it was the rich Foxall he was talking of—that's the bad part of the transaction. And he was so civil and good-natured, and sang so much for us that night, and asked it in such an insinuating way, that I would have signed for a hundred as ready as for twenty."



in the trouble which had come upon her household. Berry's absence the day before had given us no uneasiness ; but a letter by the morning's post announced to the wife the indefinite flight of her husband ; and counselled her to take refuge in her father's house, till better days came. Dire confusion reigned in the House of Harmony. Mrs. B., jun., was looking sulkily on Nat cording her boxes. Lizzie, full of wrath, was reviling the defaulter. When I told her the story of my uncle's loss, she ran straight to the kitchen, and poured the bitter tale of his son's dishonesty into the old man's cup of woe. He sat mournfully by the fireside, watched anxiously by his wife. His only reply to Lizzie's words, was a silent gush of tears upon the wrinkled cheeks. I was shocked at the unfeeling act of my future wife. It revealed very ugly traits, which, an hour before, I could have sworn were not there. Ah me ! my glowing hope seemed to sink into a heap of ashes.

To me the old man turned, and said, with dignity, and even composure, "Mr. Bryan, no man shall suffer by my son's dishonesty, nor say, while Joseph Berry, sen., has a shilling, that he has lost by him or his. Old woman," addressing his wife, "the last of the savings must go."

"Joseph, thee knows best. It do seem hard ; but it is better that our own weans should suffer, than that they Dissenters should say his Grace's body-servant's son had taken aught from them."

"That is right, dame. We must go forth again, alone, and empty this time. His Grace would give me that, and more. But I should die, before I'd ask him ; or uncover the nakedness of my son ;" and the tears again trickled down his cheeks.

"Yes, Joseph ; we shan't learn the Irish trick of begging. His Grace is too good for the wretched lot."

"Read us the Psalms for the day, wife. Let us look above, and think of poor foolish Joe."

Lizzie left the room ; but I sat still, and listened to the old lady, as she drew comfort from the springs of the Son of Jesse. Her voice grew strong, and rich, and mellow, as she read—"Lo, the poor man crieth, and the Lord heareth him, and saveth him out of all his trouble ; all they that put their trust in Him shall not be destitute."

"Read that over again, Martha. Thank God for the Prayer Book. It always has the right word for every time. Good morning, Mr. Bryan. Your uncle is a good man, and kind—but no man shall say, while I am alive, and have substance, that Joe Berry's son cheated him out of a penny-piece. Now, his Grace will be waiting for me."

I had gone to the Hill to soothe the wounded spirit of my love. I stayed there with an arrow, launched by her tongue, rankling in my heart. Disenchanted, I led her to the car, which bore her from my

sight. Not all her pledges of unchanging love ; nor her little honeyed flatteries, could join together the shivered fragments of the idol I had set up in my fancy. The last words of hers, which I heard, were—"Bella, you brought this all upon yourself. If you had made Joe save a hundred pounds before you married him, he would have been steady."

They broke the last link ; and I loved her, to whom I was affianced, no more. Ah me ! in what a vain shadow of delusion have I been walking ! She, the innocent, guileless maiden, whom I had set in Lily's place ! She has made me, too, of the world, worldly ; and mixed up thoughts of flax, and sheep, and oxen, with the sublime visions of a patriot soul.

In the evening, uncle thought it right and Christian, to go and visit old Mr. Berry, who had sent him the money during the day ; and I bore him company. The door lay open, and the sound of music and a human voice—a little thin and feeble, but full of spirit—greeted us as we entered. In the front room, Mrs. Berry was playing on an old harpsichord, and singing the 103d Psalm—as Tim informed me. Her husband gazed at her, through wreaths of smoke, with as much admiration, as if she were the young maiden of sweet sixteen, who stole his youthful heart ; and not a spare sharp-faced lady of sixty, the mother of seven adults.

"Mr. Mahony," said the old man, presently, to my uncle, "I am obliged to you for coming to see us, and I am so happy to-night, that I am glad to tell the reason of it, to every one. Aye, sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. This morning, when I went to the Palace, His Grace was so unwell as to be unable to go to the Cathedral for prayers ; and as His Grace's chaplain was in Dublin, His Grace asked me, to read him the lessons of the day. When the first was ended—it was about Nehemiah and Artaxerxes—His Grace said, 'Joseph, you have been a faithful servant and true to me for many years. I am concerned to see you so very sad this morning. Tell me the cause of your grief, old friend.' Those were the very words of His Grace to me. So I told His Grace all my trouble ; and His Grace comforted me, with as humble, simple words, as any poor curate could have done ; and when I was going away, His Grace pressed a cheque for £100 into my hands, with these very words, 'Say nothing to me, Joseph. I shall give directions, to have one of the houses in Palace Row prepared for you and Mrs. Berry. Give her also the assurance of my fullest sympathy ;' and words of thankfulness to God, and gratitude and veneration for the Primate, flowed from the honest couple till we took our leave.

On the way home, Tim remarked—"I never saw so far into the

hearts of any Church people before. For certain, they are not like us. They like to keep their religion pressed down like steam in a boiler. But, I'm thinking, the fire is lit and burning within, many a time, where we don't think it. That old Mr. Berry, depend upon it, knows more of the workings of the Holy Spirit, than our people would give him credit for. I always thought well of His Grace; but we were all afraid that maybe he hadn't the Spirit. Now, I am coming to think, Hugh, that a pint of practice is worth more than a puncheon of profession. Yes, I will strive and think, that they are Christians, though they are mostly dumb."

"Why, uncle, Father Phil himself could scarcely give a more doubtful verdict on their state. There are many points of resemblance between us Catholics, and you Methodists. We each have our dreams, and visions, and miracles, and we each make our pale very high and sharp, and give scant comfort to those outside."

"Oh, yes, I have heard that the tares and the wheat are very much alike," said he.

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## CHAPTER X.

"James, dear," said my Aunt Nance to Welsh, one evening in the autumn of 1843, as we sat at tea, "it's yourself that ought to pray hard to God to keep you humble and thankful, and not let your heart be turned by all the good you are the means of doing."

"Dear sister," said he, with a quiet smile, "while I have the prayers of some, like yourself, to guard me in on every side, I have a good hope, that I shall not fall."

"No man in the connexion, and that is a big word, James, has more prayers said for him than yourself. Oh, glory be to God! wasn't it a joyful thing to see, that young lady last night exulting in the praises of Him, who called her out of darkness into light? An angel could not have been sweeter to look on than Miss Foster, when she got up, so modest, and told us she had found peace under your ministry. Was she long under conviction, James?"

"Well, sister, I do not think it seemly, to speak of such things at present. I have no doubt she will declare, in the proper place, and season, the dealings of the Lord with her soul."



"I'm thinking, James," said she, pursuing her object, "the first impression was made that night she came in, so lively and proud looking, with the Johnson girls, when you were preaching about the Rich Fool. God forgive me! I could not keep my eyes off her the whole night—she is the loveliest young lady I ever seen; and all the time I kept putting up my petitions for her, that the Lord would open her heart. And glory be to His Name! He did it; for you were not five minutes preaching, till she fixed her eyes on you, and seemed to see nothing in the house but your face; and as you went on to show the folly of being wrapped up in business, or pleasure, or anything, while our souls might be hanging over the pit of destruction, there came a change over her countenance, and she got as serious as a prisoner in the dock, that saw the Judge before him, and knew his guilt was proved. And she listened to your words, as if her life depended on them, when you showed the way of getting the assurance of our salvation. And when you were done, she knelt down, and never rose, till one of the Johnsons roused her, and asked, if she was going to stay among the Methodists all night. I heard her say, 'Oh, Jane dear, how I wish I was worthy.' The other laughed at her answer, and her sad face; but she never seemed to heed it. Now, James, you will not say I was deceived by my eyes and ears that night."

"I believe you are quite right, sister. She traces her conversion back to that sermon. I tell you this, as a proof that your prayers were heard."

"Nance, she is a perfect beauty, no doubt," said Tim; "but old Rory's soul is worth just as much as hers."

"Who is that talking about Rory?" said our minstrel, from his own special corner. "Sure, I was listening to St. Patrick, discoursing in the King's court, at Tara—and there was a lovely young lady in tears at his feet. He tould them, it was a poor thing to see them all so fine and grand, with their goold and their feathers, their silks and their satins; when if they didn't believe in Him that died on the Cross, they might be burning in hell before the night was out. Faith, I was tarrified myself. But, sure, it is all nonsense—only drames and decate; and here I am, a poor ould harper, with a cracked skull, sheltered for charity, by a Methody turncoat."

Since his injury, Rory's conversation had been always incoherent. Of late, glimpses of sense had appeared in it. He listened eagerly to Welsh reading and praying, and we heard him mutter, from time to time, scraps of hymns. Whether he was able to collect their meaning or not, we never could determine. Nance treated him like a child; and bore with all his bitterness, and peevishness, and waywardness, because of his infirmities and desolateness.

"But tell us, James," said she, renewing the theme, which had such attractions for her, "didn't old Dr. Foster bring you up to see her himself? Sure and it is wonderful, that such a strict Churchman would stoop so far. She must have been far down in the deep waters of the miry pit, poor dear, before he would consent to that. But the Lord's ways are not our ways."

"I see, sister," said Welsh, "you are determined to know the history of the whole matter—and as you have found out the kernel, and as the narrative may be of service to Hugh, though he does shake his head—I shall tell you it."

"Trust a woman for finding out a secret—and Nance is a woman after all—tho' the best of her sex that I know," said Tim, covering his sarcasm, with an air of gallantry.

"Deed and I am sure," was her reply "the Lord does not send his light to be hid under a bushel, and you told me yourself, the lady's soul was worth no more than Rory's; and I would rejoice to see the glory of God in the conversion of such a sweet young girl."

"Well, old woman, you'll hear it, if you give your tongue a holiday, and let James speak."

If the subject of their conversation had been any other than the lady, whose loveliness had enchanted me at the ball, I should have retired, as on other similar occasions. As it was, everything connected with her fascinated me. Welsh, in very simple language, related how Dr. Foster had come to him some time before, and informed him, that his daughter had been so deeply impressed by a discourse of his—which she had heard by accident—that her health was seriously affected by the continual depression of her spirits. He had tried every means he could imagine, for banishing her gloom, but without effect. Several divines of the Establishment had done their best, to reason her out of her dismal conception of her state in the sight of God—but all had failed to comfort her. As the last resource, at her urgent entreaty—very much against his will, he frankly confessed—he came to Welsh, and requested him to give spiritual counsel to his child. Welsh found her under deep convictions of sin. In the presence of her father he told her these were the influences of the Holy Spirit, not to be quenched, or resisted, but at the greatest peril. She must continue seeking and looking to the Saviour with all her heart. Light would surely come in the Lord's time; and she would know that she was born again. The father on the other hand had maintained that it was all the result of too powerful an imagination, controlled by too sensitive a conscience. He did not believe in any but the ordinary operations of the Holy Spirit, coming to the soul insensibly, through the various ordinances of grace. However, in the case of the young lady, Welsh's predictions were verified.

Her health was restored ; she became cheerful, was a regular attendant at the Methodist Chapel ; and at last found peace, amid transports of heavenly bliss, the evening before. She was, they all agreed, a glorious and singular monument of the grace of God ; a beautiful instance of the charm which religion added to the purest natural character.

"Glory be to God for it all !" said Tim. "These Church people are very bigotted to the Prayer Book. They will never go a step outside it. They would not hear St. Paul, if he did not say a collect before the sermon. Some of them are as bad as the Catholics about it. There was Kitty Magrath—her husband is a Roman, and he got the child christened by a priest—she told me, she brought the darling to the rector to be baptized over again, and he refused to do it. Though she assured him, she had kept a Prayer Book under his head, ever since the priest touched him, to keep the devil away."

"But," said Welsh, "their objections are the more remarkable, as the Prayer Book itself is as full of references to the work and operations of the Holy Spirit, and their necessity, as we could desire. The ordination hymn goes as far as any Methodist."

The narrative made me think. It reminded me of the ecstasies of the saints. But they had been all in the distant realms of far off, legendary, supernal sanctity. Here was a like case, before my eyes, or, at least, my ears, vouched for in the most direct and positive manner, and by most credible witnesses, who each and all professed a similar experience. I thought I would push the investigation more closely. Therefore, I broke in upon their meditation, by asking—

"Now, James, and you uncle, do you mean to assert, that in one instant, by the fact of believing that God is your Father, you become His child, and are sure of it, although you were a child of the devil the instant before? That seems to me supremely absurd. To ask a man to believe what is not a fact—that is, a lie ; and as the reward of such an act, to make him the child of God. Ours is a far simpler and more intelligible doctrine."

"You misapprehend us, Hugh," said Welsh, "it is by the act of believing in Jesus Christ, and so becoming one with Him, that we and the Scriptures declare, a man becomes a child of God."

"Oh, James, we all believe in Him. Who does not? If I went out, and stood at that door for a year, and asked every passer-by 'did he believe in Jesus Christ or not?' Would one, in that time, say 'No?'"

"But, my dear Hugh, we do not call anything 'Faith,' but the inward testimony of the Holy Spirit to our spirit, resulting in a change of mind, feeling, and conduct."

"Well you only seem to me to shift the difficulty one step backwards, and it is against nature to believe that a blackguard should go

into your Chapel, reeking with impurity and villany ; and under the oily accents of Mr. Waugh, be changed into a saint, with a soul as white as the driven snow, in a minute."

"Against nature it is," said Tim, "not a doubt of it, but not against free grace. But, Hugh, it is very wrong of you, to speak of Mr. Waugh in that way. He is only the organ, through whom the breath of the Spirit comes, and has come to many, in the sweet and silvery accents of Gospel peace."

"He is a good man, and has many seals to his ministry," said Welsh.

"But how are you to be sure," said I, renewing my charge, "that it is the Spirit of God, and not a lying spirit, or the spirit of self-deceit which speaks to you? The Bible has something to say about both, and as if they were not uncommon either."

"If it is the spirit of lies," said Tim, "he must have altered greatly for the better. Did you ever hear, Hugh, of a deceiving spirit, telling a man he was the vilest of sinners on the earth, and that he deserved nothing but hell-fire? or testifying that the love of the Saviour is as high as the heavens, and as broad as the earth; and His blood precious enough to wash away a world-full of sins? Or of a deluding spirit, sending a man to his knees, to pray for his life; and to his Bible, to search it like a mine of diamonds; and never letting him feel safe, except he was under the wings of his Redeemer? If the devil works that way now, he must be changed; and I would have good hope of his being saved—and I wish he would send a legion like himself into Armagh. They would do us all a power of good."

"But, uncle, it is not the conviction of sin, or the assurance of the Love of God, or the impulses to prayer that I find fault with. Father Clancy can speak on such topics as well as any of you, and he has the crucifix, and confession, and prayer, and purgatory, to help him, too; which you sorely want. It is this doctrine, that we are all the children of the devil, and this conversion in a moment into children of God, that I object to. I am sure I am not a child of the devil."

"Aye, aye, I wish you were as sure you were a child of God. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit. They are foolishness to him. I was once just like yourself, but, thank God, I *was* blind, but *now* I see."

"There is another doctrine of yours," said I, "that of sinless perfection, which is to my mind quite erroneous. Did any of you ever see an instance of it?"

"Oh," said Welsh, "the ambiguity in that arises from the definition of sin. Mr. Wesley would call nothing 'a sin' in the case of a believer, but the wilful and deliberate violation of a known law of God. Faults

of temper—speech—thought—he termed ‘blemishes,’ ‘errors,’ not ‘sins.’ I sometimes think your uncle and aunt ‘perfect,’ in his sense of the word.”

“No, no, James,” cried both, “we are poor sinners, and nothing at all.”

“But, Hugh,” continued Welsh, “you ought to take your Greek Testament, and search the original Scriptures for yourself.”

“So I shall, James, you may rely upon it. At present, I have other work to do. When *it* is finished, I shall search the Scriptures, not to find the truth, for I know I have *it* in the Church. For the present, and for my life, for that matter, I am quite content to share the lot of mother, and grandmother, and such men as Fenelon, Xavier, and Mathew. The Frenchmen knew both sides thoroughly. Better men have not lived than the Catholic Church has produced. Purer Christians than my mother and the widow there could not be.”

“But, Hugh dear, we must all stand and answer for ourselves at the last. Another man’s faith will not save your soul then,” said Tim, in serious earnestness.

“Well,” said I, “the difference between us is this, my faith rests upon the sure and unchanging testimony of the Infallible Catholic Church of Jesus Christ ; yours on the shifting impression of your own fancy.”

“No ! no ! Hugh, on the Spirit, and the Word of the Living God,” said Welsh.

“Is it not rather,” said I, “on your own or John Wesley’s interpretation of the English version of the mutilated Scriptures.”

“Hugh,” said Welsh, “do not rush into hard words, they are always the sign of weak arguments. We must read with prayer the Scriptures for ourselves ; and we have the promise, that the Spirit will guide us. Private judgment is man’s prerogative and duty, you cannot shake it off. You do judge for yourself in bowing before the Church.”

“Come to the preaching, Hugh,” said my uncle.

“No, no, I shall not put myself in the way of temptation. I cannot afford to be robbed of my mother, and grandmother, and the hero, and my country. I will not give them up for anything.”

“*Quicumque non odit*,” said Welsh.

“Oh, Hugh dear, do not harden your heart,” said Nance ; “you don’t want to be convinced—you *will* not believe—that is the stumbling-block.”

“Well, now, uncle,” said I, “do you really say, that your own conversion was instantaneous—that *you* passed out of darkness into light in the twinkling of an eye ?”

“Hugh,” said he, with much emotion, “it is a solemn thing for a

man to talk of the dealings of God with his own soul, to one in your state, by the fireside. Many a time I have done it in the preaching-house ; but your question makes it dreadful real-like. However, I'll tell you my whole story. You are my son—and you ought—and maybe you'll know me better after you have heard it. You know I was not reared in your part of the country. It was in Limerick I was born. From the time I was the height of the table, I lived with Squire Gillman, of Duffcarrick. A great man he was for the sport entirely. But the mistress was a real good woman—a Quaker by her own family ; and she kept the grace of God from forsaking the house altogether. She was kind to me, being an orphan ; and used to fetch me in, with her own children, night and morning, when she was teaching them the Bible. The other servants were fearful of heresy, but I was a nobody, without kith or kin. The cook once spoke to Father O'Flynn about the danger my soul was in. He only laughed at her for her pains ; and said, any religion would be a God-send to the servants in that house, for he hadn't seen a sixpence of dues out of it for years ; and small blame to them, for the master never paid them their wages. But, the truth was, he dared not contrary the mistress in teaching me. For, he had snug quarters in Duffcarrick, and mighty convenient it was for him to have a room to clean himself in, after riding out of Limerick every Sunday morning, to say mass in a chapel near the house ; and to find a grand breakfast waiting for him in the big house afterwards. One Sunday morning I was settling his room, when in comes Father O'Flynn. Partly from fear, and partly for diversion, I hid myself, to watch what he would do. The cook brings him up a plateful of flour, to make the wafers for the mass out of. I seen him make a lot of them in a hurry, and put them out on the window-sill to dry ; and, as sure as I am alive, he used the rest of the flour to powder his hair with. I could not help thinking of what the mistress had been reading about that very morning in the Bible : of a man cutting down a tree, and making a god to bow down to, of a part, and kindling a fire to bake bread with, with the rest of it. 'Sure, ma'am,' said I, 'he must be a big fool entirely.' She gave a queer smile, and explained it all very purty, about people giving themselves up to be led astray, when they listen to the devil or false teachers. Well, I got no good out of Mass that day ; and from that on, I never could believe that the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, of our Blessed God and Saviour, were at the bidding of such a priest as he was. And Baptism fared just as badly. For once Father O'Flynn had a great quarrel with one of the neighbours, and was quite enraged at him. The man had a young child, and he was afraid of his life to speak to the priest about baptizing it, till the wife forced him to it. He was agreeably disap-

pointed to find the priest as sweet and friendly as you please; and brought the child to him with a heart and a-half. But indeed, and indeed, he christened the child 'Beelzebub.' So you see, Hugh, I lost my faith before I had it; and when once a man's eyes are opened, it is surprising, what a lot of things he sees, that he took no notice of before. After a while, a priest on the sea-side took a great fancy to me; and brought me off to groom his horses; and take care of his garden; and be his man, in short. So, I saw the doings of the priests closer than ever; and that did not raise them in my eyes. But the worst blow I ever got was about the sprats. You know, it is the custom of the fishermen, to get a mass said, for the coming of the sprats, and they have to pay heavily for it. Now, you know, too, the poor people are sure that, without the mass, they would not get one fish; and at the worst of times they must make up their pound notes for a mass. Well, this year, they were terrible badly off; and who should come round, but a travelling friar? He said a mass for them very cheap, underhand-like. For weeks after, never a sprat came near them—nor any other fish either; and they were on the edge of starvation. One day says the priest to me, 'Tim, go down to the cove, and tell them villains, I know all their treachery, and have famished them for it. Warn them, that if they don't bring me five pounds for a mass before ten o'clock in the morning, I'll get the Blessed Virgin and the saints to build a wall across the mouth of the bay, and fish they never will catch more in it till the day of judgment.' Down I goes, glad of the fun, I am sorry to say—not that I believed a word of it. But they did; and they pledged everything down to the blankets; and the mass was said; and the bay was swarming with sprats in the morning. You see, he had got word from the priest ten miles off the day before, that the sprats were coming; and that's what put him in such a hurry. After that, no power on earth could bring me to believe in the mass or the priests either. Thank God, there is no need for it. But, Hugh, I wonder that you, or any of you, can believe in earnest, what your Church teaches about the mass, and act as you do. Have you not been taught, now, that every time the priest says mass, the sacrifice of Calvary is repeated—that Our Lord suffers afresh?"

I acknowledged that such was the faith I had been taught.

"And you can believe that, and love Him; and crucify Him afresh (I am almost afraid to say what you *do*), to bring luck to your fishing, or even to drive away the measles from a sick pig! May the Lord forgive you, and open your eyes! So you see, my conversion from Popery was going on long before I was led by the hands of the Most High into the preaching-house in Dublin. After that, I'll not deny it, I was a long time under conviction and seeking for peace; but I was

converted to the Lord in an instant ; and taken out of the horrible pit, and miry clay, and set upon the Rock ; and my mouth was filled with the new song of the high praises of God in the twinkling of an eye, under the preaching of that blessed man, Simeon Kelly. He was very like yourself, James, and that was the first thing, that made Nance and me love you so much. Often, when I am listening to you in the pulpit, I think it's himself has come back again. Surely, a good preacher, and a warm society, and a lively class, are the greatest of blessings. Now, Hugh, I have given you something to think about, You are very high, and stubborn, and stiff-necked ; but I'm hoping you will be brought down like myself yet, and have to go out from among your own people, and take up the Cross—and you'll never know happiness till then."

"God grant I may live to see him a preacher," said Nance.

"Well, uncle, I do not know when I was so much horrified as in listening to you. It is very awful. But, you know, a bad priest does not rob the people of the value of the sacrifice. There is a black sheep in every flock."

"I am not so sure of that. In your Church everything depends upon the intention of the priest. Anyhow, it was bad priests robbed me of my old faith (thank God, for it), and, in your way of thinking, that is about the worst thing could happen me."

I retorted, with most damaging effect, by an account of the doings among the Protestants at Lough Neagh.

"Did the priests never strive to get you back, Brother Mahoney?" said Welsh.

"Oh, aye ! one of the curates asked me, what I got for turning. 'A crown, your Reverence,' said I. 'I didn't think you valued your soul so low as five shillings,' said he. 'It is the crown of glory that fadeth not away, sir, I meant,' said I. That is the amount of effort they made to bring back the strayed sheep."

"It is a pity," resumed my uncle, after a pause, "that we could not get Rory to give us a sketch of the lives of the fine old Irish saints Hugh is so proud of. They were the very queerest Christians I ever heard of."

"Rory is listening to you, you ould desaver," broke in the wavering treble of the harper. "He is up to all your doings. It is to ruin the child and myself for iver and iver, and to bring us along with you to hell you are laying your traps. But Rory has seen too much of hell, to want to go there again with the heretics."

"What do you mean, Rory?" said my uncle. "Were you in Patrick's Purgatory in Lough Derg?"

"To be sure I was; and wasn't I tould there that I was to come to Armagh."



"Tell us all about it, Rory."

"Let me alone, then, for awhile, and hould your tongues all of you ; and I'll try and gather my wits together ; and let you know what is before you and all turncoats."

We held our peace for a long time—glad to mark the return of intelligence to the injured brain ; and eager for the strange story, of which he had given us promise. He raised his head after about an hour of repose, and said, "Hugh dear, get the fiddle and play me some solemn quiet music."

I obeyed, and before I had concluded the reverie I had chosen for him, he had arisen, and waved his hand, and with fiery eyes and white beard falling to his waist, began his narrative.

"I had been on the top of Croagh Patrick, saying a Rosary on the very spot, where the holy saint drove all the serpents into the say. It came on a terrible shower, as I was going down. Mists, and fogs, and storms, and hurricanes, and waterspouts, overwhelmed me. I was soaked, and drenched, and drowned, and starved with cold and wet—into the very marrow of my bones. 'Surely,' says the devil, 'it would be no sin, on such a day as this, to take a drop of spirits.' And there forinst me, when I lifted my eyes, was a shebeen, with a big fire burning on the hearth. I yielded to the timpter and walked in, and called for a naggin of poteen. They make the best in the world in that country. I took it, like new milk ; and another on the top of it ; and God knows, how many more after that. When I came to my senses next, I was wracked from head to foot with pains, as if every joint in my body was a pair of pincers, and every narve was a red-hot poker, and my mouth was as hot and as dry as a lime-burner's wig ; and there was a thirst on me, that an ocean of whiskey could not have quenched. 'Oh, Rory,' says I, to myself, 'you must go to Hell at last. It is your only chance ; and it is better to spend one night in torments in this world, than be in them for iver hereafter.' So off I starts hot foot for Lough Derg, and puts myself under the control of the priest, telling him I was a lost man if he did not give me leave to spend a night in Patrick's Purgatory. He makes me pray, and confess, and fast, and go through terrible penance for a month. At the end of it, he brings me at sunset into the cave (I had eaten nothing all that day), and leaves me there, all by myself. It was black—black—black, till I thought I never would see light again ; and I was longing for sleep, when before I could say, 'Hail Mary,' I sees millions of devils all tearing up to me. They were all covered with hair, and every hair was spitting fire at me. I threw myself down, and kept making crosses till my arms were stiff. When I had said over a hundred Paters, a fine old man comes and says, 'You want to get a lesson that will last you all your life, and save

you from spirits. 'Then go down there,' and he opens a trap-door, and shoves me down into a pit. Down I goes straight into an ocean of fire. Oh, it was awful! Fire, fire, fire; and me sinking deeper and deeper. I was singed, and roasted, and burnt, till I felt red-hot all over. But I held the cross to my heart, and that saved me. When I was beginning to think that this was to last for ever, down I goes again into an ocean of cold, cold water, so cold that my teeth chattered like peas in a rattle, and my hair was frozen into knitting-needles. But the cross kept my heart warm. It seemed thousands of years before I was at the bottom of the cold water; but I got down at last, and this time I fell among a nest filled with thousands of serpents. They wound round, and round, and round me, and stung every inch of my body; and I could feel the poison running all through and through me, a thousand times worse than either fire or water. But the cross kept them away from my heart. At last I reached the bottom of all, and I was among the devils. They tossed me, and threw me about, and run pitchforks into me, and toasted me, until I made the sign of the cross a hundred times. Then I seen the Bridge of the Three Unpossibilities, and the old man appeared, and told me, I must cross it if I wished to be saved. It was as sharp as a razor, and as thin as a wafer, and as long as the sun's distance from the earth. And the devils were swarming all round it. I lifts the cross, and jumps on it, and runs, and runs, and runs for what seemed thousands of years, and, at last, I reached the end, and Heaven was afore me. There was a wall of glass all round it, stretching away up miles high. They would not let me through the gates; but I could see through the walls, and, oh! but it was the lovely spot. There were trees with fruit shining like gold, and harpers by multitudes, and houses open to every one to go in. I was wild to get in; but the old man says, 'No; not yet. Go to Armagh, and Patrick will send one there, to take care of you till your time is up, and to bury you beside himself. And,' says he, 'will that lesson do for your life?' 'It will, your honour—if I live as long as two Methuselahs,' says I. But, oh dear, I am very sleepy;" and the minstrel was supported to his chamber.

"That is a wonderful vision, James," said my uncle, "I am thinking, there would be the materials of a grand oration in it. Pity Rory was not converted, and in his senses. He would do a deal of good as an exhorter."

"Brother, is it not awful, to contemplate the doom of the ungodly?" said Welsh, rising out of a reverie. "No power of imagination or description can reach its misery. Thank God for the Cross."

It is a good sign, that the old man sleeps so much," said Nance.

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To silence my aunt's upbraidings, I went, after this conversation, frequently, on week evenings, to the services in their Chapel. My spiritual adviser could have found out no more certain method of confirming my attachment to the Catholic Church ; and rejecting the thought of apostasy, with entire aversion. The usual tone of praying, preaching, and expounding in that house was, when not wearisome, disgusting. The bald disjointed talk about the most solemn things in heaven and earth—the manner of the Northern leaders, coarse, vulgar, Pharisaic—the introduction on all occasions, relevant or irrelevant, of the Great Sacrifice, in the most shocking language, drove me, with a recoil of horror from a form of religion, which—but for my relatives and Welsh—I could have believed capable of producing nothing but spiritual pride, frantic fanaticism, and loathsome hypocrisy. The preachers were mere spin-texts. The most weak and watery commonplace of doctrine meandered for an hour through continents of mud, and then ceased ; to the relief of all, but a few faithful ones, like Tim and Nance, who got profit and pleasure from the most unpromising viands. Only to hear the eloquence of Welsh, and behold the beauty of Miss Foster, did I continue to visit the dreary spot. His discourses were models of genuine natural eloquence—a chain of burning logic, every link of which shone with the light of genius and pathos. But his themes were such as are common to all Christians. Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, the evil of Sin, the peril of delayed repentance, the love of the Saviour, the blessedness of serving God, these were his topics. They were all quite as much part and parcel of my faith as of his—and even more powerfully enforced by the Catholic Church, than by any of the sects. And our tone of devotion was far higher, grander, and more adoring.

Miss Foster's face was, to me, a study of the rarest type of the human face divine—as far surpassing the purest gem of the greatest master, as nature outshines art. It was not hard to detect, these two were one in heart, though they were alike unconscious of their love. "They were made for each other," said Nance. But my aunt, whose sympathy and acquaintance with true love was deep and true, feared, that they never would be brought together. They were both so far above the earth—they would think it a profanation, to allow a spark of sublunary love, to mingle with the sacred fire, which glowed in both their souls. Welsh's manner at this time, wore an air of inexpressible sweetness ; and his words ran in musical rhythm ; and his sermons gloried in the love that passeth knowledge. Miss Foster went away in the winter to visit some near friends in Dublin. All felt the blank her absence caused in the meetings. Tim and Nance were devising subtle opportunities of bringing about the union of the two perfections ;

when she returned, an invalid. The severe cold passed into rapid consumption, and in a short month that peerless form lay in the grave. Welsh's anguish, on his return from the funeral, was pitiable. Nance caught him in her arms ; when Tim and I saw him rest his head upon her bosom, we left them both together. Thenceforward he crushed down the wounded nature. Her name never passed our lips in his presence. He went about with the face of a dead man. The Northerners ascribed his melancholy to awful wrestlings with the Evil One. The great preacher, who was winning so many souls from bondage, would surely be tempted, as was no other mortal. Many a prayer went up for him at that season. His sermons were dark and funereal, and filled the Chapel with sobbing penitents. But a wealthy lady, who loved him as a son, saw that his frame was too weak to bear the terrible struggle of emotion and exertion. She bore him away to a quiet village on the sea coast ; and forced him to hold his peace ; and give some quiet and repose to his vexed and wounded spirit. To supply his place, there came a famous man, called "The Revivalist"—of the tactics, by which he carried on the campaign against Satan, and his method of breaking in obstinate souls, I had rather keep silence. So effective were they, that I registered a solemn vow, against ever again entering the door of a Methodist place of worship. No ! mine be the universal and infallible Church—with her treasury of traditions, doctrines, ceremonies, appealing to, and satisfying every want of the body, mind, and soul of man ; mine, the immutable stability of the Rock—the glorious company—the goodly fellowship—the long unbroken line of apostles, prophets, martyrs, saints, bowing with me, before the chair of Peter—the throne of Christ's Vicar upon earth. What a descent from this to the rant and cant and profane extravagance of Methodism ! or to the starched and presumptuous and uncharitable Presbyterian—or to the decorous, lifeless, unnational Church of England. Thank God, my lot is with none of these ! Thank God, that I am one with the Holy Church Catholic of all ages ! These three good souls among the Protestants have all been born and baptized and received grace through the channel of the Church—hence their virtues—may they return and not peril their salvation by final apostasy.

## CHAPTER XI.

In the summer of 1844, Rory's health was wonderfully improved. His conversation was more rational and coherent than I had ever known it. His gratitude was boundless. He rejoiced at the violence which had opened to him a home more comfortable than any he had ever lived in. He was able to relate all the incidents in the parenthesis of his life between Rathcore and Armagh. To my delight, he had continued sober, from the period of the vow to the night at Croagh Patrick. The College porter had been calumnious. The £1 note, which witnessed Hibernia's gratitude, was safely enclosed in the amulet. His pilgrimage had been hard and unprofitable, so far as money was concerned. The people were so full of *Repale*, and so eager to pay the Rint, that they had scanty hospitality, and no coin for the wandering harper. He dared no longer play in the public-houses. They would not admit a teetotaller; and to him the temptation would have been fatal. But for Father Phil's remittances, and the charitable gentry, he must have perished of starvation. Now, he must once more be on the move. He had only one wish in life, and that was to lay his bones beside St. Patrick's. Downpatrick was only thirty miles off. He would journey there by easy stages; then keep moving round that point till the last: and some good Christian would take the pound-note, and spend it, in interring his remains in the flag. When I got my own, I could have a few masses said for his soul. Then he would rest in peace. On this point, he was impracticable. What was comfort for a month or two, compared with lying beside St. Patrick? The saint would take care of him at the Resurrection. No, no; he knew he had not years of life before him, nor one year, nor many months. He was older than we thought. Seventy years and seven had he lived, on his last birth-day. In his dreams he always saw that age on his coffin. "So in a week or two, I'll say 'Goodbye, kindest of friends. God's blessing, and the harper's, be yours for ever and ever.' Then for a long sleep beside the apostle of Ireland. Maybe, when the land is free again, they'll build a finer cathedral than yon, over us both; and the mass will be said above my bones till the world's end."

But on the evening of the 11th July, the incessant noise of fifes and drums, and gun and pistol shots, drove his wits away; and sent him back to the Danish invasion, 800 years ago. He said, it was the night before the battle of Clontarf, and he was Brian's harper; and his

master was banquetting with his lords, and he must play the war-chant. And, for hours, the battle-songs of the Celtic bards flooded the pork-store with wild music ; and the crowds preparing for the morrow, were furious and indignant at the undying defiance of the minstrel of the enemy.

At last came the 12th of July—day longed for by the loyal hearts of Ulster Orangemen. For, this year, they were released from the shackles of a tyrannical Act, passed by a Parliament of infidel tendencies—which, for a term, had interfered with their immemorial right of testifying their contempt and abhorrence of us Irish Papists, on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. Finer day never shone. The sun was almost orange in its warmth. The city was either orange or green, as either faction predominated in its quarters. The fronts of the houses were washed or painted with the rival hues. The orange quarters, lying round the Barracks, swarmed with boys and girls ; resounded with squibs and shots and cheers and drums and fifes everywhere. Inside the numerous taverns, sat the heroes of the North holding council on grave matters in their several lodge-rooms. From the windows floated the colours of the Prince of Nassau in resplendent orange and purple. In the centre of each flag, rode the Prince himself ; with majestic nose—which threw his other features out of sight ; and huge periwig, not unlike Rory's "glibb" of hair ; mounted, in an impossible attitude, on a gigantic white horse, quite able—one would say—to swallow the little Boyne, which flowed at his feet, at a single draught, and to make short work of James' tiny battalions, whose lance heads stood up like needle points before him. The brethren, and sisters, and children, upholders of Church and State against all and sundry, awaited the first notes of the bell, which summons the Church people to prayers in the Cathedral. Not that they had any thought of beginning the service of the day, with devotion in the House of God. They had been engaged from the first streak of dawn in most fervent worship at the shrine of the god or goddess—whichever it may be—that presides over spirits-and-water. The bell was the signal for their march to the grounds of Hope Hall. There Squire Hope, one of the right sort—true blue, and a G. M.—was to welcome the brethren, take command of the united forces of the county, parade them on his lawn, and exhibit them, and himself at their head, on a white horse, to the female rank and wealth and fashion of the land, clustering, all in the orthodox colours of the day, on the terrace ; to encourage the faithful, by sympathy and smiles, in their burning hatred of Popery, and their readiness to die for William the Third. For all seemed to think that, like my old heroes, the Fenians, he had only gone to sleep for a few hundred years ; but was sure to awaken at the right moment

to the eternal confusion of the encroaching Pope. I commend the study of this fabulous William the Third of the North of Ireland to all investigators of myths. A mythic hero has grown there in less than a century to giant proportions, in defiance of fact and history and common sense.

Timothy Mahony's house was situated on the border ground between the two territories. He was neither Orange nor Green, but with a hand for each. On one side, stretched the Protestants; on the other, the Roman Catholics. The hue deepened with the distance. The nearer Protestants belonged to one or other of the Dissenting bodies. The nearer Papists were, like ourselves, from the sunny South, and so not to the Northern manner born. A hundred yards off, the colours were decided, and deepened in tinge, till they attained the *ne plus ultra* of distinctiveness, round the Roman Catholic Chapel on one side; on the other, round the Parish Church; from the pinnacles of which, and not from the Cathedral, floated the colours of the heroes of Aughrim, Derry, and the Boyne. For the heroes, like their leader, are immortal; and embody themselves yearly in the brethren of the day—as their songs, speeches, and braggadocio prove. Tim himself eschewed all politics. He had no lively interest in any worldly complication whatever. His whole soul was fired by the teachings of the Great Revivalist. Wesley—Fletcher—Finney—were never out of his mind. He dabbled also in the news of the spiritual world. About this time, he had been introduced to Swedenborg; and the confusion of mind, produced by the conflict of two elements which would not coalesce, kept him from caring in the least, for quarrels about such miserable things, as the colour of a ribbon, or the form a man's breath took in passing through a reed. For the Orangemen he had an aversion quite as great as my own—though for different reasons. To me, they were the honest representatives of the enemies of my race, and faith, and native land. They are more straightforward than their rulers. They cannot smile as they trample us down, as the more polished do. But such is the spirit in which all Saxons and Protestants look upon me and mine. I hated them, therefore, as the champions of the tyrant who held us in chains. Tim saw in this party work, the great stumbling-block to the progress of the Revival. While men were filled with the spirit of pride and hatred, and no-surrenderism, and Protestant-ascendancyism, there was no hope of getting them to listen to anything so trivial, or uninteresting, as the eternal happiness or misery of their souls. Of course to find an opening among Romanists at such a time for anything that savoured of Protestantism, was not to be thought of. "It is like the evangelization of the moon," said Tim; "it might be done, but not by human preachers." He

read this day the account of the Ephesian mob, shouting for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

"Yes, Hugh," said he; "there is good to be got out of everything. I used to think it very strange that *they* could act so foolishly: but there is a crowd outside, that has done nothing for four mortal hours, but shout 'King William for ever,' and 'Hot quarters for the Pope.'"

Tim and Nance had long ago lived down all fear of aggression from either quarter. Most of his Methodist brethren were also Orange brethren, and threw the buckler of their names over the bold local that would preach under the nose of the Popish Primate; and denounce Romish idolatry before the whole company of priests and laymen. Nor was there any ill-feeling against them on the other side. They thoroughly admired his courage and frankness, and save in the one peculiar onslaught—which was an era in my life—they passed him with a smile. For he was the soul of charity to the poor; and most of the poor were of the Romish faith. Every Thursday—the day of their misery in Dublin—a basketfull of pigs' feet and such-like eatables in their line of trade, was distributed to widows, cripples, and others, whose want and suffering they knew to be real. For they were never happy, when they had not some case of misery or bereavement to think for: and if the poor shrunk from their creed, as hellish, all pronounced their life and practice heavenly. They had nothing but love for all; and none could refrain from loving them. Moreover, their treatment of the Irish harper—Orange victim as he was—atoned for the scandal of their perversion. For their sakes, I had kept aloof from all dealings with the National party—who were strong and vehement in Armagh. They had thrown out many lures; had written to Daly, and brought his influence to bear upon me; but I was deaf to the voice of the charmer. And it was wise; for the slightest suspicion of disloyalty, or consorting with rebels, would have banished me from the College. So, from affection and expediency, I had confined my treason, to speculation, and music, and literature. This day, I was in a fever of suppressed indignation. I went out for a walk to visit the tomb of Niall Cairbre, one of my regal sires, who spent his life in driving Danes, and such vermin, out of Ireland. On the way, I met the lodges, some 500 strong, with flaunting banners waved from side to side, and the musicians playing, for my special edification, the feeling air of "Croppies, lie down, down, down, Croppies, lie down—we'll cut them asunder, we'll make them lie under, the Protestant Boys." My blood was at boiling point. I held my tongue indeed, as they reviled; but it required a great effort to restrain myself from shouting, "Wait awhile, and you will see the Green above the Red, where it ought to be. Oh, that I had a band of our Rathcore boys here, and



we would soon have the flags in the dust, and yourselves under the Croppies, and the fifes at a very different tune." But the bitter truth crushed me. Yes, we are a beaten race ; and these men, and such as they, are our lords and masters. Then, in God's name, let us have one trial more ; and one of us shall leave the land. I dined among the ruins, and started for home about four o'clock in the evening. When I reached our Chapel, the streets around it were in a ferment. All had given up work for the day. Men lounged about the corners and the public-houses, with an evil look in their eyes. Women, with arms bared to the elbow, stalked up and down, in the centre of the road, lashing their mates to fury, against the bloody villains who would not let people live in peace. Little children were gathering great piles of stones in front of the houses.

"There is one that ought to be of the right sort," shouted a virago, as I was passing through the crowd on my way to our house at the foot of the street.

"The name he owns belongs to our side any way," cried a sister.

"More shame for a Bryan to be a dirty scraping of the rotten Orange Peel."

"Man alive, why did you desert the cause your grandfather died for ?"

My temper exasperated almost beyond endurance by the contumely of the morning—heated by the glories of the past at Niall's grave—nettled by this storm of sarcasm, now burst into speech—

"What ails you all at me ?" I roared out ; "I have brought no dishonour on my name. It is as pure as ever it was. I am a true Irishman, and when the day for action comes—and God send it soon—you'll be ashamed of your words this day."

"Why, Hugh agra, didn't you hear that they are going to wreck the Chapel when they come back ?" said an acquaintance.

"No ; and I do not believe one word of it," said I.

"Come here, Peggy Ryan, and tell him what you heard Maguire saying this morning."

This was a woman who did the dirty work at Jackson's Tavern, the head-quarters and boozing-place of the "Killaman Wrackers."

"Troth, an' I heard him say, with a great oath of damnation to his sowl, that they would march through Irish-street" (the Catholic quarter) "this evening, and show the Papishes sport. He swore, he would niver sleep aisy, while there was a Chapel in the town, and there is a cart of crowbars waiting for them at the corner of Dobbin-street, and yourself knows, they have blunderbushes, and guns, and pistils, and swords, and all sorts of weapons."

I walked down to the place she named ; and, sure enough, *there*

was a cart-load of ugly looking iron-bars, covered with a tarpaulin. They might be for the foundry, but there were strong men lounging about here also ; and they looked far more wickedly disposed than the men on our side. And they received me, with the eternal "Croppies lie down." I had no doubt of the truth of the woman's story. Maguire was a name bad enough to give probability to any report. He and his men had wrecked Chapels before. He had great influence in his own class. His bitter determination to root out the "Papishes" could not be exaggerated. When I returned, the men were in a mass, discussing the course of action. It was useless, they said—to seek aid from the magistrates. They would not listen to our story. Their hands were full elsewhere. I broke in vehemently, and counselled them to be prepared for the worst. We had no firearms of any kind ; no weapons but spades, pitchforks, hatchets, and stones. Heavy beams were brought out of a neighbouring timber-yard to form a barricade ; for I had read of the French Revolution. The windows of the houses were taken out, and piles of paving-stones were heaped up inside. The women took charge of this part of our defensive operations. No use, we said, in throwing the beams across, till we were sure of their intentions. We wait in grim preparation for the event. We shall die, before we suffer them to touch one leaf of a tree in the Chapel-yard, where our dear ones lie in holy earth. We grow wishful of a contest, as we mark our numbers, our spirit, our readiness, and the advantages of our position. Pity, these should all go for nothing. The unpopular man now is he, who dare venture to suggest, that the alarm may be the offspring of a mistake ; or the story may have been too highly coloured by Peggy Ryan. I walk down past our house. There is no sign of life there. All have gone out to a prayer-meeting for peace. Good—that any one is praying on such a day as this, and we shall need their prayers. For, the enemy is coming. The shrill notes of the distant fife sends a thrill through our body : then the drums throw a rush of blood to our faces. See, now the line of police, a hundred yards off, have formed across the head of our street. We can see, over their heads, the flags waving : and men on white horses, waving orange handkerchiefs. They have stopped. There is a parley between the magistrates and the Masters of the Lodges. The police-officer gesticulates wildly. They rush on the police. The law has no power to stop a thoroughfare. Their procession is legal to-day. The Lodges, swelled by a mighty reinforcement of country brethren, on horseback, draw nearer. The war-flag of the Wrackers leads the van.

"Have the beams ready, boys," I cry out to the anxious multitude.

"Mammy, mammy, mammy, where are you?"

"Oh, murder, murder, where is my child?"

This touch of nature throws us all into confusion, till it is too late to throw the beams across. They are upon us. A green flag appeared from somewhere. "Croppies lie down." "Erin go bragh." Cheers of attack. Counter cheers of defiance. Showers of stones. Three white horses with furious riders are in the midst of us. "Make way there, you Papist scum, or I'll shoot you down like Philistines," and the flash and ring of a pistol shot warn us, this is no common row. In an instant, the horses are riderless; and the champions are lying bound, bleeding, cursing, in a cellar. I have saved them from certain death. In front there is a hideous din. Spades, shovels, pitchforks, now up, now down, swords gleam and twinkle, stones are raining down. The guns blaze—the shots thicken—shrieks—howls—curses—yells. Yes, that *was* a bullet, which whistled past my ear; it knocked a cloud of brick-dust from the wall over my shoulder. But God help us! There is Rory in the thick of it. His streaming white hair; his shrill "Faugh a ballagh" make all look up. He has fast hold of the oriflamme of Orangeism, the standard of the Wrackers. I am beside him. Ha! there is a gun-barrel within four yards of us, levelled fair at his white head. At once I strike him. He and the flag topple over. The flash from the tube singes my sleeve, the noise deafens me for a moment, and a woman shrieks out "Oh, my arm."

"Well done, young man," a voice of authority shouts out—from the sky apparently—from a window overhead, in reality. "Hold that ruffian fast," meaning Maguire, on whom I have fastened, like a bulldog. "Men, close up, and seize prisoners. All loyal subjects disperse to your homes. Silence for the 'Riot Act.'"

Before he reads a sentence, the riot is over. The quick-witted police-officer had come round the reere of the houses, and got into a room which overlooked the scene of conflict. The police had followed the Orangemen as quickly as the crowd suffered them to move. The terrible Maguire, with hand-cuffs on his wrists, is being marched off. With an awful look, he curses me, and vows bitter vengeance, as he departs.

"Stop," says Captain Holster—"you should go down on your knees, and thank God, and that young man, you villain. He has saved your soul from the guilt of a brutal murder; and your body from the hands of the hangman. If he had not thrown the old man down, you would be a murderer, sir; and as sure as the sun shines, my evidence would have sent you to the gallows."

The wretch turned, and cursed us all for bloody Papists.

"Now, young man, you have saved a life to-day. I shall not ask, how you have came here. You must be prepared to give evidence

against him. Keep clear of mobs. The next time I must hand-cuff *you*. Sergeant, take his name and address; and have him in court, to-morrow."

Two dead bodies and several wounded, all of our side, lay on the pavement. I lifted Rory, and bore him home, and watched tenderly over the old man, who was now dearer than ever to me. Through the night, he muttered ceaselessly, "Them bloody Danes—but Rory took the black flag—and Bryan saved his life." By his bedside, I renewed all my vows, to fight till death, for the deliverance of my people from the base, brutal, and bloody tyrants. For the law, I had no feeling but contempt. It could not prevent the riot, nor protect the innocent, nor save our lives from the cruel rage of their pampered darlings. We were unarmed, save with stones, and agricultural implements. They came armed to the teeth, with firelocks, which they used ruthlessly. We were defending what was dearer to us than life. They had gone out of their way, to vent their hellish spite in a cowardly and unjustifiable insult. Oh, glorious majesty of British law! Oh, enlightened—law-abiding—sacred Protestant Constitution! Oh, ye Christian Evangelical Orangemen of Ulster! "*Quousque, Domine, quousque?*" Oh grant that I may live to see the Green above the Red—and that Hugh Bryan may help to place it there!

And thus for me ended the 12th of July, 1844.

The trials came off within the month. I gave such clear evidence against the Master of the Wrackers, and the three cavaliers, that the jury could not acquit them. The judge passed a very warm eulogium upon my judgment, coolness, and humanity, and on the accurate evidence, without which the ends of justice would have been frustrated, and very dangerous men have escaped with impunity. My conduct in the riot seemed to him unimpeachable. I had struck no blow, except in great mercy—and had saved many lives. In the name of the Legislature he thanked me for having prevented, so far as I could, the most deplorable calamity. Maguire crossed the seas, doomed to life-long transportation. The horsemen went to jail for two years—and some twenty others were incarcerated for different smaller periods. I was escorted out of court by a body-guard of police, through the whole adult population of the Parish of Killaman. They made no secret of their deadly hatred. I was a viper, nursed in the bosom of Protestants, and I must be crushed. I had torn brave Ned Maguire from wife and children, and thousands of brethren, and they were never to see him more. D——n the Papist hound, &c., &c. Such curses were very sweet to my ears. I knew, I must leave the North; and go home to my mother and Lily. And was I not going with a reputation, which would do credit to the name, and give me a standing in the ranks of those men, whose watchword was, "Ireland for the Irish."

## CHAPTER XII.

Rory lay a dying. His mind was clearer than it had ever been in my memory. The absence of excitement and the perfect quiet that reigned in our household made him tranquil. The shadow of the tower of the Cathedral fell on his most venerable face, as at eventide he lay waiting for his dismissal. Beneath that shadow, lay the heroes, who had filled so great a space in his thoughts and speech. Beneath it, he, too, the chronicler of their fame, had come to breath his last. He was quite prostrate in body—but calm and happy. Nance said, she was sure it was the peace of God, which shone in his face. Tim exhorted him, as a dying man to speak and tell us, if it was so ; that the glory of God might be manifested thereby. He said, he believed, they were right ; and that it was his duty to declare it ; and young Hugh would like to hear the story of his life.

And, with many a pause, he told us his tale. “ I was born in Tara. My father and his father and all the O’Toole’s before him time out of mind, were harpers. He had been all over the world in his young days, as the piper of a Highland regiment. He had been flogged without mercy, for want of respect to his Colonel (he told them they were not the right Scotch at all), and came back to Tara, with a bitter heart-hatred to the Sassenach. My mother was a very devout Catholic. She taught me all the religion she knew, about the Virgin, and the saints, and penance, and purgatory. My father was always rhyming about the great stock we were descended from. We had owned hundreds of townlands that the English took from us. Our family had been always next after the king’s. He was a great Irish scholar, and spent his time in gathering and learning all the ould records of the country. He would travel fifty miles, and keep us all on praties for a month to get one. He taught me everything he knew. But my mother was like Hugh’s aunt. She wanted to make a priest of me, and gave my father no peace, till he consented. There was no place in Ireland then for training priests. So we all sailed for France, from Drogheda, in a wine-ship. I mind that voyage well. When we got to Paris my father was made a great deal of by the nobility. There was a fashion at that time for wild music, and my singing and his playing on the harp made us lots of money. He stood in my mother’s way, and would not give me up to the priests. But the people rose in rebellion and killed the king, and my father joined them, and lost all faith in God and every-

thing good. My mother and I ran away, and got safe to Spain. After sore trouble, she got me into a great college there. They taught me all about the Catholic religion. But they did not teach me the Bible. I was there seven years. When I was three-and-twenty, my mother made me bring her home. She was dying, and wanted to be buried with her own people. After a while, the Bishop (no matter who,) was glad to get me for a priest. He gave me a parish. But my heart was never in that work. I cared for nothing in the world, but playing on the harp, or singing, or dancing with the girls. Between one of them and me, there came great love. We could not help it. At last we ran away; and hid ourselves in Connemara. That was the happiest time in my life till now. But I took to the United Irishmen. They were glad to find one who could tell them all about old times, and sing and play the old tunes. And I went out, and fought in '98, till we were beat at Vinegar Hill. God forgive me! I have killed men. After I had got safe home, my wife—she was my wife in the sight of God, I am sure—died in child-birth, and the child was buried along with her. I had a terrible fever, and lost my wits. And I don't think I ever got them right again till now. For when I was getting better the love of the drink possessed me. Then, I turned to the old records, too, and thought I could get rid of my sins, by spending my life in pilgrimings and hard penances. So, for forty years and four, I thought of nothing else but the men and days of old, and my sins. Oh, but it was a weary, consuming time. I never knew a happy hour, till I came to this house. Surely, it was none but God that sent me here. Many a time," and he turned to Tim, "when you thought I did not heed what you were saying, I was listening with both my ears, and my heart, too. It was from you, and the young preacher, I learnt all about the love of Jesus; about his forgiving the bad woman, that washed his feet with her tears. Oh! I wish Mr. Welsh was here."

"I'll send for him this minute," said Tim, as he went out to find a messenger.

On his return, Rory continued—"You see, the words never came right home to me, till one evening you were talking about the thief on the Cross, and saying, the Saviour was the same now, as then; if people would only have faith, and go to Himself. I went to Him that very night, and found Him. But the noise of the fifes and the drums brought all the madness back, till this morning, when something told me I was dying, and I must tell all my biography before I went."

"Will I go for the priest, Rory?" said I. "I am sure my uncle will not refuse a dying man's request."

"Surely not," said Tim, "if he wants one."

"No, no," cried Rory; "Mr. Welsh is a true priest if there is one

on earth. And it's not help to die I want from him—the Saviour is enough for that—but I do want to give him my blessing, and a message, before I go away.” And his words passed into a strain of most touching gratitude to the good Samaritans who had taken him up, and nursed him, and bore with him, as if he was their own father, and him not a drop of blood akin to them ; and denied him nothing that the doctor said was for his good. He had no doubt of his salvation, or fears of purgatory, or disquiet of any kind, mind or body. He thought he might take to raving again before his end, but we were not to heed anything he said then ; it was the real truth he told us now ; and he sunk into a deathlike slumber. They went about the house with gentle steps, but radiant faces, amazed, that I could resist such an evidence of the truth and power of Methodism.

“Depend upon it, Hugh,” said my uncle, “there is no religion like ours for giving a man peace at the last. The priest, after absolution, and extreme unction, tells the sinner he must pray for himself to God then, and bids him believe, that he is going for maybe millions of years into purgatory. Now, we do, at the very beginning of our religion, what he bids you do at the end of yours, when I’m afraid it is often too late. We are sure, that, if a man has tasted the pardoning grace of God in this world ; and been as happy as ever he can be, from the love of God in his heart on earth, that it is not the fires of purgatory, but the green pastures, he has gone to.”

“Oh, yes, uncle ; no doubt yours is a delightful creed : but the question here is not one of happiness at all, but of truth. Is it likely that the Catholic Church of Christ, with its millions of saints and doctors, and all the great General Councils, has gone entirely astray, and a few illiterate persons, in a corner of the world, alone are right ?”

“I think I have read in the Bible, Hugh, some words of our Lord, about hiding the mysteries of his kingdom from the wise and prudent, and revealing them unto babes and sucklings.”

“That is an unfortunate quotation, uncle, for you ; our Lord spoke those words just after He had conferred the supremacy of His Church upon St. Peter.”

“Maybe you think so,” said he, “but you will get wit as you grow older. There is the seal of my testimony,” said he, and he pointed to the smile on Rory’s face. “Depend upon it, there is nothing like a grip of the King of Terrors, for trying the faith in a man’s soul.”

“It is an impressive argument, indeed,” said I. “But I am not disposed to prefer the fancies of an old man, with a weak brain, and disordered intellect, under such influences, as abound in this house, to the unanimous voice of the Holy Catholic Church.”

“I wish, I could catch a glimpse of your proofs,” said he, “for the

Roman Church being either 'Holy' or 'Catholic.' Oh! you need not bring out the thread-bare ones. They won't make me believe, a Church 'holy'—with such Priests as I knew, and such Popes as I have read of, and you cannot deny—or 'Universal,' that nine men out of every ten in the world, will not have anything to say to."

"Well, uncle, I shall give you another text to digest, 'Faith is the gift of God.'"

"No Methodist will deny that. But I hope you do not put faith in the Saviour and in the Pope on the same level."

"Come away down here, or your tay will be cold," cried Nance, from below stairs. "Rory is quiet, and you are only disturbing him."

I gladly escaped from a discussion, in which I lost my temper through chagrin at Rory's apostacy.

It was long after midnight, when Welsh arrived. The old man was then unconscious of us, and of all things beneath the sun. He said, that he was with St. Patrick; and it was a wonderful thing that he could hear nothing of purgatory; and, they told him, penance was not wanted, for salvation was of free grace (a favorite expression of Tim's), and the Apostle bid him tell young Columbkille, that his was the right Gospel; and that the Gospel, and the Gospel only, would make Ireland a free and happy country, and banish oppression, and cruelty, and tyranny, and misery, better than the sword. At last his eye dilated—his hands were stretched forth—he cried, "Mary astore, is it yourself I see? Oh! but you have been a long time coming. Glory be to God—we are together again;" and he fell asleep.

Welsh's return, strange to say, called forth none of those expressions of delight in which at other times my aunt abounded towards him. Tim also laboured under some burden of anguish and wretched feeling. In a malicious spirit, I asked, "What makes you so downcast and sorrowful, uncle? Is it, that you have some fears, that he," pointing to Rory, "may have found purgatory, a reality after all?"

"No, no, Hugh—'Blessed,' not miserable, are 'the dead which die in the Lord,' no, not even for the millionth part of a second. But sorrowful I am and heartsore. James, it is better that you should hear bad news from a friend, than from an enemy. There is a division in thy Master's house, thou man of God. The society in Armagh is on the rocks; and none but the Lord can save it from foundering. James dear, some of them have raised their tongues, against yourself. They threaten to have you up as soon as possible, for an inquiry."

"Brother Mahony," said Welsh, "I have long expected something of the kind. My heart is not at one with most of the leaders. But God's will be done. His grace is sufficient for me. Now, good



friend, let me hear some of the charges, which they bring against me."

"Well, James, it is a sore trial to me. But when The Master had to bear with divisions, I suppose, we have no right to expect anything else. At the last leaders' meeting, I heard them drawing up, what I called their bill of indictment against you. Two or three of us fought hard against it—but the others were the strongest. First they say: you have given a handle to the people of the world—by your fondness of playing love songs, and even rebel music, on Rory's harp."

"That is from the Orange brethren, you may be sure," said Nance.

"Well, that is not a very serious charge," said Welsh.

"I am not so sure of that," said Tim. "But the next is worse. They say, you are in the habit, of using the Church prayers too much. The last Sunday morning you were here, you did not make one petition out of your own head."

"John Wesley did the same," said Welsh; "and the brethren in London and Dublin use the Prayer Book."

"Oh, that may all be," said Tim, "but *you* are not John Wesley, and Armagh is not London or Dublin either. They have a very low opinion of the Prayer Book here, on account of the way they gabble it over, in the Cathedral, I suppose. I hear the choir have altered the Litany, and pray for the miserable singers. But there is worse than all behind."

"Of course," said Nance, "they won't put their worst goods in the shop-windows."

"James," said Tim, solemnly, "they charge you with false doctrine. You are not sound, they say, about the unconverted being all the children of the devil. You have preached, that men may be saved, who have never felt the new birth."

"That is the gist of the whole matter; and, brother, I fear, I shall give you pain, but that charge is true."

"James dear, you don't say so?"

"I do, with my whole heart. Some words of Hugh brought to my mind certain discussions I had years ago with the Rector of Rathcore, and set me thinking, and searching, and meditating; and I have come to the conclusion, that the Gospel teaches that all men are the children of God, and that conversion is only the realisation of that fact. That was what made me take so little part in the project for a Revival; and my lukewarmness stirred them up to a fever-heat; and things have come to a crisis in this."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, James, but this is a sore blow. I am sure, I *was* the child of the devil, and a child of wrath, before my conversion, and that I was then changed into a different man."

"Child of wrath you were—child of the devil, no : unless you mean thereby that you served him. That did not destroy the fact of your creation and redemption."

"Well," said Nance, "I never could rightly believe the doctrine that the whole world—darling infants, and all—were children of the devil, and going to hell, except the small remnant of us, that could tell the hour and minute we were born again. But it is far too deep water for me to run into."

"And, wife, your husband says the same. He holds by, 'Except a man be born again,' and 'Children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.' God may be leading you, James, into some water, as Nance says, that is too deep for us. We are too old to follow you. 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners'—'His blood cleanseth us from all sin'—'The Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world'—'Come unto Me'—That is my divinity and theology ; and none of them all—Papists, Protestants, Presbyterians, Quakers, or Swedenborgians—can gainsay one of them. But what is to be done ? They'll turn you out, James."

"I have saved them the trouble and pain," said Welsh. "Here is the letter which announces my retirement, from the Methodist pastorate. The place that has known me—brother and sister, true yoke-fellows—must know me no more. I go out from among you, not knowing where I shall find work."

"They are the Lord's people, James," said Tim ; "you would not separate yourself from them."

"God forbid," said he, with emphasis. "They are the people of my choice still. There are none, among whom I can enjoy such fellowship of love. But I could be no preacher of theirs with my views."

"Well, James, the Lord help you," said Tim, fervently, "and keep you from lying idle and getting rusty."

"Deed, and he needs rest sorely," said Nance. "Them Northerns would work a horse or a man to death ; and blame him for dying. Ten times a-week, is too much preaching for any man. Glad I am, James, that you are going to take some thought for yourself. It is all the Lord's doings, though we don't see it now. But, Tim, with all your sharpness, you are mistaken about the rale cause of their turning agin James. It is bekase he cared more for keeping company with us poor folks, that came from his own South, than to be drinking tay with them in their stiff parties, and coorting their daughters—yes, it's true every word of it ; and bekase he wouldn't make yourself, Tim, give up the draw of the pipe, that you have been used to for forty years ; and bekase he tould Mrs. Jenkinson, that it was a far greater sin backbiting her neighbours, as she did, than to wear fine dresses like

the young Miss Johnsons ; and bekase he would not run down the Church people and the Prayer Book ; and abuse the fine old Primate himself ; and butter them and their subscriptions, and donayshuns, and soirees, with the sweet words of his goolden mouth ; James dear, it is bekase you were too good for them, and the Lord wanted to punish them, and give *you* rest ;—that is why he made them so foolish and deluded.”

“ Old woman,” said Tim, “ you can see as far into a milestone as any of us.”

“ Sister Mahony,” said Welsh, “ I am sorry that I heard you speak in that fashion, There was no lack of faults—serious faults—in my conduct and ministry, on which they might have built grave charges against me ; for I have been a slothful and unprofitable servant. I have to thank all the brethren, for leniency and forbearance, in their treatment of me. I retire from the pulpit, with no feeling, but esteem, gratitude, and charity, for every one of them.”

“ God send us all the same feelings, James,” said Tim. “ Oh, Hugh, do spare us this night, for God’s sake. The wound is too green, and I cannot argue with you. I promise you your revenge.”

With such words, he parried, by anticipation, the very ungenerous attack which I was meditating upon his creed. For the tables were turned, and I had become fond of argument, and had no fear of any attack, in the field of controversy.

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We had a long discussion about Rory’s sepulture. Tim, against Welsh and myself, insisted on carrying out the wish of the dead man. After his conversion, as they called it, Rory had said nothing of the matter. The array of Scripture which Tim brought forward, from the bones of Joseph to the burial of St. Stephen, silenced us.

Over the fair white shroud I rolled the green clotted rag, under which he had fought at Vinegar Hill. The rush of bitter memories unmanned me, and I frightened my peace-loving aunt by fierce and bitter declamation.

“ It was under this rag, my grandsire fought—from the gore upon it rises the deathcry of brave men, uttering defiance to the foeman. I hear that voice—‘ *Dulce et decorum est, pro patriâ mori*’—and I shall obey it. Fit shroud for thee, last victim of the tyrant—whose age, nor madness (which savages respect), nor helplessness, could touch the hard hearts of the Sassenach. Thy life has gone for naught. The men of ’98 have gone for naught. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Yes, rest in peace, beneath the kindly earth, which hides our failures, and our weaknesses. But shall not earth cover thee with the beauty of green leaves, and sweet spring flowers ? And shall there be no spring, no

resurrection, for us? Surely, yes; it is coming. The swords of other days shall once more flash in the sunlight. Brave men are girding for the strife—their words are full of courage. I am theirs from this day. In the cause of Ireland, all shall be spent.”

“Hugh dear,” said Nance, “I wish you would listen to your old aunt, and bury the bad spirit with that old flag.”

“So I will, aunt, with my whole heart. All that is bad and wicked in me—God grant that it may all lie in the grave that buries Rory. But, surely, you would not bury Truth and Justice, Right and Freedom, away from the sight of man under the earth.”

“Oh, Hugh,” said she, “you *won’t* understand me. You drive me to God. He’ll teach you some time, it is better to be the means of saving one soul from being lost, than to be the greatest king ever was seen in Tara; and, darling, sin is the only slavery we carry out of the world with us; and, indeed, indeed, the only liberty worth thinking of, is the liberty of a child of God.”

“Hugh has caught the rebel measles, Nance,” said Tim; “all boys like him take them—but they work off in a year or two. Only keep him as cool and quiet as possible, and away from more infection, and there is no great fear of him.”

I was very wroth; but Rory’s placid face brought before me the thought of all their kindness and affection, and made me able to bear far, far more than this from them.

Tim and I were the only mourners at Rory’s funeral. He rests, not far from the spot, where, tradition says, the Irish Apostle laid his body down. Tim firmly believed, that Rory’s change of faith had brought him much closer to Patrick than he had been before. The life of the saint came to my uncle, not through the dry light of history, but, like everything else in heaven and earth, through the prism of Methodism. On the way home, when we had fought over the morsels of knowledge we had of the saint, to mutual exhaustion, he took out a pencil and Bible, and was soon deep in the throes of literary labour. After gnawing the pencil into fragments, and covering all the blank paper he or I could muster, he closed the book—an air of satisfaction stole over his features—and he spoke—“Hugh, you mind the oration I gave you a sketch of, a long time back. It made a great stir all round the circuit. I have delivered it so often, that I have got sick and tired of it. I changed the Apostle from time to time, and brought him to different places, such as the Presbyterians—the Charity Schools—the Cathedral—the Court House—and the public-houses, till it has got quite threadbare. Whenever I get up to spake it, it leaves a taste like very wake milk and water in my mouth. Still, the brethren are wild for orations from me. Now, the other night we had a great

missionary meeting. There was a man there gave us a most wonderful description of China. Four hundred millions of souls, and not the hundredth part of a Christian among them all ! I could not help thinking of that all night. And, says I to myself, why does not the Emperor come over and hear the Gospel, like the Queen of Sheba ? Sure, we get all our tea from him ; and where a tea-chest comes, an Emperor might find his way. But, suppose he did come, says I, and had a proper interpreter, is it so sure that he would find the Gospel ? So my thoughts grew into the skeleton of an oration. Would you like to hear it ? There is not a word against you in this one."

"*Ignis via*—fire away, uncle," said I.

"Well, I suppose the Emperor has come over *incog.* ; and that I know his language like a native ; and bring him round all the places of worship in the town. In the evening, I explain to him, how, with all our differences, there is, after all, a deal of likeness between us, like members of the same family, in fact, only some are uglier than others. We all believe that God is love, and worship Him through the mediation of the meekest, most charitable, most forgiving Saviour could be thought of. Moreover, we believe we ought to love every man and woman and child that has breath. And that, for every deed, word, look, and thought of unkindness, we believe, we shall have to answer to a Judge, that cannot be taken in, or hoodwinked. And, furthermore, we believe, that if we don't be sweet, and kind, and loving, and imitated the Lord, who forgave the bitterest of enemies for the most excruciating of deaths, that we will be cast into a pit that will burn with fire, and be eaten up of worms for ever and ever. Then, I would tell him all about the Cross, and prove, that love was the sum and substance, root and branch, lock, stock, and barrel, of the Christian Religion. Afterwards, I would tell him how we hated the devil, who is just the reverse of the Saviour, delighting in bad temper, and bitter words, and cruel deeds ; whom we all swore to resist all our days, and never to listen to him at all, at all, for a minute. The Emperor would be so charmed with the sketch, that he would begin at once, and learn the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, before he went to bed. But, lo and behold you ! the next morning happens to be the 12th of July ; and, from sunrise he hears nothing but curses, and devilish music, and shots in every direction. He goes out, and sees the very same people who were pretending to worship the God of Love, on Sunday, saying and doing the very things they said they believed would bring everlasting damnation on their souls. Through the rest of the week he sees them worshipping whiskey, and sin, and money, and pleasure, and themselves, with far more zeal than they do their God on Sundays. So I make the Emperor disgusted with the whole

concern, and say to me on Saturday night—‘My good man, this Christian religion is split into two pieces ; and only the seventh part of your time, and only a little bit of it is given to the Good Lord, and all the rest to the Bad one, whom you worship with whiskey, and gunpowder, and sacrifices of killed and wounded, and a liturgy of lies and blasphemy. I think I prefer the religion of the King of Dahomey, for he is not so great a hypocrite.’”

“Well, uncle, I don’t know whether they will stand such plain language as that. You are a brave man if you deliver such an oration in Armagh.”

“Please God, Hugh, it shall be done.”

“What will the Orange Methodists say to it, uncle?”

“Oh, they will not object to anything in it. They leave their Orangeism outside the doors of the preaching-house. Indeed, they want to make me believe, that the Rules of the Orange Society, are all taken from the Bible, and are the best possible. But, I always ask them, what is the use of having fine rules, if they are never to be obeyed ; and I cannot bring myself to believe it is any sign of love to our neighbours, to curse, and stab, and shoot them. I have no faith in converting sinners by such means as your Inquisitors and our Orangemen try.”

“Well, uncle, we shall both agree to judge the tree by its fruits.”

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### CHAPTER XIII.

It was plain, that I must leave Armagh. I was a marked man. By day, scowling looks met me everywhere ; children hooted me ; men strove to pick quarrels with me. By night, I dare not stir outside the house. This was of little consequence to me now. I had gone through all the curriculum of the Royal School. In October, I should have gone up with my class-fellows to Trinity College. In it were valuable exhibitions to be won by pupils of that school—£50 a-year for five years, and the privilege of wearing a velvet cap. But these were not for such as me. That I was the best scholar, was clear from the class records ; but I was a Catholic. Only upholders of Church and State could compete for these substantial prizes. Well, was not this one more mark of degradation, to be wiped away—one

more reason for one struggle more with the selfish foreigner? True, I had got my education in a noble school founded by an English king. But he was one of the unhappy Stuarts—a Catholic at heart—a Celt—a victim, like ourselves, of the faithless Sassenach. The revenues came from the confiscated lands of the Irish people. Therefore, I owed them nothing on that score. And this exile from my second home sent me head-foremost into the sea of rebellion. My mind was quite made up to postpone my entrance at Trinity College, until I had gained an honorable post among the patriots at Rathcore. When I went to Dublin for good, it should be as their delegate. So, I threw aside the classics, and studied, and investigated, the whole history of Irish rebellions from the earliest period.

When the day of my departure was finally settled upon, I thought it only fitting, to pay my grateful respects to the good friends, whom I had found even among the aliens. Let me part from them with courtesy now. When next they hear my name, it may be covered with odium in their eyes.

First, therefore, I betook myself to the College to say farewell to the Doctor. It was the end of the vacation. He was in the garden, strolling on a sunny terrace. I explained my errand. He admitted that it would be, to say the least, injudicious for me to remain longer, where the tide of popular opinion had set in so strongly against me. My conduct was, he was glad to be able to say, eminently satisfactory. These riots were much to be regretted—sadly to be deplored—but he feared the Government had brought them on by their partial and unfair administration of the law. It might seem severe to one in my position; but it was his firm conviction, that, in a Protestant country, a single step more than the mere toleration of Roman Catholics was a gross mistake, a most grievous error. So long as the Government favored, or seemed to favor Popery, tranquillity was impossible. Of course, he could not expect me to participate in such opinions. Well, we shall turn to the more promising topic of the future. He had observed my progress, intelligence, and admirable conduct with great admiration. He augured brilliantly of my success in College—at the bar—perhaps in a higher place. “What may the book be?”—which I had under my arm. “Ha! a copy of a Memoir of my old friend Wolfe Tone? Yes, that is a striking likeness of a striking face—the face of my friend and class-fellow. What a melancholy end was his, for one with such a prodigal endowment of the highest gifts!”

“He died, as martyrs die, Doctor Flower,” said I, with little more than semi-consciousness of the meaning of the words, or the person I addressed.

"Bryan," said he—and he stopped and looked at me with a serious gaze—"the fit of nationality and patriotism is on you. I recognize the presence of the fever in your eye. Oh! boy, boy, I have seen it too often, to err. I knew all the men you have read of in this book. They were my chosen, faithful, and most loving friends. Tone, the Emmetts, and the rest, I loved them all—and marked every step of their downward course. Many a time I fought with them, on their one theme, with reason and logic and entreaty. They never could meet my arguments. They always escaped in those days in mists of verbiage, and fancy, and dreams. I told them—how often! with tears, that they must perish, if they did not turn from treason. But they were wilful men. Ah me! Bryan, but I have sad, sad memories mingling with the greatest successes of my life. And now, after forty years, the infection has reached *you*. I know that any words of mine will be powerless to banish it now. But mark what I say, and you will own the truth hereafter. The conquest of Ireland by England is thorough. Our race, the Saxon, is your superior, in strength of will—power of endurance—unity of action. You *must* go to the wall. The Union was a righteous act, though brought about in a most wicked way. The old state of Ireland was rotten to the core. The whole history, up to the Union, is a quagmire. Your great names are all Will-o'-the-wisps. Your repeal is a phantasm—your separate nationality is a delirium—your party is a rope of sand. Your projects cannot succeed. Reason, fact, nature, are against you. You see, man, the two creeds can never coalesce, in any bond that requires confidence. It *is* possible to flood Ireland with gore and tears: it is not possible to shake off its union with England. It is foolish—it is wicked, it is mad, Bryan, to attempt it. Oh! I hope, that you will shake off this fit soon. Can you not see, youth, that your true field for glory—none ever was so grand since God made man—is the British Empire—the empire on which the sun never sets, which embraces one-fifth of the family of man? This union is our defence, our wealth, our grandeur. You young men, who are rising now, will have room to work in, which *we* had not. We had only the Englishry in Ireland. You shall have the whole domain of the English tongue. Oh, yes; I know you are too wise, and high, above an old man. Well, my lad, mind your books for the next five years; till your head is clear of the ferment of boyish ideas. Then, you shall be able to distinguish the *summum bonum* for yourself and your country, in the *siccum lumen* of truth, and wisdom, and experience. Keep out of the path of agitators. Do not mistake dreams, however brilliant, for reality. You have ability of a very wide and various kind"—and here the old man became very solemn—"may the Father of Light bless you, Bryan; and make you a true and wise and faithful son of



Ireland. Use all your gifts as from Him. Offer all their fruits to Him." He laid his hands upon my head—bowed very low, and I went out from the presence of this determined foeman, whose philosophy I abhorred, full of attachment and reverence.

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The next day, on my way through the town, to the abode of the Precentor, I saw the M'Crea car drawn up before a milliner's shop, and my friend Nat keeping guard over the pony and a pile of brown paper parcels. On my approach, I detected confusion and dismay stealing over his face. Had it not been for the car, I believe he would have fled. He returned my hearty greeting, with a speech full of embarrassment.

"Hugh—Bryan—you are a hero now. You cooked Ned Maguire's—goose."

"Why, Nat," said I, "you are very like a goose yourself. What ails you, man? You look at me, as if I had killed your brother. Have you become an Orangeman?"

"Not I. I am not a fool altogether."

"What brings you into Armagh to-day? Why did you not let me know you were coming? How is Lizzie?"

"Oh, she is well enough. The fact is, Hugh, I may as well tell you at once: I am come in with Bella, to get things for the wedding."

"What wedding?"

"Lizzie's."

"The deuce you have. Why! I have got her promise."

"Yes, I know that; but Mackay has got the licence; and if you won't believe me, you can come over on Monday, and see the performance."

"She may go to Hong Kong for me," said I, my heart thrilling with wounded pride, and the joy of a freeman. "But who may Mackay be, Nat! Some old fool, stinking with money, I suppose."

"He is not a bad fellow," said he, "though he is sixty years of age, and worth thousands of pounds. He is a deal too good for her; and he has got me a situation in Scotland, worth two hundred a-year to start with. I'm thinking you have gained a loss. Lizzie was always as full of lies as an egg is full of meat."

"Why did you not tell me that before?"

"Well, it is not pleasant, to speak that way to a stranger of one's own flesh and blood. And much use it would have been, when you began to throw sheep's eyes at her! You would not have believed an angel to her discredit."

"And so, Nat, all our grand schemes for the deliverance and re-

generation of our country have ended in smoke. Your sister has jilted me, and you have jilted Ireland for the dirty bawbee."

"Bryan, I'll not say, but you have reason for being angry; but look here, now, I like you, and don't let us part in bitterness. When you are ready to turn out, give me the word, and I'll take my stand beside you, though it costs me my life."

"Words are cheap; and they are all your stock in trade, sir," said I.

"Oh, if that is your tune, away with you! But still, Bryan, let us part friends. Come, now, let us shake hands, like a good fellow."

"Sir, I shake hands with no renegade." I stalked off with dignity; but, before I had gone a hundred yards, my heart smote me for this ungenerous treatment of a friend indeed; and a thought—with shame be it told—of pure self interest, sent me back with expressions of regret, and outstretched hand. "Nat, I am sorry that I suffered the smart of wounded feelings to banish all recollection our good fellowship; forgive me, old fellow."

"That is right, Hugh. I knew you would come round," said the honest Northern, wringing my hand, with tears actually shining in his eyes.

"Will you do one thing for me, Nat?" said I.

"To be sure I will—a hundred," said he

"I remember you saying one time, that M'Vitriol, of the *Dublin Irishman*, came from your part of the country. Could you get me letters of introduction and recommendation—as a trusty rebel—to him."

"Of course, I can. My father and his father were neighbour's children. My father reared him, as his only guardian. A word from him will open M'Vitriol's heart to you."

"Here," said I, "give Lizzie these, and my blessing," and I handed him a green purse, my half of a broken sixpence, a lock of hair, a daguerreotype, and a handkerchief—pledges of love from Miss M'Crea to me. I shall send the letters to-morrow. They are at home."

"And you will have my father's note to M'Vitriol, to-morrow morning," said he. At this stage of our conversation, Mrs. Berry, jun., sailed out of the milliner's shop; was charmed to see me looking so well; and still more so, I have no doubt, to see me striding up the street, at the rate of a hunt—a betrayed but far from disconsolate swain.

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"Bryan," said the precentor, handing me a cheque, which he had filled in silence, on hearing me announce my speedy departure, "no nonsense now. You must accept this money. You have served me with rare fidelity for three years. I have been a strict and exacting master, and you have satisfied me. Take it, it is only a trifle."

"Sir," said I, "the debt is altogether on my side. I would have purchased such instruction gladly at any price I could pay. Do not ask me to take money, sir. Indeed, I love the art for its own sake, Mr. Elliott."

"You won't take the money, then? I am wounded, sir. I will be under an obligation to no man. You have given me a very large portion of your time, in the most valuable season of your life. Your predecessors have all received their wages. Relieve me from embarrassment by taking the cheque."

"No, sir, I cannot bear to humiliate myself by taking money from one who has enriched my soul."

"Bryan, you have won the day. You have compelled me to receive you as a friend. I do so. You must stay, and dine with me, and tell me all your story and your ambition. Is there anything I can do for you? Tell me frankly now. Pity, you are a Romanist. If it were not for that, you might go to Oxford. I could serve you there."

"Thank you, Mr. Elliott, you have made me very proud and happy. There is a subject on which I would like to converse with you, if I thought it would not offend you."

"What is it, my boy? Sit down, and speak freely. Candour never offends me—but the want of it fills me with loathing."

"Well, sir, as you are so kind, I shall speak out. I am a Catholic, and, thank God, I have no doubt of the purity and sovereignty of my Church; nor any desire to change it. But, since I came to the North, I have been thrown in contact with the strangest, crudest, and most horrid forms of religion; and I cannot understand this yeast of Protestantism at all. Now, you differ from all of them, and seem to stand above them all, and to have some clue to them all, and, I am sure, your faith must be a much nobler, grander one, than theirs. I have a great curiosity, sir, to know what you think about religion, before I leave doubt, and mists, and heresy, and schism, behind me."

"'Pon my word, I had no idea you were such a philosopher. However, you have struck upon *the* subject which most deserves investigation. Yes, what is the analysis of layers of mud, and flesh and bones, and tissues, and gases, and comets, compared with the study of the workings of the immortal spirit of thinking, feeling, loving human kind? and where can you trace these so vividly, as in the layers of belief—in the fossil creeds of man. But, Bryan," and he became very serious, "you have a right to ask that from me, as a teacher of religion, and it is my duty to answer you. I am glad, moreover, to have even one mind, in which I can sow some of the seeds, which thought, and suffering, and higher influences, I trust, have been bringing to maturity in my mind, for fifty years. You are right, I *have*

a faith, which stands above the mist of sects, and opinions, and creeds, and controversies. It is simpler than all, and yet includes all. Yet, simple as it is to me, I doubt whether I could explain it to you, without giving you at the same time the history of the life of which it is the fruit ; and that I cannot do. But ask me any questions you please, I shall answer them. Here are pen, and ink, and paper. Write down the answers. Perhaps, ten years more, and the suffering you shall have gone through, before the decade has expired, will make what is dark now, light then. *Perge, Domine.*"

"Sir," said I, feeling an involuntary awe steal over me, before one who spoke in such confident tones, and claimed such a supremacy of thought, "what do you believe about our Saviour."

"The Man Jesus Christ, was, and is, and ever shall be, The Only God."

Fast as my questions could flow, his answers came forth, couched in words simple in appearance, but opening realms of thought, to which I was a stranger. I wrote very rapidly, and covered several sheets of paper. To me, the words are yet in many instances only hieroglyphics. From what I have at different times been able to decypher, I have come to regard the whole as replete with sublime and comprehensive wisdom.

When I had ceased my interrogation, he said—"Keep those papers safely. Do not form any rash opinion of them. Time, and a pure life, and communion with above, alone can make them intelligible. Perhaps, after dinner, my spirit may rise on wings of melody, and catch some gleams, which I shall strive to embody in the rude tongue of mortal man. They may give you a clue. I shall take a walk. Stay you here, and read a few pages of this book," handing me a copy of "In Memoriam." "It will give us a subject for conversation at dinner."

When he returned, I burst out in a fervent rhapsody of praise over the new poet, to whom he had introduced me. His smile was cynical, till he found that I had learned several stanzas by heart, and could appreciate their meaning.

"You Irish are a singular race," said he. "We English enjoy our mental pleasures silently—you rush into superlatives, and so risk the charge of insincerity. I am glad you like that book—It is my *Lydius lapis*, my test of a man's soul. Put it in your pocket. It is worth more than the cheque; to one who knows what true wealth is."

After awhile he made me relate my whole history. Such influence had this strange man gained over me, that I hid nothing from him. I knew that he was able to enter into every part of my narrative. At times his cold grey eye glistened. The expression of his features was a perfect commentary of reproof or approval on my actions. At the close,

he said, "It is well you have a spring of true love in your heart. Henceforward it shall run clear and sparkling, and refreshing through your days. Most likely it is doomed to disappointment on this side of time. Even so, and perhaps best so, it will keep your nature true and pure. Johnson was right. To love a good woman *is* a liberal education. I knew you were a rebel from the first. No Irish Roman Catholic can be anything else. We have used your race abominably. Of course your scheme will fail. No matter—it is a great and generous ambition, and it will make you a man. One struggle more will do Ireland and England good. Now, for our music. It is the language of the spirit, whereby man ascends to eternity." He brought out a beautiful violin, an Amati, and placed it in my hand—a look of genuine regard gilding his gaunt features; after about an hour of harmony, he said, "Now, Bryan, you can play some simple pastoral; and I shall get me on the chariot wheels of your melody, and spy out the spirit land."

He lay down on a sofa, and closed his eyes, and folded his hands upon his breast. After an interval, he raised his right hand—and I ceased. His words were simple as a little child. "I am in the world of innocence. I am one of the glad choir of neophytes, newly born of the breath of the Eternal, and All-pure. Everything is joy, and gladness, and rapture. Every sense is a channel of delight. At every pore, happiness streams in upon me. Everywhere is the sense of God. We have no fear, nor yet hope—no sense of what is past—no thought of what is to come. Our life is one glad present. But—the germ of thought quickens within—and a voice says, in tones growing ever clearer—'Thou art a child of God. Wouldest thou see thy Father? He loves thee. Wouldest thou know what love means? Thou art happy. Wouldest thou be blessed?' And I respond more fully as consciousness increases—'Yea, I would see my Father's face. I *would* know the meaning, and the fullness, of His love. I would rise to a higher state than this.' 'Child,' the voice replies; 'then you must go away from God for a season, to know the blessing of His presence. You must know evil, that you may know good. You must fall, that He may lift you. You must be lost, that He may save you. You must sink, that He may raise you. This will bring pain, misery, darkness, death, dread things you know naught of—yet shall all end well—and thou shall see, and feel, and know thy Father, even as He knows thee; and shall climb up the ladder of His love, to heights of perfectness illimitable.' And the spirit within replies—'Yea, let me see His face, and know His love.'"

His voice died away, and I gazed upon the prostrate form and the hard lines of the Precentor's features; wondering at the strange mind which dwelt within, till he said, "Play a Miserere."

When he raised his hand again; a cloud rested on his brow, and

his words laboured wearily out of writhing lips. "Now I am in the world of evil. I am a fallen spirit—of a fallen race. Within is gloom; and horrid shapes flit to and fro: and scowl, and spit, and gnash at the little spark of good, which glimmers in my heart. And I am bruised and broken and bleeding, and the captive-prey of sin, and shame, and remorse, and anguish. I feel after God with groping hands, and thirst unquenchable—but, ah! I cannot find Him. From without, Pain shoots her keen darts into my body. Lust drinks up the springs of life. Hate withers every bud of love. And my fellows are like me. Some cry, 'The sun is God;' others deify fire, water, air, trees, beasts, creeping things—and we worship them—and are miserable. Others cry, 'God is a great warrior, and loves the noise of cursing men, and shrieking women, and wailing babes'—and we feed our god with the dear flesh of our own kindred; and give him to drink copious libations of blood—and we are an accursed race. We seek for happiness on every hand—from gold, and wine, and the mouths of other men; and toil and die in the pursuit—and none hath ever found it; and we are blind, and without hope. Yet does He come down and seek us, and we gaze upon Him—and know Him not, for He too is miserable and sorrowful—more than any of us—and His voice is low, and still; and all His glory is a Cross. And we care not for Him; and hate His voice; and drive Him away; and pierce His side, yea, and His heart; and banish Him from earth. Yet, I can see Him still, moving invisible amid the throng. He throws a light upon my heart, and I do see and know my God; and now, I know His love, how high! how deep! how broad! how long! And ever through the crowd He moves, and where men have fallen, in self-disgust and brokenness of soul, He touches them; and they see the face of God, and follow Him. Over the seething mass, He casts many a wistful glance; and ever moulds, and shapes, and guides their counsels, even when they think it least. But, alas! they know Him not—and seek for good, and find it not; and worship gods, who are no gods."

Again the precentor fell back, and the gloom had come over me also—till he rose with an expression of gladness, and said, "Play the 'Te Deum.'"

After it, he said, "Now I land upon the shore of Hades; and watch the swimmers, emerging from the black tide of Sin upon the shore serene. With halting and uncertain steps they move, winking and mazed in the light of Truth and Love. But soon how glad are they! Hear their cries. Oh, joy! joy! joy! Jupiter is not God, nor Mars, nor Vishnu, nor Fate, nor Chance, but Love is God—Jesus is God. Glory! glory! glory! Gold is not happiness; nor rank; nor lust; nor fame; but love is happiness, and we may love. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Sin and

he said, "It is well you have a spring of true love's blood saved; and shall forward it shall run clear and sparkling, and days. Most likely it is doomed to disappear. Even so, and perhaps best so, it will be Johnson was right. To love a good man is on the Throne; and knew you were a rebel from the Father's House. Not one of them be anything else. We have and know His love, and exult in your scheme will fail. No longer, in prayer evidently. When he and it will make you a England good. No Never mind. It is not a matter for dis- whereby man as an Amati, an Man's present language suits his present hour, and that gilding his Man's other lies in life. Once, I was a strong wrestler in the "Now, B. have been striving for a great prize, and certain that I should win it. But, on the arena, striving for a great prize, and certain that I should win it. But, up I in the moment of my pride, a blow came, and withered up my strength

What would I not give for the mighty, glowing, burning thoughts; and the ready tongue to send them home to the hearts of men! Oh, man! I would give all I have, for one month's liberty of utterance. You cannot dream, how I envy that ranting Methodist-preacher friend of yours. Welsh is his name, I think, is it not?"

When he heard poor Welsh's story, and my defence of him, as a man of rare gifts, of eloquence, and pure life, and a martyr to his change of opinion, he asked at once—"Do you think he would take a cure in our Church?"

"I think he would, sir; and if you could find an opening for him, you would gain a rare prize—and do me a great favour."

"Fear not," was his assuring reply; "it shall be done, and without delay. And now, young friend, I am going to give you the history of my life on the violin. Listen to this." He passed by simple, easy passages into a grand strain. I almost saw him, a champion, entering the lists, and throwing down the gage of battle, and contending with foeman after foeman, and earning glory at every stroke: till in an instant the sonorous triumph died away, and was followed by the wail of a broken heart—a swan singing its sad, sweet death-song—the wind sobbing over a fresh-turned grave—the lament of a lost spirit. I sobbed with emotion. He continued the terrible picture. Now I hear the tempest lashing the waves on a doomed ship, and the cry of strong men going down in agony. Now, the wild fragment of a people's song giving themselves to death for fatherland—the chant of the gladiator's "*morituri te saluant*"—the sigh of the wounded solitary, his life bleeding away on the battle-field. It was most exquisitely painful to listen to. But by slow degrees of penitential mur-

uring, he passed again into tranquil notes, and the glad notes of a vest song ; and ended with an anthem, which seemed to come from els floating in the air, as they soared upwards to their home.

When it was over, he lay back upon the sofa, and his face was h tears. I could not but sink gently by his side, and humbly cloak over him. I was stealing away, when he called me, with voice of wondrous softness—"Hugh, stay, and be my son. You are akin to me. You can do me good— Ah ! I see it cannot be. You have your own path in life to follow. Well, wait a little, till this weakness has passed. I shall show you a short and safe path to your home." He brought me through the grounds of the Cathedral, to the back of my uncle's garden. "Goodbye, Bryan ; you at least shall know that Elliott had some faith in God, and love for his kind. All good attend you."

The next morning was my last in Armagh. My aunt sent me away, laden with bales of home comforts, for my mother. "Be sure, and tell her, Hugh, that if my heart *is* changed, the new one has a warmer place in it, for Norry and her childer."

"If ever you want anything, Hugh," said Tim, "mind, you are my son. While Tim has a shilling, elevenpence is yours. Take this for the present," and he gave me a bundle of notes. "I would rather give you The Book, that is worth more than all the notes in Europe ; but I cannot bear the thought of it lying in the back corner of your trunk, and only kept for the sake of Tim Mahony. If you ever want one, it is easy to get, thank God. Our prayers will go after you, you may be sure. We prayed you out of the Seminary, and, please God, we'll pray you out of Popery, too."

"If it is wrong," said I, "I hope so, uncle ; but my stay in the North has taught me nothing of that kind."

But controversy ceased, as the ruthless finger of the clock kept coming nearer and nearer to the hour of my departure. Glad as I was to return with honour to my home—sorrow at parting with my adopted parents was a bitter drop in the cup.



## PART IV.

## "Pro Patriâ."

## CHAPTER I.

My good friend, the coachman, was glad to admit me once more to the honor of the box-seat. We had not left the town behind us, when he renewed his zealous inquiries into my spiritual welfare. When he found that my long sojourn in the house of such a burning and shining light as Brother Mahony, had only rooted me more deeply in the faith of the old Church, he was horrified. Now, I was prepared to meet him at all points; fully equipped for the arena of controversy; able even to turn his flank, and confuse his honest soul with tales of Protestant division, bloodthirstiness, enormity, and blasphemy, running into an ungenerous and unfeeling parade of Welsh's defection—until he staggered me with his invincible query—"Do you know that you are born again—that your sins are forgiven—that, if you died this minute, you would go to Heaven? I do. Brother Mahony does. Sister Nance does. James Welsh does."

My faith in the infallibility of the Pope, I rejoined, was nothing to his faith in the infallibility of this inward witness, which was only another name for his own fancies.

"I know, like Paul," said he, "in Whom I have believed—I know that I have passed from death unto life—I know that for *me*, there is a house eternal in the heavens."

Argument on this point was unavailing. Appeals to the Greek—which I was by no means sure would support me—fell from the doughty Methodist, like arrows from the shield of Achilles. At length *he*, this time, declined further controversy, and closed our debate, by saying, that it was an awful thing, to see a soul puffed up with self-conceit; and hardening itself against the grace of God. I was far worse, than when he drove me before. The Gospel had been to me, he was sorely afraid, a savour of death unto death. I was in the gall of bitterness—only God could touch my heart; and he relapsed into, what the expression of his features told me was, silent prayer. I was not averse to this taciturnity. It left me free to follow my own darling meditations on the coming struggle with the Sassenach. I set to work to review all the *pros* and *cons* of the cause, which I had embraced as my life-

work ; and to gather up the threads of the embryo conspiracy, which Nat and I had been spinning for the last three years. My mind was full of the whole story of all the Irish risings, from 1172 to 1798 ; and of all the conspiracies and revolts I could hear of, in all times, and in all parts of the world—successful or unsuccessful. I thought of the resources of Ireland—of the power which England could oppose to us ; and rejoiced in the contemplation of the weaknesses, which would assuredly cripple the foe, when the hour struck, and Catholic Ireland stood face to face against her tyrant—apostate England. This was something like the chain of many links—each on our side without a flaw ; on the other, faulty every one of them—which unwound itself before me, as we rolled along the very road by which James had led my duped forefathers to Derry, and back again—and by which William had marched his forces to the Boyne. Of the failures then, and at other times, I had little fear of a repetition. No doubt, my countrymen were brave then as now. But what was valour—with dolts and cowards and traitors and aliens, that despised them, at their head ? Success under such circumstances as 1690, or 1798, would have been miraculous. Yet how little in either case would have altered the whole issue of the campaign ! A Rupert instead of a James. St. Ruth commanding the Irish army at the Boyne—or, better still, Sarsfield as the king of his own people ; and the Treaty of Limerick would have been, for the re-shipment of the Dutchmen to their own land of swamps. Again, in '98, a more careful organization over the whole of Ireland ; the coming over of a hundred priests, or one bishop ; the presence of one general among the patriots, would have made Vinegar Hill as famous as Bannockburn. If my own grandfather, or Father Murphy, had lived but six months longer —. These reverses, and many more, were shameful blots on our escutcheon. But, hitherto, a William Tell, a Washington, was wanting. Even in defeat, there was not wanting proof of the resistless might of Celtic chivalry. The English Guards at Fontenoy—checked, beaten, crushed by the charge of the Irish brigade—that regiment of militia swept, save four men, in ten minutes, off the face of the earth, by a handful of raw country boys, led by my own grandfather ; these were the typical scenes of Celtic prowess in our Great Rebellion that was to be.

We Irish Catholics were six millions and a-half. Surely we are strong enough for anything. Except the half million,—if even so many of us had property,—none had anything to lose but life. And that was such a life, as, by any other race, would be insupportable. My people (for I gloried in being one of them) had none of the good things of this world. Their homes were shapeless, filthy, reeking hovels of mud, where always the pig—if they were fortunate enough to have

one—lay in the place of dignity and comfort. "For wasn't he the jintleman, that paid the rint?" Such were the homes of six millions. Not from choice. They could get no other. Their only food was the one wretched tuber, which was the common diet of the swine and the children. The only relish was sour milk; and this only in some districts, at some seasons of the year. The highest wage, that the strongest man could earn, was eightpence a day; and that—if he were even so lucky—for only five months in the year. For the rest, he and his family had nothing but the little plot of potatoes. This morsel of ground was a perennial source of misery. Perhaps the labor and savings of twenty years, would gain a man two or three acres of a bare mountain side. Thither, he and wife and children, as they came, for twenty years more, would carry seaweed, the refuse of the village, the scrapings of the roads, on head and back. On it, Pat would raise a *sheiling*, and, at fifty years of age, count himself a happy man. For had not he a farm of land? And the rent was only ten shillings an acre. But, wretched dreamer! on him would swoop down the agent. "Ha, Pat, a fine piece of ground you have got up here! You have no lease;" none had. "What is the rent? Absurd—the land is well worth thirty shillings an acre. Will you have it, at that?" And this money—the compound extortion of his own and his wife's—now in old age, both of them—industry, and sweat, and life-long sacrifice—went off beyond the seas, to greedy England, and he, and Kitty, and the six or seven children, were doomed again to the eternal potato, and sour milk; if any kind squire will let them have it. These good landlords were to be found dotted over the country—perhaps one in every ten miles—and were as well known to the peasantry, as railway stations to a bagman. How few they were, let this one fact prove; that Squire Saxe was the only one known in the great parish of Rathcore. What had we done, to bring such blank bleak misery upon us? Our forefathers owned the whole land. The strong hand of the Saxon spoiler had robbed them of it. Could it be wrong to take our own property back again? What had we to lose in the strife? Was such a life to be so much prized? Was such infamy to be endured for ever? No! God will not be angry, nor refuse His blessing to His people, rising to shake off the tyrant, and win back the rights of freemen. Again I saw the Israelites toiling in the sun, under the lash of Pharaoh's taskmasters. They were in a strange land. We are in our own. They had leeks, and onions, and cucumbers, and pleasant fruits. Our cattle, and grain, and apples, and pears, and gooseberries, and currants, and peas, and beans, and all the kindlier produce of our fertile soil, must go forth to the market to satisfy the insatiable agent; and keep the pot filled with potatoes. Swine and poultry were reared in every house, but millions never knew the taste

of flesh. Eggs were plentiful—but they would die of hunger with a basketfull before them, rather than incur the risk of being turned out of the cabin, that sheltered “Molly and the childer.” Could we be worse off? And there were six millions of us in that state. And we alone were the true servants and children of God in the land. Our enemies had denied the Lord, and sold themselves to him who gives wealth, and power, and the glory, and sovereignty, of this world. Oh, for a Moses! The men of our race—there must be a full million of us—when well fed, drilled, and officered, are the flower of the world’s men-at-arms. The fame of our exploits is written in the downfall of the greatest captain of modern times. Our strong arms, and invincible daring, are the theme of every tongue of the Sassenach themselves, when they see us in the field. “A hundred thousand such men as the ‘Connaught Rangers,’” said the Iron Duke—one of our own men—“could march across the world.” And we have at home a million such, better than any the alien could buy. Was Wellington the only soldier Ireland could produce? The O’Donnells in Spain, the Nugents and Lacys in Austria, the Neills and M’Mahons in France, shewed that we Celts had the stuff of warriors and captains and marshals among ourselves. And we were unanimous. There was one heart among us all—one spirit running through every soul of our race and faith. O’Connell had fused us into one mass. Millions at a time had turned out to do him honour, to encourage him in his struggle; to shew how many brave hearts and willing hands were waiting for the word, to rise. He had taught us to know and feel and smart under our wrongs—to thirst for the full measure of our rights as a free people—to glory in our strength as a great and united nation. A generation has grown up with the tide of a stern resolution racing through every vein. We had already won victories under which the enemy has winced. We had wrested Maynooth and Emancipation from them by sheer terror. The mere sight of our numbers has done this. What may not our armed array effect? The Volunteers, an insignificant body of Irishmen, won the day from England in 1782. We have ten times their strength, and are of one faith. It is the only true faith, and gives us the certainty of the favor of God, and knits us to hundreds of millions of brave men throughout the world. They will surely help us, once they see we deserve it. The people, too, are upheaving here, there, and everywhere in wild excesses, which prove there is a mighty fire surging underneath. A bolder spirit has awakened in the young men, than O’Connell had ever shewn. No Parliament in College Green, subservient to an English king, for us. Our own land for her own children, is the cry of the patriots now, and it has found a ready echo everywhere. And we are a separate people. The Englishry are among

us, but not of us. Many of us even dwell in their houses, yet there is an impassable gulf between us and them. They are secure and at their ease, and fear nothing. We can meet, and arm, and drill, and take counsel, even under their roofs, and they can know nothing of it. True, treachery was to be dreaded. But only fools allowed subordinates, or the rank and file, to know anything that could be dangerous. This, then, is our side. We are one people, with one heart and soul and spirit—brave, quick-witted, true to our God, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, and we are six millions and a-half. Oh ! if we rise as *one* man, under one man, the day is ours.

But, now, for a review of the forces which the enemy can bring against us. They have some twelve thousand police, an admirable force, able to awe a mob, and quell a riot, and carry off their prisoners in the teeth of thousands of angry men. But, they are scattered in small detachments over the country. Thus, they can all be surprised by night, and at the least, be cooped up in their barracks, and not one of them suffered to emerge for weeks. And, it was only when acting singly, or in small bodies, that they were terrible. They never had acted as an army. Their chief weapon was the baton. And, half of them were Catholics. If *they* ever came into the field, and saw their own kindred in blood, and above all, in faith, on the other side, they never would fire a shot that might kill a brother, or a priest, for the sake of the heretic bribe. The Protestants themselves declared that they could not trust the Popish peelers ; and put them in stations where their faith was weakest. Thus, we are freed from this difficulty. It even blossoms with hope.

But, there is an English army of twenty-three thousand men in Ireland, in the garrisons and chief towns, drilled to precision, armed with the most perfect weapons ; and furnished with sharpshooters, cavalry, and artillery, in abundance. Can we ever stand against them ? How can they be disposed of ? Surely, they also can be kept apart, shut up in their barracks, or waylaid in every perch of every march they make, and picked off from behind every wall and hedge, and left to flounder and perish in the bogs. Strange, indeed, it would be, if they ever could unite, and show one front against us, who knew every quagmire, and gully, and precipice, and were so well taught to cut dykes, and throw up embankments ! But we could spare three hundred thousand men for the one purpose of hemming them in, and cutting them off. And, if they could break through the toils, and come as an army into the field, could we not by that time have ten men in arms for every one that they could muster ? And if our men had only pikes, or scythes, or axes, could ten of us not meet *one* Saxon in the fight ? But, even of that army, fully one-half is of our own flesh and blood.

As Catholics, they have been exposed, from the day of their enlistment, to insult and wrong. If officers, they have been passed over again and again, despite of years and services, by brainless puppies with well-lined purses. If privates, they must have bitter memories of jeerings and mockings flung at their priesthood and their worship. Could it be doubted that they would abandon the Red, and come back to their own loved and immortal Green? On the side of England they have all the sweat, and hardship, and peril, with only the parings and scrapings of honour and prize-money tossed to them. On the other side, stands their Native Land, offering rank, and wealth, and honour, and immortal glory.

But, dreamer, remember, *England is mistress of the seas, has huge wealth, vast dominions, great armies, mighty navies elsewhere.* Every one of these brings in elements of weakness. Her greatness and her pride make her envied, dreaded, hated, both in the Old World and the New. Not one hand in Catholic Europe, or in Republican America, would be stretched out to help her. All voices would hail her downfall, and Ireland's uprising, with gratitude to Heaven. No fear, if we can stand our ground for three months, as an united and determined people, but that friends will start up, and gather round us. Why should not our Irish priests abroad, and the Holy Father himself, preach a new Crusade, and bring us money, and arms, and engineers, and volunteers, from over the water?

*England's vast dominions* were only a show of strength. They would be our best allies. Either they, or Ireland must be sacrificed. A year must elapse, before her chief army, that of India, would be available. In America, there was a sore always open about boundaries. Canada was restless. We had hosts of friends in the States. They could easily bring about a quarrel with our foe, and keep it open, and thence what a flood of embarrassments would come upon the Britishers? Only eighty thousand troops, and two hundred and fifty millions of subjects—most of them disaffected—to keep in awe; and a jealous world looking on, eager for an opening in every quarter. They will find Ireland a hard vassal to subjugate in such a crisis.

*Her wealth is great.* But is it not clogged with an overwhelming debt? Are there not also English Chartists, galled by the weight of taxation, and unjust laws? Yes; the toiling millions of England will feel nothing but sympathy for the toiling millions of Ireland. They will give no aid or comfort to the haughty aristocrats. They are only a degree more comfortable, not a whit more contented, than ourselves.

*England has a veteran army within twelve hours' sail.* They are half of them our own. When it comes to the point, that we are terrible enough to call them into requisition, they will choose, as

true and wise men, between the glory of being known in history, as the Saviours of their Country—the National Army of an Irish Republic, and the miserable wages of an act of parricide, done at the bidding of the heretic and Sassenach. And our millions of brethren beyond the Atlantic, who send their millions sterling every year to aid the old folks at home, they shall hear the cry of freedom, and bring us the succour of the Great Republic. Then woe to English commerce! Her fleet is manned by as many Irish as English, and the gallant tars will mutiny again, and by sea and land we shall meet the foe, with far more equal force than he dreams of.

*There are Protestants in Ireland who will fight to the death and never surrender.* In the South, and West, and inland, they are scattered, in units, miles apart from each other. In my own native county there are three hundred thousand Catholics, and only three thousand Protestants, including the police and coastguards. As combatants *they* are simply ridiculous. Even in Ulster, the Catholics outnumber Episcopalians and Presbyterians together. And there are men in Dublin who can sow dissension between the Protestants, and give the Orangemen ample employment at home. At the most, what are one hundred thousand vapouring Orangemen, against a million of hereditary bondsmen, infuriate with the wrongs of centuries, determined to die for liberty, their father's land, and the True Faith?

Here, none can deny, are all the elements of a successful revolt. Agitation has done its work: now for combination. All the counties and parishes and townlands must be organised, and rise simultaneously. There must be a nucleus of drilled and armed men, to secure us a month, for full preparation, wherein to feed our troops on the bees and sheep, fattening for English mouths—to muster our hundreds of thousands—to arrange our Provisional Government. Nat's plan divulged long ago, and gathered from McVittiel, unfolds itself complete and perfect to the minutest details. The Head Council sitting permanently in Dublin, gathers up the threads which run through every inch of Ireland. Each county has its General responsible to the Council, of whose proceedings, outside his own sphere, he knows nothing. Under him are the Colonels of thousands, each cognisant only of his own men and his commander. Under him, Captains of hundreds: and again, Sergeants of ten—blind to all but their own place and duties. Thus, we shall be as safe against treachery as men can be. Thus, the whole frame of Ireland shall send its life-tide throbbing to and from the heart. Thus, each link shall be distinct, and if one perish the rest will be intact. For myself, what place shall I fill in the work of regenerating Ireland? Can I hope to be entrusted with the commission for Rathore? At all events, I have an historic name: the

fame of an heroic grandsire ; a large knowledge of Irish history and affairs, North and South ; a good education in the learning of both races—faith in myself, my cause, my Church—a burden of wrongs inflicted by the foe—youth, health, strength, life, to lay upon the altar of my country.

I shall seek M'Vitriol at once when I reach Dublin. He is the brain—the iron will of the national cause. His writings in *The Irishman* have always struck me with their power ; and given me indelible impressions of the man's honesty and earnestness ; of his talent for organisation, and secrecy, and rule. He is a Protestant. So were Emmet, and Tone, and the Sheareses. He is a Black Republican. So much the better. Old M'Crea's letter will secure me a hearing. The rest will follow. Oh, that I were there !

I lifted up my eyes, and, for the first time in that journey, gazed with conscious interest on the face of Nature. We were driving past a sweet brook, where a bevy of young girls were washing clothes and sporting with one another. Many a merry salutation they threw at us passengers. In return, I flung them Nance's parcel of sweet cakes. " Blessings on you, darling"—" It is yourself is the purty boy"—" God send you the heart of the girl you love"—were my ample reward. The last good wish banished hapless Erin from my mind, and replaced her with the lovely face and form, which I had borne long ago in my arms unresisting from the sea. My spirit, freed now from the bondage of false love, soared, like a bird escaped from its prison, up into that heaven, which opens only to true love. As I drove down Sackville Street, I dreamt of Lily, sitting by my side, in another cavalcade in the same spot ; and I was attired in the green and gold of an Irish General ; and the streets were filled with the happy concourse of a free people ; and Nelson's figure was no longer on the pillar before my eyes, but the statue of our own heroic Sarsfield.

Straight from the hotel, after devouring a hasty meal, I sped to the office of the famous paper, of which my intended confidant and chief, was the terrible editor. After much entreaty, and no less expenditure than half-a-crown, I found him in his *sanctum*, inditing one of the bitter articles, which I read the next day. He was amazed at my intrusion ; and stood up indignant—a stern, determined, gloomy man, on whose black brows and every line and feature of his face was written "Conspirator."

"Your business, sir ? The man, who serves a nation, has neither time nor courtesy for intruders."

"It is on the business of the nation I have come, sir," said I with spirit.

"Say you so, good youth ? Have the College dons rusticated



you for going to Conciliation Hall ; and do you think your injury the blackest wrong done under heaven ?”

“No, sir. Will you give me ten minutes of your time ?”

“Not I ; nor one, if I can help it.”

“Will you read this note, sir ?” said I, presenting his guardian’s note of introduction. He glanced over it.

“For *his* sake, sir,” said he, pointing to old M’Crea’s signature, “I shall give you the ten minutes you asked. Waste none of them.”

I started at once into the object of my visit. At first, he heard me with a grim smile of contempt ; but, by degrees, I won his interest in my tale. By a dozen questions, he tunnelled out the history of my family, and all the noteworthy particulars of my life—and all that Nat and I had guessed and devised about the movement, of which he was one of the leaders.

“A very pretty head for plotting you have, young man. We receive on an average a dozen schemes a-week, for the liberation of Ireland, from young men like you. If forces on paper could only be transmuted into fighting flesh and blood, Ireland would be independent by midnight. But they won’t. Have not you now, young man, a hankering after spouting at head-quarters here, and living in the metropolis ?”

“No, sir ; I am willing to work for the cause, in any capacity, and in any place. My native parish would, I think, be my best field.”

“Young man, I have some hopes of you. Can you be quiet, and patient, and stay away from Dublin, and work under orders ?”

“Sir, if you procure me a commission for Rathcore—I promise you—you shall not see me in Dublin, until I have my thousand men ready for any officer you may send to inspect them.”

“Right, sir. I wish we had more young men of your stamp, But you need no commission—it could do you no good—and might do serious mischief to all of us. Work as you can. Gather your thousand. Get them drilled. Collect money for arms. Then, come to me ; and you shall know your general. You are on good terms with the gentry ? By all means continue to be so. Mind now, we want men who will stay in the country, and not come up here to confuse us, or fire the mine upon us before the time. Your duty is, to work and wait and trust *me*.”

I knew he was the head of the rebel movement. Others were the brilliant orators ; but, their inspiration came from the mighty furnace that burned within that man. I was well content with the course he had marked out. It was simple, and wise, and left me a very wide course of free action. I knew that, with Daly’s help, I could raise the thousand men, and I trusted that chance would send a drill-sergeant. Yes, I put full trust in that man. Never lived there a man who had

more of the spirit of a great revolutionary leader. His words are still accessible to the curious.

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The temper of the city was fierce and national enough for the most revolutionary taste. Patriotic ballads were hawked and sung at every corner. Prints of the people's heroes stared at one from every shop window. The newspapers had room for little else than reports of riots, and drilling parties, and Rockite outrages, and Ribbon trials, and the hottest speeches. In Conciliation Hall, to which I went that night. I heard eloquent words, which were the very echoes of my boldest thoughts; and nerved me with fresh determination to do or die. I was rejoiced, that others felt as I did. Everything showed that the two races were going further apart daily. All felt that the smouldering embers must soon burst out into an universal conflagration. The accents—the manners—the spirit of the people, were all my own. I had left the North behind me. Orangeism, and the M'Creas, and Methodism, already seemed to be things which had passed in another state of existence. Now, I had an object in life, worth living for; and everything I saw and heard, convinced me that it was feasible. But, my work must be done far away in the South. Dublin is the field for those who know it better. Well, I am only twenty. When five years more have come and gone—I may be no stranger in these streets.

Daly had informed me long ago of the death of his mother, and his sister's marriage. Judy had, to use his elegant phrase, hooked the richest bill-discounter in the City of Dublin. The only information she had vouchsafed of her change of state, was conveyed in the columns of a newspaper. He knew she must be living in splendour somewhere near Dublin. He implored me to find her out, and fetch him reliable intelligence of her appearance and fortune. Therefore, I went early in the morning to the College Gate, and found my friend, Malone, without difficulty.

"Oh, indeed, sir, and are you the boy that Judy Daly brought here one morning? And you are not going to be a priest after all? I could have sworn *you* never would be one. You have too open a countenance, to be admitted into the Pope's blackguards. Troth, and it's Judy has played her cards uncommon well. Old Gradley can't be worth a penny less than fifty thousand pounds. I am not sure, that he would not part with the fortune to get rid of the wife. She keeps him in a fever with jealousy. Oh, she is as fine as you please, with her carriage and pair, and her grand place near Monkstown. Here it is, look, in the Directory, 'Otiose Lodge, T. Gradley, Esq.—£400.' That is the yearly valuation. That is a rise from Cole's-lane. And she goes to the Castle now. Faith, and she was dining at the Provost's

the other night ; and I was waiting behind her chair at table ; and many's the time I blamed her mother for letting so purty a child have such a dirty face. Hang it all ! I could not help saying in a whisper, 'Judy, God be with the ould times, when you sat on my knee, and shared a ha'porth of cockles with me.' As bould as brass, says she to the Provost—'Doctor, I am afraid your servant has been drinking. He has addressed a very rude remark to me.' And I was turned out of the room, and fined a pound. Bad luck to her, and all Popish up-starts !" say I.

"But how did she manage," said I, with no little curiosity, "to make so good a match?"

"Oh, there was a young lord over here with a dragoon regiment, three years ago. He was the son of an English duke, and he took a great fancy to Judy ; and it went so far, that he used to escort her up and down Sackville Street, in the middle of the day. I hear he said to her one day—'Judy, I can't marry you, but I'll make you fashionable.' Faith, and he kept his word ; and more than that, he brought ould Tom Gradley to her feet, and made her fortune. But, for all her impidence, and ingratitude to myself, it is only fair to say, no one can speak a word against her character. My lord horsewhipped more than one, for spreading stories about him and Judy. Trust the same lady for knowing the value of a good character."

The drive to Otiose Lodge was delightful. The lovely bay, the rich terrace, the numerous equipages, the lordly mansions, all said—"Here is a land worth fighting for. No wonder the greatest of the Bryans won his battle on yonder strand of Clontarf, with such a prize at stake." The Lodge was a very fine house, with a wide green lawn, stretching up to immense plate-glass windows. Here were all the marks of wealth and luxury indeed. The sleek porter, who took in my name, impressed me with a ponderous sense of Mrs. Gradley's importance. Not more so than the lady herself. She was arrayed, early as it was in the day, in the most expensive attire I had ever seen. Massive trinkets adorned every part of her most handsome person. Ears, neck, wrists, fingers, and waist, all shone with gold and jewels. And she received me with all the grace of a lady of the highest fashion. Only, it struck me, her manner was a little supercilious.

"Mr. Bryan ? I have no recollection of your name, sir. Would you be kind enough to inform me, to what I owe the honour of this early visit ? Ha, indeed ! are you really the little boy who had such a desire to see those nasty Sheareses ? Why, I declare, you look quite the gentleman. I should never have thought one in your rank could have acquired such a good style.—Oh yes, just so : my brother, you say, was anxious to know of my welfare. Oh, then, give him my regards.

Of course, he is aware we move in very different spheres now, and, it is not to be expected, that with my circle of acquaintances, and position in society, I shall hold much communication with him. But, if he should ever want anything——”

Here her remarks were interrupted by the entrance of an elderly gentleman, with livid face, and jaunty air, and juvenile raiment. He cast an odious glance at me.

“Julia, my love,” said he, “I am going into town. Do you want anything to-day?”

“Thomas, darling,” said she, “Lord Pillton, Sir Henry O’Flynn, Sir Philip Frampton, and some other gentlemen, dine here to-day. I have some purchases to make in town. I have had nothing from you this month. You had better leave me a cheque.”

“For how much, sweetest?” as if he were about to get a tooth extracted.

“Oh, you may as well make it a hundred, ducky.”

With the grace of a man swallowing a very bitter draught, he complied, and marched off. Evidently, he has purchased that handsome face, and lovely figure; and the lady is determined to extract her value—and does not object to exhibit her wealth, and aristocratic friends, before the boy, from the country. I had read of such things.

When he had departed, she said, as if musing with herself. “I declare the lad is very presentable. It would be a good joke, to have him stay for dinner, and show him high life. He would not be very *outrè*. Mr. Bryan,” she said, with the most charming grace, “would you favour us with the pleasure of your company, at dinner to-day, on such a short invitation? We expect several great people. I can introduce you as of a very old and respectable family.”

I thanked her—but declined.

“Ah, well, at least you will allow me to offer you a seat in my carriage, back to town. We shall start immediately.”

So, I returned to the city—in such state as I had never shared in before—in an open carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid greys; with one of the handsomest ladies in the capital, by my side. She was very lively, and condescending.

“I suppose, it was really your name, that I saw in the papers, about those horrid riots, in the North? You killed an Orangeman, or something of that kind. Ah, that was a mistake, was it? The Orangemen killed your friend. I knew it was something of that sort. And you are going to enter College? How nice that will be! You must let me see you, when next you are in town.”

She drove to a jeweller’s, and purchased two valuable rings—one of which, I was to bear to James, as a present, from his sister—the

other was to grace my own finger." Just as we were parting—after the adieux—she said, "By the way, tell James, *Peggy Magrath has come back to Dublin.*"

I was unable to form any satisfactory judgment, as to this fascinating lady's character. But I was thankful that she was not in the least like the lovely young angel, who had now sole occupation of the throne of my heart. Daly's letters had informed me, that Miss Crofton was then at Glenmore; and I determined to go home, *via* Lismore; and to visit the Glen—if by chance I might meet her there.

Moreover, it was right, that I should visit the holy widow. In her presence, I had made my first vow, to live and die for Ireland. From her lips I had received the dying charge of my patriot grandsire. Yes, I shall go to Lismore at once, and renew my vows to her, and to the dead, through her. In her sympathy—I shall gain fresh confidence, that mine is a just and holy cause. By virtue of her prayers, I shall obtain and preserve the purity and unselfishness of motive, which is the chief grace of the true patriot. And so, I went from Dublin to Lismore.

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## CHAPTER II.

Much as I had heard of the beauty of Lismore, I was not prepared for the view from the Bridge. For the time I could only stand, and look, and wonder. Here are only hills and fields, covered with trees and grass; a stream, of no great size—a pile of building, which anywhere else would be counted grotesque—a spire, not finer than many I had seen—yet so picturesquely are they grouped, that the sight of them for the first time amazed me.

I had no trouble in finding the abode of my grandmother. The holy widow's dwelling was as well known as the castle itself. It was a little cottage, built against the wall of the Cathedral. The front of it, covered with ivy, looked humble enough. Inside, it was only a single room, with a recess at the further end, before which hung a snow-white curtain. This was the oratory, in which the taper always burned before the figures of the Lord and the Blessed Virgin. The white-washed walls, the boards of the floor, clean as the table, the handful of fuel in the bright little grate, the open lattice, through which the rays of the sinking sun flooded the hermitage, the pictures of saints in every

corner, told the character of the woman, who rose from her knees at the noise of my entrance, and met me with the sign of the Cross, and a loving kiss. Her attire and look and manner were not altered in the least from my memory of her. Nor had my reverence for such genuine holiness been blunted by my past experience of men. She shewed no surprise; but met me as if we had only parted the day before.

"I knew my own Hugh would come some of these days, to see his lone grandmother. Ever since I heard of your bravery in the North—and thank you, dear, for sending me the paper—you have seldom been out of my mind. I was thinking of you, when you lifted the latch—and I only waited to say one 'Hail Mary' for you, before I came out. And you came, first of all, to your grandmother, to shew her you had not forgotten the talk we had together at the ould tower below. Glory be to God! that is a good sign, that you think of the ould people, that the rest of the world forgets. And glory be to Him! that you have been merciful in the fight, and earned the praise of the enemy by doing your best to save life. A fine, strong, handsome man you are now; and it is my own Hugh you are, come back again, to help Ireland after four-and-forty years and more. You are more illegant and learned than he was; but not better, nor wiser—that you'll never be. And you have come to tell me all your thoughts, and plans, for the great work, God has chosen you for. But tell me, darling, have you kept your faith? Oh! it was the sore news for me, when they turned you out of the Seminary; but, no doubt, it was His will, and all for the best. And now you have been living among the wolves of heretics. Are you as good a Catholic as ever, Hugh? Tell me that first."

"Better than ever, grandmother. I have seen the other side of the question now—and I love and value the old faith more and more."

"Oh, darling! but that is good news. That is before all. Now, my own child, sit you down, and I'll get you a cup of tay. Flesh meat has never been seen or touched in this house, since I came into it, and you would not like me to break a vow."

The simple repast was grateful—for I had walked far that day. It was midnight when I had told her all of my doings that she would care to hear, and laid before her, without reserve, the whole chart of my hopes and designs for the deliverance of our country. Under the clear, steady, prayerful influence of those grey eyes which had witnessed so much; amid the notes of joy, and thanksgiving, and supplication, which accompanied my narrative, all selfish aims passed from my ambition, and, for the time, I was as true a patriot as ever breathed.

When I had ended, she said, "Oh, Hugh, God has given you more

wit than all my prayers iver asked for ; and your tongue is as sweet as a thrush. Surely, surely, eddication is a grand thing ; and now that we have got a man like Moses, that was brought up in all the larning of the Egyptians, the rest of my prayers 'ill come true likewise, and Erin will be the 'the Island of Saints,' once more ; and the poor Catholics will get peace, and liberty, and plenty, to serve God with, again." Wurrasthru ! but my heart is often full, near bursting, when I see the grand ould Churches, and Cathedrals, that was built by holy men, and women, for the true Faith, and where they worshipped God, day and night, without ceasing. And now *they* have got them, that has no right to them ; and they lock them up all the week, and niver go near them—except for a while on Sundays. And then they sail in and out, in their finery, and say their false prayers, and read their false Bible, in the very place, where saints without number, have worn the stones with their knees, and lived and died, serving God, with watching, and praying, and fasting, within the holy walls, all their lives. And when I think, that it is the same all over Ireland ; that them that has the ould Churches don't know how to use them ; and we of the true Church are shut outside in the could grass, and among the tombstones—then I am sure, the time can't be far off, when God will give us back our own again. And you make me think this night, that, ould as I am, near threescore and ten, I'll live to see that time. Sure and I'll wait and watch for it, the way Saint Anne waited and watched in the Temple, for a sight of the blessed Saviour. Hugh, my own brave child, you have brought me big comfort this night. You'll have all the prayers an old woman can say, that, you may be as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove ; and that God may show you the right road to victory."

And with many other words, she fed my high resolves, till I went out to my bed in the inn. In the early morning, I strolled up to her house again. She was not within. I turned into the graveyard and moralized among the tombstones, until I found myself in front of one which bore my own name. And there was my grandmother bent in prayer. My grandsire's dust slept below. I knelt down beside her, and asked for strength, to further the cause, in which his blood was shed. She rose presently from her knees.

"Darling, it is good for you to be here," said she. "All that there is on earth of two of the best men ever lived on it, is there and there,"—and she pointed to a little nameless mound, beside the hero's—"and they were both your grandfathers. Copy them, and you can't go astray. And your other grandmother has left her body there," said she, pointing to yet another mound. "She never saw you—but many's the prayer she offered, that you might be saved from the devil, and from drink. Let us say a prayer, darling, for the repose of their souls."

When this tribute to the dead was paid, she said, "Hugh, last night, after you left, and this morning, here a minute ago, I was thinking how many had started with as good thoughts and hopes as you, and had been ruined by drink. And I thought I would ask you, for my sake, to take a solemn vow, that you would never taste spirits, till your country was free. It is not because I am afraid of you—and yet who can be sure?—but it may stand between you and temptation. Maybe, too, when you tell your father, it may set him thinking, and lead him to repentance. Won't you do that much for me?"

"Is that all, grandmother? Hear me then," and I knelt upon the hero's grave, and pledged myself to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, till Ireland was free.

"God will give you strength to keep it, acushla. Come away now, and breakfast with the ould woman."

After breakfast, I started, as my heart led me, to wander through Glenmore, which was only a few miles off. Lily was there. From her I had heard of the beauty of the Glen. It had been the favourite resort of her mother and father. If she is not greatly changed, every day will bring her to the spot she was so fond of. I walked up and down the wooded banks, following the course of the stream, till long after noon-day, admiring the loveliness much, but thinking more of her who had led me thither. Was she handsome still? Was she much changed? How would she treat me? How should I address her? She was sixteen now. Many girls at that age assume the air and manners of women. At last, quite dispirited, I sat down upon a broad rock, which hung over a deep pool in the stream, by the branches of a great hazel tree. I was deep in meditation, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, when the voices of girls, just opposite, aroused me. Yes, that voice I would know among ten thousand, clear and full as a bell. How my heart throbs! How long the time seems! Presently, three forms emerge with a bound into the open glade, between which and me lies only the stream, and, oh joy! there is not a male in the party. One leads the rest, tall, slender, with masses of curls falling from her hat. I rejoice still more, for she has not yet assumed the costume of a lady who is "out." She runs toward the pool with the step of a gazelle. They are hunting for nuts, as the bags on their arms demonstrate. The tree in which I am embowered, is covered with clusters of the coveted fruit.

"Lily, you can't get over there; you will fall in, and it is very deep," cried one of the young ladies.

"Oh, Letsy, I was born for crossing dangerous places, and climbing rocks," is her reply, which tells me, how little she is changed in spirit. "Look here," and as she speaks, the little feet hop from point



to point of the stones projecting above the water, and she looks me full in the face. Grasping the boughs with both her hands, she views me with wondering, unsinking, unrecognizing eyes. I look upon her as the famished man does on food, and am full of happiness. This fairy vision—this face, full of the pure soul within—is far above my ideal.

"And who may you be, sir, with your rude staring eyes?" is her salute.

"Hugh Bryan, Miss Lily," is my apology.

"Hugh Bryan! *Hugh Bryan*!! HUGH BRYAN!!!" was her cry of joy, as she caught both my hands, and swung round me, sure to have fallen into the pool if I had not sustained her. This is the happiest moment of my life. Yet, even then something was wanting. What would I not have given, to have pressed one kiss on that white brow? Her companions could not discover the cause of her wild transports, till they had come upon us by a circuit, and found her sitting by my side, looking into my face, and pulling my whiskers.

"Oh, Letsy," thus she introduced me, "here is Hugh Bryan, that I have told you all about so often. You see, he is every bit as handsome as I told you. Oh! now, don't put on any of your fine airs, you know we *are* only *little girls*, in short frocks yet. Time enough to be curtsying, and making cold speeches, and telling polite lies, when we are quite seventeen. No, Hugh Bryan is not a man. He is only one-and-twenty. His grandmother was a mother to my mother. And his mother was my mother's dearest foster-sister, and he is dear old Bridget's pet nephew—the poor goose that made such a fool of herself, marrying that lazy, drunken, Denny Flanagan; and he saved my life. Oh, Hugh, I am dying to hear all about those wretches of Orangemen, who murdered poor dear old Rory. I could have kissed you, when papa read out all about your gallant conduct—so he called it—in Armagh; and I am *so* glad; that nasty Maguire was transported for life. Oh, now, Letsy, you must not be so very distant, and proper, to my *great* friend, Hugh Bryan; or, maybe, I'll tell something to somebody, that somebody did to somebody, behind the drawing-room curtains, last night. I declare, I thought some one was shot." And my charmer ceased not, till she was out of breath; and her friends were thawed; and I was established as porter to the three very lively young ladies, who were out a-nutting. Bushels of nuts we gathered, in a great pile. Far more than we could convey to their home. When the employment became tiresome, we rested and chatted in a cave, in the centre of a great mass of rocks, which overhung a cascade fifty feet high. The entrance to this was a terrible task to all the young

ladies but Lily. First we had to descend four feet at a bound, then, to turn completely round, and descend again, and then to climb in another direction, up to a narrow hole, inside which was a little room of a cavern. Lily enjoyed the escalade immensely. The secret had been revealed to her by one of the young gentlemen of her friend's family. It had been, as she informed us, the haunt of a famous robber, called Freeney. He found in it, for years, an inviolable hiding-place from all pursuers. She told us the story of his life, and wonderful escapes, and the devotion of his wife, who brought him provisions here, through scores of enemies, with great zest.

"Oh, girls, isn't it a pity that those times are all over now? There is not a single decent rapparee, or highwayman, or rebel, that one can get up any romance about, at all, only wretched low vagabonds, without the least morsel of fun or interest about them. Really now, wouldn't it be delightful to be a bandit's wife? Of course, he must be a fine handsome fellow, with great black curling beard and whiskers, and such a deep bass voice, to sing with to one. And he would always wear clothes made of velvet and gold, and bring me basketfuls of pearls and diamonds, and do everything I told him; and you know, I would never let him kill any one at all. And when they were all hunting for him, I would disguise myself in all sorts of queer dresses, and bring him such nice dishes, all made with my own hands; and it would be so jolly to feel that I was saving the dear fellow's life, while the magistrates and soldiers—horse, foot, dragoons, rifles, artillery, and all—were looking everywhere for him; and telling me all their plans. I would always keep them away from the cave, or else get him safe out of it, just five minutes before they came, and found the bird flown. Would not that be better than fox-hunting, girls?"

"What a lot of nonsense you *do* talk, to be sure, Lily!" said the elder of the two Miss Gilmores. "Mr. Bryan will think you a very strange girl."

"Well, and Letsy, have not we little girls a right to talk as much nonsense as we like? Of course, when we are seventeen, we shall be so precise, and teach the young gentlemen to keep their distance; and always say 'No' when we mean 'Yes,' and pretend to admire things we don't care three straws for; and be enchanted with sweet preachers and all that sort of thing. Time enough for that, Letsy. Hugh and I are too old friends, not to know all about each other, and to understand each other. Why, he used to like nonsense far better than sense himself. It was he told me all about the dear old Arabian Nights, about Sinbad the Sailor, and Aladdin, and Bedridden, and ah! what a lot of queer stories about his queer old forefathers, that he heard from queer old Rory."

"Well, but, Lily," interposed Miss Gilmore, whom I was beginning to hate, "Mr. Bryan must be longing to get away from us, and it is near dinner-time."

"Oh, dear ! Letsy—and must he go ? What a pity ! Well, Hugh, mind, you must, as soon as possible, give me a full, true, and particular account of the way they turned you out of the Seminary—and I am very much obliged to them for it—and of all your adventures, from the day you left Rathcore, to this very day. But, Letsy, did I ever tell you that Hugh was a king."

"I was not aware of that, Lily. You ought not to keep royalty waiting."

"Oh, but he *is* a crowned king. Who knows but he may be like Robert Bruce some day, and have to fly from his wicked, ungrateful subjects ? Mind, Hugh, you are to come, and shelter in this cave, and I'll come straight up, and steal the wine, and the biscuits, and the pies, and the eggs, and everything, out of Glenmore for you. Oh ! but I am so glad to have you back again. We'll have no end of walks round the cliffs. Dear papa has been talking about you, ever since he heard you were coming home. He has got all his old college books out, and says, he'll make you examine me in Virgil and Horace. Sure, you won't be very hard, Hugh ? Bother, here we are at the Hall door already. Well, goodbye, till I see you next week."

"Oh, Lily," said my tormentor, "you won't think of going home this fortnight."

"Yes, I will, Letsy. Papa cannot get on without me at the Glebe, silly as I am. Mind, Hugh, and come up the very day, you hear I have come home."

She kissed her hand to me, and sent me away with a light heart and a bounding step, and the conviction, that a very long life might be spent deliciously, even in a cave, with such a ministering spirit to wait on one. And far from unlikely it was that I might need a hiding-place ; and I went and inspected the whole rock before I left the Glen.

That evening I started on foot for Rathcore. Which famous city I did not reach till the afternoon of the next day.

## CHAPTER III.

The day of my return to my native village was a great Church holyday. The street was filled with groups of loungers who had come out from the chapel. How mean everything, except the Tower, seemed in my eyes! Can this be the Great House of Rathcore, which, four years ago, was to me the *acmé* of human comfort and grandeur? Can that wretched bakery, with its half-defaced sign and dirty thatch, and streaks of green filth on the walls, be the place where I first saw the light? Degraded we are, indeed; but is not this the doing of the Sassenach? But there is no trace of degradation in the features of that young Irishwoman who stands at our door—nor in the young man, who holds her hand in his. That girl is my sister Nelly—that youth is my friend Daly. He first welcomes me. "There he is himself. Cead mille failthe, Hugh—it is yourself is welcome, man. We have been looking for you since daylight. I must go and warn the boys that we have got you at last."

With a wild shriek she rushes into my arms, crying the while, "Oh, mother, here is Hugh."

An instant more, and I am at home, in her dear arms, whose eyes, swimming with love, and voice, low, sweet, intense, are still the same. For a little, we are all in all to each other. When the flush of joy is over, I mark that she is pale and worn, with a sad, scared look. We sit as of old by the fireside; and look, and look, and look, and say but little. Till Nelly, pointing to my luggage, which has arrived by the carrier the day before, diverts our thoughts, by asking for the keys, that she may see the lots of fine things, I have brought from the North. When I comply, she rushes on her prey, and soon has the whole of Tim and Nance's presents to the family, and my own apparel, spread on the shop counter, and every available table, chair, and stool. She singles out, as by instinct, the objects designed for each person, and overwhelms me with questions, about the riches and appearance of these kind relations. Then, while she admires my watch and chain, and pin, and ring, she asks about James's grand sister, and the state she lives in. My father is out. Alas! there is no need to inquire where. My mother's silent gesture tells all. She bustles about preparing food, and often stops to cast a thankful look, and offer a fervent ejaculation to the Giver of all Good, for her pair of darlings.

While Nelly is lavishing her whole vocabulary of wonder and

delight, an old woman, a stooping form, covered by a shabby blue cloak, and the blackest of *dhudeens* between the thinnest of lips, enters the kitchen, and takes a seat as by right at the fireside. She throws a withering scowl at the linens, and clothes, and silks, and velvets, which are spread about.

"Musha," says she, "and is it yourself, Hugh Bryan, has the impudence to come back to the dacent people, you shamed before his Holiness the Primate?"

Can it be that this horrid old creature is the neat, cleanly, precise, Aunt Bridget? The shock is so great, that I cannot bring my faculties to frame a response to her bitter words. She gathered strength for aggression from my silence.

"Ayah now! and is it for the likes of thim things, that you have sould yourself to the devil?"

"Well, aunt, I have no acquaintance with the gentleman you speak of. These are only tokens of affection from old friends. There is a roll of flannel there for yourself, from your sister Nance; and Tim Mahony bids me pay you back the money, you spent on me at the Seminary."

"Troth, an' you may keep them, then. Bridget Mulcahy has fallen low enough; but she is not going to pollute her fingers with the price of her sister's sowl. I'd scorn to touch the dirty turncoat's money."

"Oh, now, Biddy, dear," said my mother, "you ought to be more charitable after hearing mass this morning. Haven't you a good word at all for the darling boy, that has come back safe and sound and purty to us, after all thim years?"

"Sorra a ha'porth. Only for him, it's living in splendour I'd be this day, as a happy single woman. Aye, he has robbed me and ruined me, and destroyed my faith in Holy Bridget, and nearhand all the saints."

"Oh, aunt, now," said I, "you had better take the money and forget the past."

"Don't talk to me, you ongrateful monster. Norry, I hope you'll have better luck with him than I had. You have made a fine gentleman of him instead of a holy priest. Take care he doesn't cock up his nose at you all—and ride full speed you know where," were the amiable words, which she left behind her.

"Don't mind her, darling," said my mother. "She has got awful cross and bitter, and it is no wonder. The boy that got her, took a farm, and spent all her savings on it and the drink. Now they have nothing but the roof that shelters them, and a grain of potatoes; and they say, he does not give her the life of a dog. Poor craytur, give

me the money, and I'll take care she gets the value of it, in the way will serve her best."

After a while my other parent staggered into the shop, with his hat crushed over his brows, and a pipe in his slobbering mouth. An oath announces his identity.

"Hugh, my hearty, I am glad to see you in your father's house. You are the boy for Rathcore. You do credit to him that reared you. Faix, I'm proud of you; and so is the neighbours. Norry, why haven't you the bottle out for him? Sure the heir's health must be drunk with all the honours. Oh! and so the ould lady above has sworn you agin it. I wish she had sworn your father agin it thirty years ago. But she didn't; and I must drink the hero's health before the supper. Norry, send out for a pint."

"And where is the money to come from, Hugh?"

"Oh, Tim Mahony has sent it down, to be sure. Many is the naggin *he* has drunk at *my* expense."

"Father," said I, "no money shall go out of my pocket to be spent in the public-house."

"Arrah now, but Hugh Bryan, jun., has left the Fifth Commandment behind him. Give me the price of a naggin."

"Not a drop," said I.

"It was not from your father you learnt to be a bad fellow with your money," said he, as he went out, and left me with my mother, who, after a little circumlocution, told me, that Daly and Nelly were engaged lovers; and, that they had only waited for my return, to celebrate the marriage. They were a comely pair, and suited each other well. He could hardly bear to let her out of his sight—he was so fond of her—and he had a fine new house built for him, by Mr. Saxe—and his salary was near a hundred a year—and, thank God, he was a firm teetotaler. He had been her own great comfort, ever since my departure; had written all her letters, but the one Mr. Saxe wrote; had lent her money, and refused it to my father. In fine, he had been a good son to her, and there was no man in the world, to whom she would rather give her daughter. She was very thankful, God had opened such a home for Nelly. She was a real good girl—only a thought too fond of dress, and parties—but the cares of a family would cure her of that; and, James was very wise, and could keep her as a lady. Nor had I any reason to withhold my approbation from the union. Even the little I had seen of them, had shown that they were deeply attached to each other. The match was a good one for all parties, and not least for myself. The master was the most important and influential man in the Parish, after Father Phil. Had I not already fixed on him as my lieutenant? Was he not sure to rise high in the service of his country?

Was it not well we should be linked, and bound together, as closely as possible? He was nearly thirty; she eighteen. They knew each other thoroughly. So I told my mother, that I agreed with her, in believing that this marriage, at all events, was made in Heaven.

About six o'clock, my father came in, and told me to get ready, like himself, for a great party. Father Phil, and a lot of old friends, were waiting at the inn, to give me a triumphant reception on my return from the North. This was an honour not to be despised; and he bore me off to the banquetting hall. As we passed into the street, we found the road lined with the boys of Rathcore, who received us with acclamations. I became nervously conscious, that I was the popular hero; and, that my own people were determined to recompense me, for the villanous usage I had received at the hands of the bloody Orangemen. The tale of my exploits—dilated to enormous proportions—was in every mouth. All who can claim acquaintance with me, rush from the ranks, to smite my palm with the sounding whack of friendship. The women view me with looks of open love, and bless, and praise every portion of my frame, from head to foot. Whatever odium the Seminary business had raised, is dissipated. "Sure, and isn't he, the young hero that defied, and bate hundreds of raging Orangemen; them armed with cannons, and mounted like dragons, and him with only a shillelagh? and didn't he, the darling, take the leader, a man seven foot high, with his own hand, and lodge him in jail, and make the Sassenachs, against their will you may be sure, send him for life to the North Pole, or the burning deserts, or some other place, where he will get his deserts for shooting poor ould Rory? Oh! it is himself is the broth of a boy, and a true Bryan, every inch of him." My nature expanded under the genial, thorough-going heartiness of my own merry Southern kin; so different from the grim saturnine brooding scowls of the Northern hordes. No fear of black looks, or bitter words, or defamatory expressions here. No chance that a stray missile, from sling, or pistol, or gun, may deal me a blow, at some unlooked-for moment. Not the smallest likelihood of any one exciting the faintest symptoms of a riot. Here we are all of one race, and creed, and heart. Even the policemen regard it as a natural, and proper piece of merriment, and smoke serenely, opposite the green banners. Pipers, and fiddlers start up as plentiful as ever, and herald our approach with a variety of tunes. My ear suffers from the mixture of "See the Conquering Hero comes," with "Patrick's Day," the "Shan Van Voght," the "White Cockade," and "Let Erin remember the days of old;" but my mind, filled with schemes of future work, is too well pleased to be critical. For is not this a fine start for my bark? If this breeze will last for a month, I shall have little difficulty in enlisting my first company—and, "a good beginning is the half of all."

The great room of the inn—used as a ball-room in old Squire Saxe's time, by the Rathcore Hunt—is to-night a bower of green. All the dear old national emblems—the Sunburst, the Tower, the Crownless Harp—greet me again. The simple wreaths of shamrock are a pleasant change, from the immortal hero of the Boyne, and his gaudy colours. The mottoes, breathing a spirit of unbounded kindness and hospitality, how sweet are they after the fierce polemical watchwords of the North! But one memorial of the Protestant Boys finds a place. An orange lily, with a broken stem, and trampled flowers, lies under an Irish wolf-dog, who has killed a host of curs. Behind the empty chair, reserved on the right hand of the chairman, for the hero of the night, hangs a fancy life-size representation of the great Hugh Bryan, with the legend—"Martyr to his Church and Country." As we enter, all rise and line the room, and a gust of cheers whirls round, as Father Phil leads me to the seat of honour. Around, are all the leading men of the peasantry—every one who can muster the half-crown for the supper—who give me beaming looks of welcome, and, out of all order, hold their glasses—full far too soon—towards me, and drink to my long life. As the jovial shouts and merry peals ring round, I think with contempt, of the dull sodden orgies of the enemy, and feel at home; and glad my home is among these joyous souls. Daly is beside me, and is the life of the party. His head had devised the whole proceedings. His hand—skilled in scene-painting—had executed the decorations. Plainly, he has strengthened his hold upon the parish. So far—good. From him, I can learn the outline of the ground. With him, make preparations for the coming struggle. But to the repast, provided by the people out of the depth of their poverty, for one, who, as they believed, had met sore treatment from the foe, and won fresh laurels for his race. Fish, and flesh, and fowl were there, enough to satisfy Homer's heroes; and as mighty trencher-men were these modern Celts. Nor was the liquor spared. A hogshead fed the jars, and they, the bottles, and they, the glasses, in a swift current, till the priest stood up, to close the coarser part of the banquet; and bade us prepare for the feast of intellect, and flow of soul. Then the outer door was thrown open; and the room was packed full of ardent but penniless friends of the young hero. Outside, a dense multitude proclaim the unanimous wish of the parish to glorify Hugh Bryan; and share the sport. Father Phil essays to gain a hearing for the crowning toast of the evening. A mighty uproar surges in, and finds an echo among the perspiring inmates—"Come outside, Father dear; we all want to hear yez." "Don't keep us from getting a sight of the darling for ourselves." "Sure a king must address all his loving subjects." "The girls is breaking their hearts to see his face." "Bring him out



till we chair him." "Arrah, Father Phil, it's yourself has the warm heart for the poor." "If we haven't the dirty money, we have loving hearts." Thus they protest, and beseech, till tables—chairs—forms—bottles—and we ourselves—are in the midst of thousands on the open strand. The cool breeze fans our brows gently, and we bless it. Before us lies the ocean. From above, the moon silvers the placid waters. Behind is the Tower. Before us the Stone. Father Phil stands on the table. His figure, feeble now, but all the more venerable, wakens a thrill of respect; and the words, calmer and softer than of old, falls on a silent audience—"My dear children, right glad am I to see, that the worthy deeds of old are thought of still among you—that the name of the man who stood by his priest till the last, and got his own death thereby, is fresh among you all this day, after fifty years. I won't say anything about the cause they died for—they thought it good and holy—but that one deed, to try and save a wounded man, was a Christian act. Thank God! they have not buried Hugh Bryan's name yet. Keep your warm hearts, my children; your love to the Church and her priests, and martyrs, and saints. And keep the memory of the noble dead green in your hearts; and I'll be prouder of you, and of old Ireland, than if she was the mistress of the whole world. I mind the day that Hugh Bryan," and he pointed to my father, "was christened; and I mind the faces of the men that were there, and yours are just as true, and honest, and kindly. Near two generations have passed by since then, and it is another brave Hugh Bryan we have come here to give a true Irish welcome home to, this night. It is 'Cead mille failtha' I say to you, young Hugh—that I gave that name to myself—in the name of this parish, and of all the Catholics in Ireland. You have been in the fire like the Hebrew children in Babylon, because you would not bow down to the idol." Here Daly threw a bunch of orange lilies down among the crowd, which soon reduced them to a filthy pulp. "You went through the fire, and not a hair of your head was hurt. You saved the life of a Catholic, and, like a good Christian, saved an enemy from the gallows. You have kept the faith, and done your duty in the midst of enemies. You have made them that have seldom a good word for any of us, praise you to your face. I am proud of you, Hugh Bryan. Go on as you have begun, and it is not Rathcore, but all Ireland, will be proud of you, before you are as old as I am. Now, boys, give him something like a cheer, and I'll allow the girls to kiss you for it."

Amid a peal, that woke tumultuous echoes, I knelt down before the fine old man, who had supplied all that was wanting to make me feel quite at home again. Solemnly, in the name of the Holy Trinity, and the Blessed Virgin, he blessed me, and devoted me to the service of my country.

A brief pause, a hush of reverence, succeeded ; and then, young Hugh was called upon to make display of his learning, before the people. My maiden speech is due at last. Often had I longed for such an opportunity as this ; often found a flood of the words which I would utter, rushing to my lips. Now, what weight is resting on that sluggish member, my tongue ? Has some key been turned the wrong way in my brain, that not a thought will come ?

Daly fires a joke at some one in the audience, and gains me a precious minute thereby. " Now, on your legs, and fire away," said he.

Without an instant of forethought, I throw myself in desperation on the first wave of words that comes, reckless where it may lead me. " Friends, countrymen, and lovers—(cheers)—I left Rathcore a boy. You have made a man of me this night. Thanks to you, good Father, I am all heart and soul and mind and strength, every atom of me, for Ireland and her Church. You need not fear that I shall flinch from the cause of Liberty, or desert my own people. I have seen the North, and gathered something there, worth bringing home. But it is too near the frost and snow, boys. For warm hearts, cheery souls, and loving brotherhood, the sunny South be mine, from this day forth for ever. I cannot drink your health, my friends, in spirits " (for the liquor was handed to me). " Yesterday, I stood upon the hero's grave, and, at the bidding of his holy widow, swore no spirits should wet my lips, till Ireland was free. In this water, pure as our sisters' souls, I pledge you all. Oh, brethren ! young men like me, our dear, dear country lies helpless, wounded, bleeding at every pore. We must staunch her wounds, and bring back life, and health, and strength, and beauty to her wasted frame. Let us be sober, honest, true to one another and our God, and the day will soon come when we may stand upon our native soil in pride, and shew the nations, Hibernia's glory has not set for ever. Aye, from the dark clouds that frown upon her now, the *sun shall burst, and we shall see it.*"

I sat down abashed, as at the Coronation years before ; for on the high ground, just over us, I saw the spare form of the Parson, and the bulky presence of the Squire. I feared that they might scent rebellion. But on conning over my words with Daly, I found that I had said nothing that would not bear an innocent interpretation. Other speeches followed ; but soon the musicians caught the ear of the crowd, and " The Rigs of Barley " set their feet in motion.

I left Daly in the company of his betrothed, and made for my mother, whose full confidence I hoped to gain, as we need fear no interruption for hours. She was waiting for me at the door. There was a transparent look about her face, and a brilliance in her eyes, and a flush upon her cheeks, which I did not like.

A spasm of pain passed over her face, and I was alarmed. "Mother dear, you are not well. My surprise to-day has been too much for you. Come inside. You should not expose yourself to the night air without a shawl, or your cloak and hood." I drew her in to the kitchen.

With a sad but peaceful look, she said, "Hugh dear, don't blame yourself for surprising me. It was not that. I was looking for you every minute till you came. Oh, my own brave handsome son! it will be a poor end for such a day as this; but your mother's eyes will soon be shut, and the grass will be growing on her grave long before Christmas. The doctor told me that, and I would not let any one tell you it before myself, and I would not tell you till the feast was over. Hush! hush! darling! my own pet, don't speak till I have done. It's proud and happy I am, to have you home to comfort me, and to shut my eyes; and to know that all your grand learning has not made you ashamed of your poor ignorant mother."

What was all the rapturous incense of an hour ago to me now? It seemed years off already. For an instant I cursed them all in heart. They had led me away to thoughtless revelry, when she—dearer to me than life—without whom life was an imaginable void of gloom—was dying, and they knew it. The shadow of this great grief came down, and covered me all over. How sickening was the thought of their rude applause! I took that face—so familiar in my dreams—in my hands. Ah! there, indeed, was the hectic spot—the flag of death; and her cough drove hope away. Aye! the breath of the destroyer has nipped the sweetest flower in my home. Oh, God! oh, God! My head grew dizzy—the blood seemed to gather about my heart, and block up the citadel of life; next, my mother's trembling hand is sprinkling water over my face. Hot tears, mixed with it, run over my cheeks. Her voice comes to me, as it were through a veil, praying for her boy—her only boy—her darling boy. Slowly, I return to consciousness. Forms of woe are flitting before my eyes—a statue of Hibernia, I had seen in Dublin, inexpressibly sad, passes into my mother, weeping over me. The sight of the dear, dear features brings relief. The thought, they shall soon be clay, chills me again. The wistful yearning tenderness, with which she calls me back to life—the deep gaze of infinite love and pity—the lullaby which she sings over me—the gentle hand caressing my hair—the exquisite Irish expressions of endearment—bring all my years from infancy before me. At last I am composed, and can control my thoughts. I must repress all show of emotion. And for her sake, be strong, and cheerful, and smile at whatever cost, and smoothe her pillow, as my chief present duty, to the very last. Before my father came home, hot and flustered, and proud of his son, we

were sitting calmly beside each other, hand in hand, more like brother and sister, than mother and child. He guessed it all, and assumed an air of marked deference to us both, and spoke even quietly ; and, before he went to bake, with husky voice, said, he approved of the vow, which I had made to his mother, in Lismore.

The next day, with a heavy heart, I fulfilled my promise to Tim, by writing him a full account of the looks and fortunes of all his friends in the South. His reply, full of Scripture, gave the greatest comfort to my mother. His enclosure of £50, a bridal gift for his niece, gained my father's high approbation of the heretic. Nance also sent Nelly a token of her affection, in the form of a splendid green silk dress, for the bridal. This was the only gleam of sunshine in that dark season. Three weeks from my return, and they were married. Though all felt it was an event, full of the happiest promise, the wedding was very sad. My mother was the only happy person in the family. Thenceforward, she shook off all cares and thoughts of this life, and lay meekly awaiting the Father's call. We never parted during those weeks. Nelly stayed with us, and took charge of the household. My mother was for the time my only thought. Ambition, fame, the other love, sunk out of my sight, in the presence of this great love, passing out of sight. The King of Terrors reigned supreme. She felt the greatness of my grief ; and took all my service sweetly, knowing it relieved me. My face was a volume she never wearied of. The pressure of my hand, seemed to nerve her for any pain.

At length, one day, far sooner than our fears, she said, wakening out of a sleep, "Hugh dear, send for the Priest ; bid your father and Nelly come up, till I say my last to them." To him she spoke nothing but thanks for his kindness, and forbearance. He asked forgiveness. She granted it—"But it was little trouble, he had ever given her, compared to what she had given him, with her grumbling, and bad management." She prayed, that God would bring them together again, and make them as happy, as they were in old times, in Lismore. To Nelly, she gave a blessing, full of mother's love—a blessing on the man of her choice, and on their name. When the rites of her Church, over the dying, were duly celebrated, she called me over, and said, "Hugh dear, you will have a weary time for many a day. The sword will pierce your heart, too. The thing you have set your mind on, you will not get—but something far, far better. O'h, darling, when the clouds are blackest, keep looking above. He is there, that we used to talk about in the garden. I see Him, and He is lovelier far than I could tell you. He stretches out His hands, and I must go. It is only for awhile, and you'll come, too."

An hour after, and fierce sobs, as of an animal in pain, and wild

imprecations on his own head, as a murderer, drove me forth from the sight of a father's—a husband's—too late repentance. Nelly and I went out into the garden, to the arbour, where *she* had taught us our first prayers. There we lay in each others arms, till long after the sun went down. When we rose, to re-enter the house, each felt as if a portion of the spirit that was gone had passed into the other's soul, and knit us into one. We knew that with her all was well. She had been taken from the evil present, and to come, and was in peace. So it came to pass, that, before I was six weeks at home, I had made my first step on the road to glory, and had lost my mother.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

For more than a month after my mother's death I lived in a state of the most profound melancholy. My father had soon relapsed into his old habits. The sight of his shame, as he reeled through the streets, or pestered me, for money ; the dirt and discomfort of our household—for Daly bore his bride home after the funeral—and the wretched feeling of degradation, extinguished all my hope. I was in love. But what hope could the drunken baker's son have of winning the high-born lady? Even, without this fatal slur, the case was bad enough. This made me feel my cherished dreams the height of nonsense. And *he was* my father. He had a claim to my honour, respect, tenderness, succour, affection. I dare not even wish to shake him off without sin. I strove by every means to win him back to sobriety. Alas ! he repaid me by deceit and hypocrisy. At last, he told me, in plain words, if hell were open before him, and a glass of whiskey was offered him, and the condition of drinking it was his immediate and irreversible damnation, he could not help taking it. What could I do with such a man as this, whom such a mother and such a wife had been unable to affect, for good? Daily, I left our wretched house, and wandered anywhere ; and I returned not, till there was no fear of meeting any, who would speak to me. God forgive me, for the wicked thoughts of that season ! I rejected all Nelly's entreaties to share their home. I *would* not understand Daly's appeals to my patriotism. I could not return to Armagh. Dublin I had vowed never to enter, till I was the captain of a thousand patriots. My love was misery. My country—what

could I do for her, with this worse than a skeleton at home—this more cruel weight than any Old Man of the Sea upon my shoulders? I had resolved to start for America, when my father himself relieved me from embarrassment.

"Hugh," said he, seizing me one morning, as I issued from the house, "I can't stand this place any longer. I have made up my mind to go and seek my fortune, and leave *you* free to make yours here. Saxe and Crofton have been asking after you every day. They say, they will take care of you. So, between Tim's money and their influence, you'll soon be in a fine way. Faith, you may sit on the benches of the Parliament House; or maybe wear the black cap, and send Captain Rock to the gallows some time. But it does not need two eyes to see, that *I* am in your way here. Ohone! but it's the poor time I have had, since my own darling Norry was tuck from me. She was the woman for keeping things thegither; and no one now has iver a sixpence to spare for the poor man that works all night. Nelly and you are able to take care of yourselves now; and as I have done my duty by *you* so long, it is time for me to think of *myself* now. I hear there is a fine opening in Dublin for Repale bakers. Jack Finnegan, one of ould Darby's 'prentices, is making a fortune there. He'll give me a berth for the sake ould times. Wisha! to think that Hugh Bryan is brought so low, as to ask a favour from the likes of him! Besides, I have a hankering after Amerikay. The boys do grand out there. I'd be sure to make a fortune there in no time, and leave millions to Nelly and you yet."

"Well, father," said I, "if you think you could do better, or be happier, away from Rathcore, don't let us stand in your way. But what will the people do for a baker?"

"Oh," said he, "I have settled all that. The truth is, my boy, I have sold the good-will, and the house, and the furniture, and all, to a man from Cork."

"And so, father, you are going to turn me into the streets?" said I, somewhat hurt.

"Hut tut, man—you have lots of Tim Mahony's money; and this ould cabin, and the sticks of chairs and tables, wouldn't become you, when you'll be going every day to the Glebe and the Big House."

"Of course, father," said I, "you have a perfect right to do what you will with your own. I suppose I shall find a shelter with Nelly for a little."

"No fear of you, ma bouchal. Your fortune is made. But," and after a long pause, and a close scrutiny of one particular button on his coat, "there is a power of money owing in the town; and all that's coming from the sale of the bakery and furniture wouldn't pay the

flour bill alone; and sure you wouldn't be after sending your own father away empty?"

"I am sorry to hear it, father," said I. "But what can I do? The cash is running very low, and I cannot be a burden to Nelly."

"And aren't you Tim Mahony's dearly-beloved son and heir? Faith, it is the fine thing he has made of going out into the world, and turning his coat! He has thousands in the bank, I'm tould. Couldn't you now manage to get me a loan of £100 from him? Once the word went out, that I was on the move, there would be dozens of them for catching me, and putting your father in jail. Get the money, mavourneen, and I'll go off with a light heart, and a thin pair of breeches; and never fear but I'll pay him back honest."

"Father, Tim is a good man, and has made his money by hard work, and strict sobriety. I owe him already far more than I can ever pay. I know he would give me the money if I asked him. But I must have time to think the matter over, before I do so. I'll tell you to-night," said I, not wishing to yield too easily, lest the demand should be increased.

"Augh, man, you may as well say 'Yes' or 'No' at wanst. Shure and amn't I going to sacrifice myself for your good? I always done that same. Only for thinking of the great man you would be, if I won, niver a card I would have played with that ould robber, Jack Huntley. Blood alive, man, say you'll do it."

"Father, have a list of your creditors made out, when I come back to-night. If you will take as solemn a pledge as Father Phil can give, never to take more than a naggin of spirits in one day, and never to touch cards again, I shall undertake to settle your affairs, and give you something for your journey."

"That is grand. I knew the blood of the Bryans would show itself in you. But, honey, would you not say—a glass of whiskey now?" said he, with an arch turn of the thumb in the direction of the priest's house.

I cannot describe the joy, with which I wrote to my good uncle, nor the satisfaction with which I dropped my letter in the post. He did not disappoint me; but without hesitation, advice, or delay, sent me the money I asked for, and implored of me, not to spare him. My father was, as he said, on thorns till he left Rathcore. I had no idea of his good looks, till the last morning I ever saw him in Rathcore. He came to breakfast at Daly's, spruce, and clean shaven, and well-attired, and we were not ashamed to own him as a parent. Nelly and I drove with him to Langarvan. That journey was the pleasantest hour we ever spent in his company. He acknowledged that he had brought nothing but shame, and misery, and ruin on his family, and

that he had been always a disgrace, and heartbreak, and plague to his friends. He rejoiced in our prosperity, and gloried in my prospects. My heart was, he knew, still sound to the core for the good cause. He had turned over a new leaf that morning. Who knew but the two Hughs might yet stand side by side in the field, where the name of a Bryan would be the best title of honour? As he bade us goodbye, he was tender and affectionate. Nelly covered his hand with floods of tears. She had been his pet. I was more than half-inclined, to bid him stay, and share my fortunes, and begin the ascent to virtue in Rathcore. But the Dublin car was in motion, before my mind was made up; and then, with real sorrow, I felt all was for the best; and went home with Nelly, and dwelt in the Master's new house.

Mr. Saxe called on me, during my mother's illness. Seeing how I was then occupied, after a kindly nod, and saying, "Glad to see you home, Bryan. I have heard from Dr. Flower. He gives me a most favourable report of your conduct and ability. I shall see you again,"—he went out with a smile of approbation on his manly face. While I was in the Slough of Despond, he had made frequent inquiries, and expressed a great desire to see me. Now, of my own accord, I went to seek him at his own house. He met me with a degree of reserve, which vanished at once, when I explained to him my reasons for avoiding society.

"Yes, no doubt, it was a shocking trial. And the long confinement to the house made you more sensitive and brooding. It is a great comfort that he had good feeling enough left, to take himself out of your path. It is a great relief to us all. Come up to the Glebe, and see, if Mr. Crofton will join us in a walk round the cliffs. He and I have often talked over your future."

The Parson came out, paler, thinner, and older-looking than of yore. He was delighted to see me. "Better late than never, Hugh. It is well for you that Lily is in Youghal to-day. She is very much hurt at your neglect of us old friends. You will have a hard fight with her when you meet."

The Squire gave him briefly my apology.

"Poor boy!" said the Parson. "We should have made more allowance for him. His is a heavy cross indeed."

Their plan for my advancement in life was one, which I had myself often viewed with complacency. I was to live at Rathcore, and read on steadily for a Sizarship in Trinity College. Whether I could hold one as a Roman Catholic, was a doubtful point. In any case, the preparation, and the fame of success (if I did succeed), at the examination, would repay the sacrifice of time. Dr. Flower said, I was a very superior scholar, and had recommended this course. Sizarship



is the little wicket, through which many of our greatest Irishmen have entered on the race for distinction. Goldsmith, Curran, and several living Judges, so began life. Should I be once called to the bar, there was every reason to believe, mine would be a prosperous career.

"The fact is, Hugh," said the Squire, "we have quite made up our minds that you are to be a Judge."

"Thank you, sir," said I, "the position is magnificent; but I cannot endure the thought of the wig."

"Of course, Bryan," said the Squire, "you have moulted all your rebellious fancies long ago? We heard your speech on the night you returned home. There was one part of it, I tell you frankly, which I did not like. Mr. Crofton, however, maintains that the true interpretation is quite innocent, and even conveys high and noble sentiments."

"I think it right, gentlemen," said I, "to tell you, that, though deeply grateful to you, and most eager to work in the path you point out, I have vowed my life to my country."

"So have we all, Hugh," said the Parson. "every one of us would lay down our lives thankfully, if that would make her happy, contented, prosperous."

"Rest assured, Bryan," said the Squire, "the best service you can do Ireland at present, is to cultivate your very promising abilities to the utmost. Take no active part in politics in any way, until you have gained wisdom enough to know the whole truth, and experience enough to save you from mistaking dreams for realities, moonshine for daylight. Then you will have earned a position from which your words will come with weight, as the opinions of one matured by years and knowledge."

"My dear Hugh," said the parson, "wiser words than Mr. Saxe's you never heard. My advice is, ditto. You can do yourself or your country no greater injury, than by rashly entangling yourself with the wicked schemes of those misguided men in Dublin. Let the gristle become bone, before you engage in politics. Fill your mind with knowledge. I owe you more than any one else on earth, and I do not forget the debt. My books, my knowledge of the classics, are all at your service. Do not let difference of creed stand between us. I think neither less nor more of you for being a Romanist. God will guide us all into truth, if we ask it of Him. Use me as a friend. Come up often, and let me know of the progress of your studies."

"Bryan," said the Squire, "I wish to speak to you about the education of my three youngest boys. They are quite old enough for the classics. I have been looking for a tutor for some time. From Dr. Flower's letter, I have no doubt of your qualifications. What say you to teaching them three hours a-day at my house, at—say six guineas a month?"

"I shall be delighted, Mr. Saxe, to be in a position, where I can do anything to prove my gratitude, for your kindness to my mother."

"All right, then," said he; "come up on Monday and see the boys."

That Lily's father should view me with such feelings, was delicious. That the leading magistrate in the parish, should assume the office of a patron, was capital. They are anxious to keep me out of mischief—to give me employment, and estrange me from my own people. Well, all is fair in war. I shall fight the Saxon with his own weapons. What is this, but the first lesson in diplomacy? Soon, I was thoroughly ashamed of myself. Here are these good men, treating me as an equal—a gentleman; opening their houses to me, in simple generosity, and smoothing the way for my advancement in life; and I, as a sneak, am deceiving them in the most underhand manner,—actually about to use their frankness and kindness for their ruin. And they are wise men both of them. Is it not likely, they are right after all, and that their judgment is more free from bias than mine? They have all history to back them. They rest on facts: on strong battalions, which are real, sternly armed, strictly disciplined men, of lusty flesh and blood. They have huge resources, and the Great Duke, and the prestige of seven hundred years. My allies are only these poor fisher-lads and ploughboys, with wit enough to throw a net, or turn a furrow; but weak from wretched food,—from want of arms and discipline; sadly lacking in patience and perseverance; and with the stoop of seven centuries of bondage on their bodies, and the brand of helotry and servitude ground into their souls. Unstable as water they have been, in every great cause. Who am I to hope to raise such a mass? But, again, these same starved, miserable, degraded men are my brethren. They have been robbed, persecuted, harassed, and used as men never use brute beasts. This thought of the degraded manhood and sunken souls of my kith and kin turned the tide. It is the tyrant who has crushed them so low. Their nature is quick to learn, apt to endure, always ready to fight. When they find a leader whom they can trust, they never quail. The enemy has no better soldiers, than these ploughboys make. Their exploits are famous over the whole earth. They are ready *now* to unite, and this time the day may be ours. These gentlemen are very good; but where are their like to be found in Ireland? They are the few righteous. Shall their virtue blind me to the wrong-doing of the thousands of oppressors? Is not this a temptation, to lure me from the true path of honor to the dead,—of service to the six millions and a-half of starving paupers, who are the Irish nation? No, gentlemen; for your sympathy and help I am thankful; and when my time of power comes, I shall repay you tenfold. Your sons, Mr. Saxe,

I shall teach faithfully. The path you point to I shall tread till—— But, I am Irish to the backbone, and shall never surrender the cause of my country. You read of Poles, Hungarians, Negroes; and you pity them. You read of Moses and the Maccabees, and Tell, and Washington, and you crown their names with glory. One name more shall stand in that list for your posterity to admire.

Next morning, my step turned to the cliffs, and I renewed my acquaintance with all the dear old haunts. Here Lily and I had chased each other into the tide. Here was the very bank of violets from which she fell. Here, I bore her up in my arms. Here, we read Robinson Crusoe, and strove to think of ourselves as deserted on a desert island, full of beautiful flowers, and fruits, and with such a sweet grotto. I plunged into the tide, and breasted the waves with a proud sense of power. Then, I clambered up the rocks, and rushed joyously through the fields, up the steep hill.

Suddenly, a young horsewoman dashed past me, and reining up, with a girlish halloo, cried, "Caught at last." She shook her whip at me, and after a merry peal of laughter, Lily spoke—"Why, Hugh Bryan, you are as wild and unmanageable as one of those old Norsemen, I was reading about last night. You are a Berserker, or a Malay, running a-muck, with that shaggy mane, and those flaming eyes, and your coat hanging from your shoulders, and that long towel flying like a knight's pennon from your staff. And why, sir, have you not come long ago, and paid your respects to your old friends at the Glebe, as I ordered you? Yes, and I don't forget, you robbed me of my dear old Bridget, and sent the poor goose away from us, to be worried to death, by that horrid Flanagan. A pretty kettle of fish you have made of it, sir! I have a great mind never to speak to you again; and if there was any one here worth talking to, I wouldn't." So the ringing voice, with ever-rising tones, belaboured me, until, from lack of breath, she ceased, and I ceased to devour her lovely face with my eyes, and began in humble, duteous tones—

"Indeed, Miss Liliat, I should have been delighted to have done myself the honor of a visit to the Glebe—but I was in such wretched spirits ——"

"There, stop now," said she—and the interruption was sweet. "I don't want one of your fine-gentleman harangues. I want to hear my old play-fellow, Hugh Bryan, that saved my life. You know I am in short dresses still, and I claim all the privileges of little-girlhood; and I don't mean to be distant, and stately, and miserable, for nine months more, as I told you at Lismore, and that is rhyme, if it is not reason. So shut up with your dignity-speeches. And you, poor dear, you have lost your good, kind mother. How sorry I was for Nelly and you! and

I told papa he must see you and cheer you up—and he wanted to—and you ran away from him, you nasty, wretched, dear, old Hugh. But, come, I'll walk with you." And she leaped down to the ground, and fastened the bridle of her pony on my arm, and caught the other herself. "I want to hear all your adventures now ; for I couldn't at Lismore. Tell me all about the priests at the Seminary—and the funny old Methodists—what a brick your uncle must be !—and the dreadful Orangemen, that wouldn't let your people alone. If papa was there, he would teach them to behave themselves better."

So I began, and rehearsed as much of my memories of Armagh, as I could condense into the period of a very long walk. She made fun of everything and everybody, and was very inquisitive about the young ladies, and ferretted out all about the M'Crea girl, and consoled with me on her marriage with the old Scotchman, who had bought her.

"But, Hugh, there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught ; and a king must look higher than that for a queen."

"Do spare me now, Miss Lily. It is not fair to plague one all their life for a piece of Rory's nonsense."

"Look here now, sir ; I shall pardon you all your wickedness, and never speak to you of your coronation, on one condition."

"What is it, Miss Lily ?"

"That you come up to tea at six o'clock to-night. I am sure, I have lots more to hear, and you mustn't break your heart after that dreadful Miss M'Crea."

So saying, she rode off, and left me in some superterrestrial region. Sure that I should be a welcome guest, I presented myself at the hour of their evening repast. We had tea in the study. Lily was quiet and subdued in the presence of her father, whose tone of grave simplicity gave the colour to our conversation.

"Hugh, I hope we shall have this pleasure often," said he, as he shook my hand.

"Mind, Hugh, you must learn to like my tea, for I mean you to drink a great deal of it," said Lily.

The Parson heard my account of Northern life, and manners, and sects, and parties, with interest. Of Welsh, he made many inquiries, and was specially gratified, when I told him of his retirement from Methodism, in consequence of that change in his views, in which Mr. Crofton's arguments had a part.

"Now tell me about your studies. Have you not marked out some plan of reading ? Have you got an hour-glass ? I shall send you mine. It was my companion, and not the least profitable, in College days. What are your favourite authors ? I used to know them well.

When next you come up, I shall try your depth, or reveal my own shallowness. Here are my companions now," and he pointed to a row of "The Fathers." "Yes, and Lily there can read them to me, when my eyes are weak. She has had no teacher but her father, and what I knew I have taught her. True, it is a strange education for a young lady—but I am sure the Greek and Latin Fathers are as good as French or German moderns—and those simple-minded worthies are better guides than most novelists. However, she could pass a capital examination in the 'Waverley Novels.' And above all, she has gained the unspeakable advantage, from my system, of being able to read the One Book in the original."

After a long and discursive conversation, I felt as if there was some subject which the Parson wished, yet shrunk from entering on. I was afraid it was his conscience which checked him for not speaking to me of my faith. Therefore, I kept throwing in all kinds of remarks, and starting topics as far away from the debateable ground as possible. The result of this manœuvring was, that we all became uncomfortable; and I was retiring with spirits very low indeed, when Lily came to the rescue.

"Hugh," said she, "Papa wishes to ask you to do him a very great favor; and he is afraid you would think he wants too much from you—but, I know, you will do it for him."

"I can assure Mr. Crofton," said I, "that he may command my services, in anything of which my conscience does not disapprove."

"Thank you, Lily," said he, "for breaking the ice; and you also, Hugh, for your ready response. You need not fear any surreptitious proselytising from me. I think, when you hear my wish, you will at least sympathize with me in it. But it is indeed a great favor Lily wishes me to ask of you. *Could* you now, Hugh, for my sake, reconcile yourself to deferring your entrance into Trinity College for a year? Could you make such a sacrifice for me?"

"Yes, Mr. Crofton, as many years as you wish. Anything of that sort I shall willingly do—and it is only my duty."

"Hugh, you are a good friend, and you have given me real happiness. Look here," and he opened the doors of a huge press, which covered one whole side of the room. It was divided into more than a hundred compartments. Over each pigeon-hole was a symbol and a letter of the alphabet. Every inch of space was filled with papers. "There, Hugh," said he, "are the rude masses of ore which I have dug out of the field of History, that I chose twenty years ago for my research. Now, look at these," and he opened a bookcase, and shewed me six great folios, each as large as a merchant's ledger. He drew out one. It was filled with his handwriting. "In these, Hugh, the

ore has been smelted, and analysed, and sorted—all the work of this poor brain."

"It was a gigantic undertaking, sir," said I.

"Too great for my strength, Hugh," said he. "But, when I was appointed to this living, and found that I should have much leisure—I feared lest I should rust, and turned to the pen for work. I was very ambitious then. I determined to do my best to write a book which would be a landmark in the tide of human thought; a work like those which Augustine, or Hooker, or Taylor, or Butler have bequeathed to the Church. I chose a mighty subject, and gathered books from every quarter, and my task grew in my hands; and now my eyesight is nearly gone, and it is only half done."

"What is the subject, sir?" said I.

"The Testimony of Heathenism to Christianity," said he. "My great earthly wish is, Hugh, to have these fragments reduced to shape; to condense this unwieldy mass, into a book of moderate size. I said to Lily, the other day, in an idle moment, 'Would that I had some good scholar, to help me in this work! Such an one could read these notes aloud to me. I could then dictate to you, Lily; and so, there would be a digest of these piles of facts and thought.' She caught up the idea at once, and suggested your name. Will you help us, Hugh? It is a serious loss, remember; a year to one at your age, is most precious. Indeed, I fear it is cruel, to ask it of you."

"The time will be well spent, sir," said I, "It will be a great honor hereafter, to have been engaged in such a work."

"No, no. I do not hope to finish it—only to bring it one stage nearer completion."

"Sir," said I, with eager joy. "I would do far more than that for you."

He gave me the sweetest smile, and looking intently at me, said, "I think you would, Hugh," and the words conveyed a deeper sense of loving gratitude, than the longest speech of thanks, I have ever heard. "You can go to the Squire's," continued he, "at ten o'clock, and leave it at one. Come up here then, and join us at an early dinner. We shall get to work at two, and you can read, and I shall spin, and Lily will write till tea-time. Hugh, you have made me very glad."

"Now, Master Hugh," said his daughter, as she lighted me to the porch—"you are in harness."

"Yes, and I like the yoke, for Miss Crofton is my partner," said I, with awful courage.

Methought there was a deeper colour on her cheek. Now, indeed, the darkness vanished, and my bark enters with prosperous gale, on the sunniest of seas. The Squire, the Parson, Lily, all smile upon me.

My delay in going to Dublin will bear the most jealous scrutiny. Now, right joyously, shall I gird up my loins for the real work of life.

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• CHAPTER V.

"Hugh," said Daly, the same night, when I got home, "I am glad to see you in such good spirits. The old flame is burning again, I guess. More power to you, my hearty. If you want a panegyric on matrimony, you haven't far to go. The National Schoolmaster of Rathcore can supply you. But, I want to have a talk with you, upon a secret and important, private and confidential, matter. So, I have sent Nelly to bed, and we have two hours before midnight, for our conference."

"All right, James," said I. "I partly anticipate your disclosure—you wish to form a political, as well as a domestic alliance."

"That's it," said he. "Is your heart right, my boy? I am sure *you* have not deserted us, and gone over to the Saxon altogether."

"Never till death, James Daly," said I. "I have been waiting for you to speak."

"Faix then," said he, "we have been playing the game of cross purposes; I have been watching you, ever since you came home—and you kept so close, that the deuce a minute I could find, to say a word to you."

"Indeed," said I; "I thought you were watching Nelly. She seemed to absorb all your thoughts."

"I am mad about her, Hugh, and no mistake. She is too good for a prince, let alone a National Schoolmaster. I can hardly believe, that she is my wife."

"James, I am proud to have you for a brother. Where could I find such another? One so brilliant and accomplished—and, Daly, give me your hand—so honest and true?"

"Thank you, Hugh, I'll do my best to make her happy, you may be sure—and to help you on the road to glory. The boys are wild to have Hugh Bryan among them."

"What boys?" said I.

"The Fenians, of course," said he; "the loyal sons of St. Patrick,

and Brian Boru, sworn every man of them, on the Holy Stone, to die for the cause of 'Erin-go-bragh.'"

"I am glad to hear, James," said I, "that you have not been asleep since I left you, for the North."

"Asleep, is it? We have been driving a tunnel through the Parish of Rathcore ever since, and working underground in a mine, that will blow up the Sassenachs some day. You are old enough to get into the League now, and you'll be astonished at the work we have done. We'll make you our Captain, if you join us."

"How many are there of you, James?"

"There are ninety-seven who have taken the great oath, and there is more than an hundred coming forward to it. The work is beyond me, Hugh. I can't go on spouting for ever. We want some one like you, to shew us how we are to do the work. Won't you join us, and make our numbers ninety-eight, at the next meeting? I'll make your probation count, from the day I spoke to you on the cliffs, six years ago."

"Well, James, that depends—I must see your rules and regulations; and know what sort of stuff your men are made of, before I risk my neck."

"That you shall," said he, pulling a sheaf of papers out of his breast-pocket, along with a pistol; "you need not be afraid, that we National Schoolmasters are fools, or idiots, either. The Queen has taught us the power of numbers, and the virtue of order, and system, and organization, and we do not disgrace our teaching. There are hundreds of us all over Ireland. We have lit the fire, and we can keep it burning till the right time. All we want is, some one to show us, how to drill our men. Here is a full account of the League and of the Rathcore Lodge. You must take an oath of secresy, before I can shew it to you."

Fearful was the doom I invoked upon my head, if I divulged the contents of that paper, in any shape or form, or at any time. This seals my lips now. Suffice it to say, there was a League, numbering hundreds of lodges, in every part of Ireland. Its object—to undermine British rule; to unite, discipline, and direct the masses. For this end, the young were imbued with the spirit of undying patriotism; subscriptions were gathered from all the members for the purchase of arms; and the Centre in Dublin promised to supply drill-sergeants. The Lodge in Rathcore was composed of men, whose names were those of my closest friends. There, was every one of Rory's pupils. They had given the name "Fenians" to the lodge. There were the names of men, whose families had been disgraced, or evicted from their farms and homes, by the gentry. Good men and



true, Daly vouched, whose lives had been inquired into, and were inspected as minutely as a priest's.

"It was your own speeches and songs, that made them Fenians, Hugh. You are not going to pass them by?"

"Pass them by, indeed! Nothing is farther from my thought. These lads, whom I despised, have shamed myself. This is the very nucleus I want, James. Rory's life, then, has not gone for naught. My grandfather's blood smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust. Yes, James, this is the steed, on which I shall ride to victory or death. Now, Orangemen, you may look out. The Croppies will not lie down."

When all was revealed, my eagerness and impetuosity amazed Daly. The pent-up fire of four years burst forth in flaming words.

"Why, Hugh," said he, "you are a regular volcano. You have fire enough for a million of men. You are sure of the Presidency of our Republic, or a dance upon nothing."

"Pshaw, what care I for danger now? How can I get admission among you?"

"Nothing easier. We meet to-morrow night at ten o'clock. I will bring you there. I resign. They elect you their Captain unanimously. They swear you in; and YOU are the Commander of the Fenians."

"But, James, it is only fair to tell you, that I have come down here with a commission from M'Vitriol, to raise a thousand men. Now, your League is too cumbrous and explosive a machine. My ideas are to be safe and simple."

"Well, you can tell us all about it at the meeting. It will give us something to talk about. I can go to bed with a good conscience," said he, "for I have served my country well to-night."

I was in such a delirious state of joy and rapture, that I could not think of repose. I went out into the night, and might have been heard at midnight, delivering the very oration, about the round towers looking down upon us, from the height of two thousand years, which I was to address to my gallant troops, on the eve of the second famous battle of Clontarf, in which Bryan the younger, and greater, was not to be killed, but to survive for fifty years, in the society of the sweetest, truest, dearest of womankind.

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Up rose the moon the next night, as we left the School-house, and, as on the night of my triumphal return, threw a track of silver light upon the waves, broadening out into the Atlantic; and on the old grey walls, ruined by centuries of stormy weather, and on the limpid waters of the old baptistry, in which our heathen fathers washed off the stains of bloody demons, and rose new men in the liberty of Him who

broke the chains of captive men ; and on the arches of the old Cathedral, where kings of my name had often called Heaven to witness the justice of their cause in strife ; and on the hoary summit of the Tower, from whose lattice the beacon light had shone twenty hundred years ago, to guide the Phœnician mariner to the farthest isle of the West.

"And are *we* not going to light a beacon to-night, which shall shine out, far as the Milesian race has spread over the earth? Are we not vowed to die in the attempt to deliver our Church and native land from the cruel yoke of the alien, and to raise them from ruin, into a new life of freedom on their own soil, and that of their fathers? Yes, James, ours is a holy cause. Surely, Heaven will smile upon it, and send some Gideon to bring God's people out of the land of these modern Midianites." Such were the words of which I relieved my mind, in the ear of the Master, as we sought the rendezvous of the patriots.

"Hugh, that is fine enough for Conciliation Hall. I never can rise to such flights. I suppose it is my nature, but I can't help turning everything into fun. Faith, I think it is more for the fun of the thing, than anything else, I am a rebel."

"James, do not belie yourself. There breathes no truer Irishman than James Daly ; not one who loves his country better."

"You are right there, Hugh ; I and my country suit each other to a T. But here comes our treasurer. Good night, Phil. I have brought a recruit that won't be a private long. Gentlemen, you do not require any introduction from me."

Hearty the grasp, and joyous the welcome, which I received from my old friend, and fellow-disciple of Rory's, Phil Doherty.

"You are the boy for Rathcore, Hugh ! We were never right till now. When we heard of the way you bate the Orangemen, we said, you were the man for the head of us all, By the living jingo, Daly, you have brought the height of good luck the night. And it is kindly of you, to let Hugh go above you."

"Philip, my man, I could not help it. He has the biggest head, and the biggest body in the parish. It is better to walk downstairs, than wait to be kicked out of the window."

"No fear of that, Master. You have done your work well," said Phil.

"And we cannot get on without him," said I.

But Daly urged us to say no more aloud, as there might be danger about. We felt, that there was wisdom in his words, and walked on quietly and cautiously. There might be spies abroad, and our trip this night might end in prison. Like all Irishmen, we enjoyed this secrecy, and the sense of our importance. We might be looked

down upon as the scum and dross of the earth elsewhere and by daylight. Now, the men who bespattered us with the mud of their carriage wheels, and the slaver of their tongues, would give a good deal to know where we were going, and the object of our moonlight walk upon the cliffs.

The place of meeting was rarely well chosen. A narrow zigzag path—inaccessible even by daylight to all but practised cragsmen—fully a third of a mile in length, brought us to the foot of a series of fearful precipices. There, we found a rope ladder, by which we climbed into a huge cavern, in the bowels of the earth. The note of the curlew had risen around us at several points of the descent. My companions replied by the same signal. For an enemy to reach the cave by land, would be as easy a feat, as to fly. The opening to seaward was covered with blankets, so that not a glimmer of light was visible outside. Daly told me, as we stood at the foot of the ladder, that he was deep over his chemical books, and believed, he saw the way, to making two or three infernal machines, that would blow any boat sky-high, that came too near to be convenient. Not that there was any danger yet. Not a shadow of suspicion was there in the minds of the authorities. But, it trained the boys to habits of discipline, and patience, and caution. The cave had been shown to him by one of the members, an old smuggler, who had used it, forty years before. He left me outside, while he went to announce my arrival, and to have all things in readiness for my initiation. On his reappearance, he led me into a vast hall, which could hold a thousand men at ease. A great pile of turf was burning in the centre, and torches of bogwood blazed in every hand, as the men rose to welcome me. There were more than eighty of them—mostly old friends. A venerable old man, who had been out in '98, dictated the words of a truculent oath, by which I bound myself to be true to my brethren ; and to be ready at any time, to spill the last drop of my blood, for Ireland. I then signed my name on the roll, with blood drawn from my own arm.

Daly sat on a chair-shaped boulder in the centre. When I was sworn, and had received the brother's grip from every man present, he rose, and spoke. "Boys, I have ruled over you from the first. I rocked the cradle of the cause in Rathcore. I have brought you to ninety-eight sworn men. Has any one any complaint to make against me?" No man spoke. "Still, after all, I am a stranger among you ; and it is better, that one of yourselves should rule the Lodge. Here is Hugh Bryan. I have trained him for the post. He is the right man to be our Captain. He is of the real ould Irish stock, and none can deny it. His blood was shed in '98. His words, when he was only a child, sent you into the cause of your country. He has faced the black, bloody,

treacherous, Orangemen ; and has beaten them on their own dunghill. He is a scholar, as good for his years, as any in the land. He is fit to guide us on the road to liberty—fit to be at our head when we stand face to face with the Sassenach—fit to speak for us, when the time comes, in our own free Parliament, in College Green—when the green flag flies from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear ; and the bloody rag has been thrown to the dogs. Now, boys, I would like to see the man will say, Hugh Bryan is not the boy to be our Captain."

The vote for my election was unanimous. All formed a circle round me. Daly placed me on the chair, and, after him, every man swore an oath of entire obedience and submission to me, as their Captain. Even to the slaying of a man they had never seen, without asking a question, at my sole will and pleasure, they pledged themselves, every one of them. Young and foolish as I was, I shivered with the awful sense of my responsibility, as the words of that horrid oath went up around me. Not from any thought of danger to myself, as the arch-rebel. But, here were nearly an hundred men—some young, hopeful, happy, with helpless wives and infants depending upon them—some old, white-haired, venerable—and they all placed their lives in my hands, without a murmur or a reservation. Such was their devotion to the holy cause. And one false step of mine might wreck all these families. The thought of the risk to the lives and happiness of so many overpowered me.

My first order was, that all should go on their knees, and say a prayer for wisdom and courage and truth and devotion for their leader. When they had done this, I charged them to say a Rosary each for me and the cause, every month. Then, I spoke my brief inaugural. For their great favour I thanked them all from the bottom of my heart. I had no title to it but the name I bore, and my burning love to Ireland. From childhood, I had sworn to live and die for her. The wrongs of my Church and brethren had eaten into my soul. It was the same with all of them. We had undertaken a great work. It will take years to prepare. We must have patience above all. Success will be ample reward. I had seen the great man in Dublin. He had charged me to raise a thousand men. Then, *we* should have a voice in the Great Council. Every one must bring in recruits. Wherever they see any wronged man, burning for vengeance, bring him in to our ranks. The landlords and Protestants were like wasps. It was foolish to think of destroying them one by one. Patience, and we shall crush the whole swarm. All must save money for arms—and be ready for the call to drill, and live as quietly as possible. No blood would ever be shed with my consent, except in fair fight.

The old man was called up when I sat down, and spoke with sense

and feeling. Right glad was he to see Hugh Bryan at their head. He meant no blame to Mr. Daly. There could be no better man than he, only he was a stranger. The new Captain was very wise: the boys must listen to his words, and obey his orders, and not be in a hurry, and make a laughing-stock of themselves by turning out too soon. If we had had such Captains in '98, things would have been different. The Captain said in his speech, the day he came home, that he was under a pledge to taste no spirits till the land was free. He wished all the boys would do the same. He knew no drunkard could be among them; but, it would be a satisfaction to know none of them could be made drunkards. He took the same vow for himself. All rose, in a body, and followed his example. Most of them had the Mathew medal. He was rejoiced to see me, so full of faith and dependence on God. It was a good thing to begin my reign with a prayer. May God bless the Captain, and make him as good a man and happier than his grandfather!

Daly succeeded, by asking, "Boys, are you willing to spend another couple of hours here for a good reason?"

"To be sure we are, till morning," was the chorus.

"I ask you, because I know the Captain has plans of his own for carrying on the work. I suppose he is too modest to bring them forward on the first night. But, as some of you have come a long way, it might be as well if we heard them at once. Come, Captain, unpack the budget you brought from Dublin, and let us hear the way you would like to work."

"Boys," said I, and they freshened up at my voice, "would you like to work the good cause, without fearing the law or a traitor?"

"There can be no two ways about that," said the old man.

"Well," continued I, "my plan is a safe one. It has no illegal oaths—no secret meetings—no papers, to work mischief. I only lay it before you, to hear your opinion of it. First and foremost, we want to raise a thousand men. How are we to do it? I mean, without breaking the law, or putting one of you in danger. We have the skeleton of our regiment here. I am the Head—I wish it was a better one. Now I want two Arms. Here is one," and I laid my hand on Daly, "and the right one. Here is the other," seizing Phil Doherty by the left. "Each Arm wants five Fingers, to work with. Right and Left Arm, can you choose five Fingers apiece, to work under you?" They each drew five men to their side. "Now, Fingers, you change your names to the men below you. To them you are, each of you, Bodies. You need two Legs apiece. Each of you choose two men to be your Legs." They did so. "Now you, Legs, must find five Toes apiece. Well, there are several wanting, who must be made up. Now,

boys, I give you these outlandish names, by which you are always to speak of and to each other, to blind the eyes of those who are not in the secret. If they heard you always speaking of Captains, and Lieutenants, and Sergeants, they would smell a rat at once. They will be very sharp if they find out what we mean by Arms and Legs, and Fingers and Toes."

"That is real good, Captain," said several voices ; "go on."

"When we have our full number of Toes—every Toe must set to work and choose two men, whom he can rely upon, as sober, honest, Christian Irishmen. Mark this, boys—for it will shew you how we can do without an oath. He finds a likely friend, and he sounds him about the English, and finding him trusty, he asks him, would he fight for Ireland—that is all. The other agrees. Then the Toe bids him kneel down, and promise to God—mind you, not to the Toe—that he will do whatever the Toe tells him, for the good of his country. When the Toe has these two men, he charges them to find five men apiece, and make them promise to trust the Nail—for that is what we shall call the man under the Toe. The Nails will be most important men. They will have to watch over, collect money from, and in time drill their men. When every Nail has gathered his five men, our regiment of Fenians is complete. Do you understand it now? Let us name the officers Head, Right and Left Arms, and Fingers. Then comes a line which none but the most trusty are to pass. Then Body, Legs, Toes, Nails, Men."

"We have all that, Captain ; go on."

"That is nearly all ; but see the advantage of this. The Nail only knows his five men, and the Toe above him ; and has only promised to obey the Toe. That is no harm, and he can do us no harm if he is a traitor. Again, the Toe only knows his Nails, and the Leg above him ; and so up to the top. The next point is—we must be armed with a gun and a bayonet every one of us. Pikes will not do for Fenians now. Every man must pay in to his superior, a weekly subscription, till the amount reaches £3. For that, I can get a gun and bayonet and ammunition. As for meetings—the fewer the better. The head man in Dublin said to me—'Trust *me*, and gather your men.' So I say to you, 'Trust the man above you, and gather your men.' Time enough, when we can get a drill-sergeant, to have meetings. What say you to this, boys?"

"What can they say, but that the Head is full of brains," said the old man. "Boys, you will trust him, won't you?"

"That we will," was the response ; which gave me confidence in my plan and my men.

I dismissed them all, till that day next year. They went away,

feeling much easier in their minds ; and declaring that the thousand men would be forthcoming before the year expired. To my Right and Left Arms, and to the Fingers, I gave much fuller details, and appointed a weekly meeting on Sunday after mass in the schoolmaster's house.

"Hugh, my prince," said Daly, as we walked homeward, "you are a genius. I could not have managed better myself. I have lived in dread of my life for the last four years. The boys called me nothing but Captain ; and faith the Squire heard it one day, and pounced on me with—'What is the meaning of that name, sir?' 'Oh, your honour,' said I, 'it is because the neighbours see me teaching the children to march about the school.' He wasn't more than half satisfied, I could see. Where on earth did you pick up such a notion as Fingers, and Legs, and Toes ? It is the best thing I ever heard."

"To tell you the truth, Daly, it came into my head in the cave. I saw the danger of using military terms long ago."

"Well, that is the luckiest idea that ever came into your head. They caught it up in a minute."

"Does it not sound too ludicrous, for such a serious use, James?"

"Arrah now, Hugh, don't talk nonsense to me. I am too full of it myself. Sure, and is not it the fun of the thing, that gives it half its value ? It is the drop of oil that will make the key turn easy. And didn't a leather apron serve once as a famous flag ; and did not the Roman legions march for centuries with no other standard, but a wisp of hay ? Poor thing it would be, if we could not mix a joke with our plotting."

"The English would find it hard to credit such a thing."

"Of course they would ; and is not that all the better for us ? But we Irish must have our fun out of everything : like Teddy Donovan, who went up to the gallows, telling his friends, hanging was nothing, when a man was used to it."

We passed the Stone on our way to the School-house.

"Rory was not so big a fool as people thought, Hugh. You are more like a king than any man that has been in Rathcore for hundreds of years."

I shivered with the weight of treason which had come upon me. I had indeed entered the lists against the crown of England. On my side were ninety-seven of the six millions and a-half.

## CHAPTER VI.

Now that I had taken up arms against the British monarchy, it was cheering to know, that the size of my body was increasing every day and in every quarter. The cumbrous old League vanished from the scene, and its place was far more than filled by the neat and handy organization of "The Fins," as our body was called. The probationers, who had been climbing slowly up the hill to the full maturity of the lodge, were glad to be admitted, on such safe and easy terms, to the Army of Freedom. Some few of them repined a little at the want of meetings, and the absence of secrets. We started a Temperance Society; got up a band; and gave frequent parties for tea, and music, and dancing. We also got several copies of the national books and papers from Dublin; and kept the cause alive, and in great heart, without any danger to ourselves. But when the Nails reported, that the skeleton was gathering form and strength, and that we were nearly five hundred strong, the great question of questions was, "Where can we get our drill-sergeant?" Daly's school-drill only went a very short way in training men for the battle-field. His appeals to the Centre of the League in Dublin, were only answered by, "None to be had. All as busy as possible. Look out for yourselves." This, in one point of view, was consoling. It showed that Ireland was arming. But it was annoying to us.

"Have we not pensioners in the parish?" said I to Daly.

"Oh, yes; but not one of them is available. Crotty is married to a Protestant. O'Connell drinks like a fish, and is leaky. Sprott is the best of them. I tried to get him, but it was a service of danger. 'Look you here, Master,' said he, 'I have served Britannia, man and boy, for forty years. I have eaten the King's bread and beef all that time—and, long live Her Majesty! the Queen has given me plenty for my old age; and I am not going to turn my coat now.' He looked, as if he would have shot his own brother, if he was a rebel. There is nothing to be done in that quarter. Try the Colonel, Hugh."

I went to Carrick Dhu, to reconnoitre the O'Flynn. Old Maher opened the door with grim defiance. We parleyed for ten minutes. The Colonel had something else to do, than waste his time on the likes of me. No; nor he wouldn't let Peter Saxe, nor the Lord Lieutenant, nor a sowl less nor the Pope in to see the Colonel. Bribery, alas! availed to gain an entrance. Maher was as fond of a glass as his master; but his supplies were limited. The warrior was sleeping, he



said ; but he would bring me into the room, before the Colonel could waken up to forbid my entrance.

The swollen limbs, bandaged and propped up, and the bloated face of the veteran, were answer enough to the question on my lips. Never more shall this veteran train raw bumpkins into food for powder.

He awoke, as the door closed, and shouted out, black with rage—"Maher, you and I must part. I can stand this no longer."

"Musha, you ould sinner you," was the reply of his domestic, "and where the devil are you going to? *I'll* not leave this place, any way."

"And who the deuce may you be?" said the Colonel, bringing his fire to bear upon me.

"My name is Bryan, sir," said I. "You were very kind to me, when I was a child. I thought it only right to call and pay my respects. Pardon me, sir, for the intrusion."

I was going out, when, "Oh," said he, "you are the fellow—that was the boy—that that ould villain said had such superfine blood in your veins—that was going to be a priest. 'Pon my honour, you have grown into a giant. You would not make a bad grenadier. Will you have a tumbler of punch? Awful drunkard that Rory was! I hear he was murdered by the d——d Orangemen. Better luck he could not have, for he was never sober. Well, if you won't stay, goodbye." And so we parted.

Time increased our embarrassment. The members were sending continual appeals to the Head for work to do ; and the Head was unable to give them work. No fear that, in a couple of years, the Rathcore thousand would be forthcoming. The country was full of men. More than a thousand able-bodied males presented themselves every Sunday at our chapel. More than five thousand had mustered on the day of the Mathew meeting. Not one among our peasantry was well-affected to the British rule. The gentry knew nothing of their real opinions. The native mind became a blank to them, when they diverged, ever so little, from the farm, or the stable, or the field. So, there was no influence to counteract the national spirit, which was rising, wave after wave, among the whole Catholic population of our parish. But what good is all this multitude, without discipline in military manœuvres and the use of arms? It would be reckless folly—an unpardonable crime—to expose their lives, if they are to continue a mob. For the arms, they could be procured. Money was coming in, at the rate of £3 or £4 per week. But who shall teach us how to use them?

I procured, after much trouble, manuals of drill, and strove to

teach my Arms and Fingers to move, according to rules, which none of us could see the possibility of complying with, without a few additional limbs or muscles in our frame. This difficulty, which I never had anticipated as of serious consequence, kept us in a dead-lock for months ; till the very man, whom I would have chosen out of all the world for the purpose, fell in my way in a most unlikely place.

"Mr. Bryan," said Mr. Saxe to me one morning, as I was leaving his house after my tutorial labours, "we shall have a few friends with us for tea this evening. We hope to have a little music afterwards. Indeed we expect a lady who has just returned from Italy. She is quite famous ; has been, we hear, a *prima donna*. Mrs. Saxe and I shall be delighted, if you could come up, and spend the evening with us. And perhaps you would favor us with a few airs on the violin."

This was my first introduction, since I had become a man, to polite society. I went with pleasure. It would enlarge my knowledge of life and human nature, as exhibited in the saloons of the aristocracy. So, at eight o'clock, I and my violin presented ourselves at Rathcore House. Most hospitably and kindly was I welcomed by the Squire and his family, the Parson and Lily. I was quite at my ease, till the guests arrived. Then there floated before me beves of young ladies in full dress ; and everything was on a much more refined scale, than the ball at the Armagh Market-house, with which alone I could compare it. But, when my name and origin and parentage were whispered round, I found myself reduced to most uncomfortable nonentity by "the quality." My hosts and the party from the Glebe, were more than marked in the attentions *they* paid me. To them, I was the candidate for the woolsack, and already they gave me the benefit of my anticipated honors. To the neighbouring gentry, and their sons and daughters, I was the drunken baker's son, and nothing else. Nor were they delicate, in showing their knowledge of my low and disgraceful connexions. As I passed through the clouds of gauze, or whatever material their robes were composed of, the young ladies swept their bewitching drapery out of my path, as though I bore some taint of vulgarity in my person. The matrons did not even lower their voices at my approach ; but wondered that such nice people as the Saxes, could be so promiscuous in their invitations. For their part, they thought it well the lower orders should be taught to know their distance ; and to keep in that state of life, for which it was plain, Providence had intended them. Was it not shocking to think that Mr. Crofton would allow the drunken baker's son to take such liberties with Lily ? He had actually led her to the piano, and presumed to whisper to her. This rather dulled the pleasure of the evening ; but

I had the gratification of finding that I was not the only target, at which the sweet lispers shot their bitter darts.

In a corner of the drawing-room, to which the Squire and the Parson paid frequent visits, sat, erect and stately, the indubitable form of a fine old soldier. Around him, reclined three foreign-looking ladies, proud and uncomfortable. I made my way over ; was duly introduced to Mr. Duffy, Mrs. Duffy, and the Misses Duffy ; and was soon engaged in an animated flow of conversation with the group and Lily. A very distinguished-looking person was the *prima donna*, Miss Teresa Duffy. The old gentleman was soon pouring into my ear, without reserve, the story of his grievances. He had come, with his wife and daughters, to his old friend Saxe's, expecting a quiet, friendly evening, with none but pleasant people. Here, he found all the grandees of the county ; and most of them turned up their noses at the old Sergeant-Major, though they knew well enough, his family was older and better than any in the room. Yes, and there were some of them, who plucked all their fine feathers out of the spoils of his father's property. Not that he had one word to say against the Saxes. They were all that was kind, and proper, and polite—but they measured every one else by their own honest standard : and it was very annoying—though perhaps he should not say so to a stranger—to find oneself shut up in a corner, for a parcel of stuck-up geese to cackle at. Not for his own sake, did he care, not one pin. He was used to that sort of thing. But his wife was a Spanish lady—of great descent, and the bluest blood ; and his daughter had been treated by the *haute noblesse* of the Continent, for years, as one of their own class. Here, I was called upon for music, and with Lily's smile to encourage me, won applause, and more than one *encore*, from that critical and censorious audience. The haughty dowagers relented, and understood the Saxes' conduct then ; and saw their young ladies smile upon me, without a groan. The *prima donna* was intractable. She must keep her voice. Any exertion now might ruin it, for the opera next season. She made her living by it, and must be very careful of it. Thus she spoke aloud with the most perfect nonchalance, and none asked a note from her again. Which left us very much to ourselves. My companions were, I soon found, ultra-Irish in their feelings. The father, a devoted disciple of O'Connell's—the lady from Italy, an advanced patriot of the Young Ireland school, after my own heart—and we all agreed in declaring, that we Irish Catholics were the most vilely-used people on the face of earth. I listened with a show of indifference—even throwing in, now and again, a hint, in deprecation of their fierce invectives, which served as drops of oil on a roaring fire.

“Surely, here is our drill sergeant at last. This is the reward of

patience," muttered I ; and moved across to the Parson, to find out the history of this fiery Sergeant-Major.

Mr. Crofton was reclining weary and deserted on a sofa ; left for a moment to himself, in the absorbing interest of some fashionable game of cards. He and I were very intimate now. Communion over the pages of his great work, had opened his whole heart to me. Moreover, he had chosen me, as the heir of all his choice renderings of hard or disputed passages in the classic authors, and of the traditions and stories which he had brought with him, from Alma Mater. He opened on me, with several lines from Horace, as I took my seat beside him. "Hugh I am sure, the common rendering is wrong. It should run thus. Do you see ?

"Yes, sir, I have no doubt, that is the correct translation," said I, "But could you tell me anything of that fine old military gentleman, whom I have just been conversing with ? Surely he must have fallen into the ranks, not risen from them. I am sure, his story must be full of interest. Would you mind, sir, telling me it ?"

"You are right, Hugh," said he, "and Horatius I see must give place to Terentius. Terence Duffy's life has been a most striking and uncommon one. It may, moreover, point a moral for a young man, entering life, with such a hot temper as yours. His father was a man of immense landed property. It adjoined the estate of Lily's grandfather. He was the boon companion of Whalley, Egan, Fitzgerald, and the other reckless desperadoes, and spendthrifts, and gamblers, with which Dublin swarmed, before the Union. His fortune was squandered in the wildest riot and debauchery. I dare not turn over that fearful page. He fell in a duel, when Terence was only a lad of fifteen. By great exertions on the part of the father's friends, an ensigncy was procured for the boy ; and there was not enough money coming from the sale of his estate, to procure him an outfit. Before he was your age, he had been in many engagements : had shown the greatest courage, and skill in battle, and was a Captain. His friends at home had little doubt that he would do far more than restore the name of his family. Till news came from the Peninsula, in 1809, that he had quarrelled with his Colonel over the gaming-table, and shot him in a duel ; and been dismissed the service, for some most insolent words, which he had addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, in the presence of the forces. He was a ruined man, and none thought to have heard more of him, till the despatches, announcing the downfall of the French in Spain, told us also, that Duffy, serving as a private or a volunteer, had displayed the most signal feats of gallantry, and been made Sergeant-Major with some special privileges. The Duke swore—it was said—he would never suffer Duffy, to hold another Commission in the British Army. The

list of casualties, in an action soon after, contained his name, as desperately wounded. We heard nothing more of him, till a few years ago, when he returned to Ireland with his wife and one daughter. He has two sons, both officers in the Spanish army; a large pension; and an excellent farm, from his friend, Lord Glanmire, at a very low rent.

"What about his wife, sir?" said I; "of course, it was a love match."

"Yes; he has told me himself, that his life was saved by the nursing of the lady who now bears his name. In the sack of some town, he had saved her parents from ruin, and won her heart. When he was wounded, they sought him, and tended him, perverted him to Popery, and gave him their daughter to wife. Of course, as he is of your creed, my acquaintance with him is not very intimate; but I fear time has taught him little. And, indeed, his case is a very hard one. Officers, who have gone through the Peninsular campaign, declare, that he was noted, as one of the bravest and best soldiers in the English army; that, had it not been for the implacable animosity of the Duke of Wellington, he would certainly be a General. He must, I fear, have been guilty of some peculiarly disgraceful conduct in early life, or such a man as Wellington would not have kept him down with so relentless a hand. As it is, he is a disappointed, discontented man, who ought to be a K.C.B., and in command of a regiment, and is only a Sergeant-Major, and a small farmer. He has a large drawer full of medals, a first-rate dairy, a *prima donna* to daughter, and has, he says, beaten his sword into a pruning-hook. He never will admit he has done a wrong or foolish action in his life; or said a word to any one, that was not true and proper. His misfortunes are all the fault of others. His religion is the cause of his degradation. Envy has made the Duke his enemy, and nothing else. He is faultless—so he maintains—a most ill-used man, and no son of his shall ever draw a sword, or fire a shot for England, and Repeal of the Union is his hobby." With many grave comments on the wreck of a life that might have been so noble, and all from too hot a temper, the good Parson detained me for an hour.

Before the party broke up, I had so far ingratiated myself with the veteran, that he invited me to spend the next evening with them at Riverside, his residence. "And the musical lady will peril her living for us then," said he, as he drove off.

When I got home, Nelly was chirruping about her house, stopping short now and again, and calling Daly up, to practise the steps of a fashionable dance, in which they were to exhibit, the next evening, at Mrs. O'Shea's, of the grocery.

"Yes, and Hugh," said my lively sister, "you ought to come out

to a party among your own people sometimes. They say you are getting very high, and proud, and will soon be for shaking us off, like James's grand sister.

"Well, dear," said I, "you can tell Mrs. O'Shea, I can't go to-morrow night, for I have promised to spend the evening with Mr. Duffy at Riverside."

"Oh, is it that grand ould gentleman," said she, "that drives with the three stranger ladies to Chapel, in a one-horse shay? I am glad you are going there, and that you know them. James was over once surveying the farm, and he says, he has a press-full of medals, and is the great soldier entirely, and he is of the rale ould stock like ourselves."

"Nelly," said I, "it does one good to see such a loving couple as James and you. To look at you, makes one in love with matrimony."

"Faith, and it is well I have got such a pleasant companion. A poor life it would be to be shut up with a stick of a brother, that won't open his mouth more than twice a day, at male times. Come out on the floor here, and tache us some of the new dances you learnt in the North."

"Nelly," said I, "I have not time. I must write out a page of Latin roots this night for Henry Saxe."

"Oh, dear, we are too fond of larning, to care for dancing with a sister. It is yourself, my boy, that's thinking more this minute of Miss Lily's boots, than of Latin roots. There now, Hugh, don't be angry with your own sister, for the sake of her that is gone, and you must bear with saucy Nelly's vulgar ways, and forgive her," as she kissed away my anger. "Yes, and, darling, if she were a year or two older, and you were a Counsellor, it is a fine-looking couple you would be, as ever was seen in Rathcore."

"Nelly," said I, "what may this be?" as I lifted up a tiny frock and cap out of her work-basket.

"Hold your onmannerly tongue, you villain you, or I'll make you drink a tumbler of punch"

"Well, Nelly, I promise to go to the very next party that you bring me an invitation for," said I.

"Then you'll not have to wait long, for your old sweetheart, Kitty Doran is to be married to Jack Linahan next week, and old Jack was down to-day, to ask us all up to the wedding. It is proud they will be to have you among them."

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Riverside was a pretty cottage, with a lawn stretching down to the estuary of the Blackwater, whereon fed many sleek cattle. Climbing roses covered the front of the house. An ample porch threw its com-

fortable shade over the veteran Duffy, as he smoked his pipe, in peaceful contemplation of his stock, and crops, and family, who read, or worked at embroidery, beside him. As I drew near they rose and bade me welcome to the house.

"Your name is well known in our country, Mr. Bryan," said Mrs. Duffy, as she shook my hand and smiled upon me. "The brave General Bryan was a great favourite at Court in my young days. He was one of the heroes of my childhood."

"My great grand-uncle, madam," said I. Often had I heard my father parading the glories of the man, who had risen to rank and glory in Catholic Spain.

"You have the family look," said she. "He was considered a very handsome old man forty years ago."

The *prima donna* here joined our party. "What a sad thing it is," said she, "that we Irish, who rise so high in all other countries, should be so crushed and despised at home! Surely—surely, the heretics have had a long reign, and have shown no mercy. Must it be so for ever?"

"Aye," said her father, "it was a sore day that Strongbow's ugly eyes ever saw this land; or any of his kidney. Faith, they are all alike. The vultures that built their nest over there," pointing to the ruins of a Templar Priory on the opposite bank, "though they were the best of Catholics, were not a morsel kinder to us than copper-nosed Noll, that bombarded the town beyond, from somewhere near this."

"Hush, Lawrence," said his wife, holding up her finger; "they were the champions of Holy Church, and of the Lord's Sepulchre; and should never be mentioned but with honor."

"Holy Church, Nina dear," said he, "cared for us, wild Irish, precious little, while the rich English paid Peter's Pence to His Holiness. When that harridan, Queen Bess, flew in his face, and laughed at his bulls, we poor Irish became his darlings then, but not till then. Oh, yes, a fellow-feeling made him wondrous kind."

"This has been a famous spot, sir, in the days of old?" said I.

"Yes, this is the key of the position; and Noll knew it, and his babes of grace threw many a round shot from this hill. It was near this, too, that the first potatoes ever grew on Irish soil, and the first tobacco scented Irish air. The man that built this little house fell at Limerick, where the poor Irish were cheated out of their rights, as was natural. Yes, Bryan, your name and mine were higher up in old times than they will ever be again."

"Why not rise again in times to come?" asked the lady from Italy. "You, father dear, are as good a man as the best Duffy that ever lived; and your sons are not degenerate."

"Thank you, Miss Duffy," said I; "if we had more of your spirit among us, we might see a change in our country yet."

"Ah! you young people are very sanguine," said the veteran; "but I have seen too many bubbles shivered upon gibbets, to have much hope for Ireland left. And, faith, I might be a deal worse off than I am, sitting here this night with my own bright Nina, and this brace of girls, smoking my pipe under my own cabbage-rose-tree, and watching my own cows and sheep, and owing no man anything. Better, anyway, than the gallows, and a short shrive, and a rope round the neck, and six inches between my toes and the ground. That is, what young men, like you, have come to, and brought others to, before now, and all for moonshine."

"Nothing venture—nothing win," said I. "You have seen many an unlucky scheme, Mr. Duffy, that hung fire nine times, carry all before it at the tenth trial. You are not the man, I am sure, to say that from the nettle, danger, we cannot pluck the flower, safety."

"Right in the bull's-eye," said the old soldier, "your shot has hit. Terence Duffy's life has known not nine eclipses, but ninety and nine—solar and total—every one of them. If failures could kill a man, it is many a year ago I would be lying in a ditch, hundreds of miles away—as this good lady could tell you. Danger and Duffy were married, long before she made a bad match with an Irish blackguard."

"Father," said the daughter, "if merit had its just reward in this country, you ought to be a peer of the realm. It is with burning shame that I, who have come from a land, where the highest treated me as one of their own grade, find myself in the land of my fathers, a pariah,—a singing woman, and nothing more. If I were a man, Mr. Bryan, I should never know an instant's happiness, till I had struck one blow for my country, and my Church."

I bowed, and said, many of us were longing for the opportunity; but what could raw country boys do against trained soldiers, and a powerful Government, if wise, and brave, and famous soldiers held back, and would not teach them to handle their weapons, and take the command of them, in the day of battle? for now-a-days the pike and hatchet have no chance against the villanous saltpetre.

"Oh, father!" said she, "would that I saw you at the head of a thousand Irishmen—clad in the green uniform, and the green flag floating before you—drilled and handled, like the old regiment, you used to boast, false Wellington could find no fault with."

"Then, my dear," said he, very seriously, "you might take your last kiss from your father's lips, and bid him a long goodbye: for, in a month, his head would adorn the gates of Dublin Castle."

During the rest of the evening, our conversation turned on Italy—its



chapels, and courts, and music—on Spain, and the glories of its history, and the expulsion of *their* invaders, the Moors—on the Peninsula, and Waterloo. I enjoyed a feast of such music as I had never conceived, from a voice trained and cultivated by the first teachers in the world. We parted excellent friends—and their house was to have an ever-open door to Mr. Bryan. I walked home, brooding over the result of my visit. The old war-horse is not worn out yet; and the fiery patriot daughter shall prick the sides of his ambition, and drive him from the pasture, to the youths who need only such a man to be ready for the strife.

Daly, when he had heard the particulars of my reconnaissance, said, "That is the very man we want. I pumped him before, or tried to do it, but he was far too high and mighty a personage, to have dealings with your humble servant. But I know a thing or two about the old gentleman. I'll have him watched, and as sure as you are six feet high, I'll drive him into your arms before the year is out."

"How so, Daly? By fair means, I hope?"

"Oh, never you mind that. I am a born diplomatist, man; and I have not served my time on the stage at the Queen's Theatre for nothing. I am your chief Minister of State, and my duty now is, to gain you a necessary ally. If you do not get him as a Third Arm, or a Wing, whichever you like, before Christmas, you may call me a Turk, or depose me."

"Daly, I do not like to stoop to tricks, or any dirty work."

"Don't I tell you, man, you are the king, and you have nothing to do with the art of statesmanship? However, I promise not to do anything half as bad as the English did at the Union, and every other time they had an end to gain. Faith, the Lord Lieutenant would not stop at a trifle to find out what we are at this minute. And, I don't exactly see, why we should spoil our little game, by being more dainty than they are. 'Honesty is the best policy' doesn't apply to fishmongers, horse-jockeys, and cabinet ministers."

"But, Daly, I cannot endure the thought of bringing trouble and perhaps ruin into a happy family, where I have been so well treated."

"Pshaw! man, don't get chicken-hearted. Defeat is impossible, and you can give him a palace, or a castle, after a while, whichever he prefers."

"My brother-in-law was full of tricks and stratagems, and an adept double-dealing. I had detected many more instances of it than I could tell you. But this was for a great end—to turn our louts and ploughboys into an army, equal to Wellington's. The result was so grand,—who would scrutinise the means? It was not the first time, that diplomacy had been forced into crooked and slippery paths, to outwit a foe

or gain a friend. England had shrunk from no bribery, fraud, chicanery, falsehood, to gain power. They would stop at no roguery, to discover our plans, members, and secrets. Should we allow ourselves to be foiled and beaten by excessive purity? It was a sad necessity, but we must save our country, and, to gain that end hereafter, we must have Duffy now.

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## CHAPTER VII.

The day soon came, on which I was to show, that I was not ashamed of my own people, and that all my intimacy with the Parson and the Squire had not weakened my patriotism. It was a great day for the country. For on it young Shawn Bawn—*Anglice*, John Linahan, jun.—was to lead to the altar my old playmate, Kitty Doran, the orphan heiress. The union of the two houses was the fulfilment of Old Jack's ambition. Henceforth, the Linahans would own the largest, fullest, and strongest farm in Rathcore. Kitty's five-and-twenty acres, and her fine herd of cows, and the hundred pounds, that stood to her credit in the bank, would be "the making of the family." And the house of the Linahans had stood and flourished, amid universal decay, for centuries. Strangely enough, there had always been two sons—no less and no more—in each generation of that family, as far as memory or tradition went. The younger of these had always become a priest. Of these Levites, Old Jack's brother, Paddy, was the bright particular star. He had been made a Bishop, by the Pope himself; and was now living in state and glory. His name threw a halo round all his lineage. Daughters had come in abundance, of whom one at least always went into the Convent. Thus the passage through the fiery domains of Purgatory was made comfortable for her parents; and sanctity rested on the kindred. The other girls, left to follow their inclinations, usually wedded one of the boys about the farm. Fortunes they got none; but there was always plenty of work; and they and their children, and children's children, had the run of the kitchen, and did the labour of the mountain side, which was the farm. The priests in time got parishes, and gathered wealth, of which the largest portion invariably flowed back to the head of the clan. Thus prosperity had been the uniform lot of the Linahans. Bad times might

come, and drain away the savings of the past. But then, a thumping legacy was sure to fall in ; and all was right again. Now, however, the Bishop had hinted, that his dignity was too expensive to permit him to follow the good old Linahan practice ; and Kitty's dower was received as the equivalent sent by that righteous saint, who patronised the house.

At this time, the tribe numbered several hundreds—all blood relations, within a very few degrees. Huts and shanties, swarming with children, dotted every corner of the land. Potatoes, grown and consumed by hundreds of tons, kept all in fine condition. Poultry and swine ran about in droves, that a stranger would have pronounced countless. Scores of cows kept up a dairy, which was marvellously clean and tidy. Old Jack's butter always got the first brand in Cork. The house, the cradle of the sept, a long low one-storied building of mud, was new-thatched for the wedding. The outside and the common-rooms of the house were squalid and filthy in the extreme. This was a stroke of policy, and a needful one, too ; for the whole place was held at the will of Sir Percy Rigby, from year to year. Already, the rent had been raised, time after time, to the fullest value of the land. And, if the agent, on his visit round the estate, were to find marks of comfort or wealth, Old Jack well knew the screw would then be tightened one turn more, and his hardly-scraped notes would fly away to London or Paris, or wherever else the great vampire might choose to shine. Old Jack, the head of the race, was a veritable patriarch. It was a sight to do one good, when he stood in the chapel-gate of a Sunday, with the whole of his people gathered round the white-haired sage, in the broad-brimmed hat and drab gaiters, who dispensed little favours among them, patting and blessing the curly heads of the children, or joking with the girls about the presents he had ready for them at Shrove Tuesday.

Daly had kept his eye fixed wistfully on this tribe from the first. There were honest, stalwart, high-spirited men among them, enough to make a superb company of soldiers. But the old man was very wary. He knew too well the precarious nature of his tenure, to take any step that might be dangerous. He had no defence against his landlord. Often, on the eve of an election, he had sought and gained the promise of a lease, but the elections passed, and, alas ! the lease never came. Eviction was the scarecrow of his life. If the farm went, what would become of them all ? Therefore, his one maxim was, never to offend "the quollity," nor give the agent, the shadow of a handle to press upon him. And he imbued the hope of the family, from the first gleam of reason, with the diplomacy of his race. This youth was an able-bodied, good-humoured Irishman, red-faced—red-

headed—red-whiskered. Fond of a spree, two or three times a year, and of a race after the hounds; proud of the chieftaincy, which was his inheritance; of his great connections in the Church; above all, of his uncle, the bishop, who was deeply grieved, that the business of the diocese kept him from following the wishes of his heart, and uniting young John in the holy bonds of matrimony; proud of the voluminous blessing which his lordship had sent in lieu of his presence; proud of the nuns, one of whom had come; proud of his own brother, who, was in the Irish College at Rome, going on—who knew?—for the Papacy itself; proud moreover, as well he might, of the charming bride, whose smile was worth more than all her fortune. Shawn Bawn was, I knew, in heart, on our side; for he had been one of the most zealous auditors, when Shiel and Tone spoke through my lips. But now, the mantle of family caution had descended upon him, and he turned a deaf ear to all Daly's preachments of the glory of the cause. Clearly, he had imbibed the worldly wisdom of the sire, and meant to give a wide berth to agitation, and rebellion; and not to anger "the quollity." Nor could this lukewarmness be found fault with. Every one saw the blessings of abundance in that house. None could impeach the policy which kept one of them rich and well-to-do, that he might keep such a multitude in the enjoyment of rude plenty. Moreover, the fame of their holy men and women, and the crozier of the bishop, were more than enough to avert all unkind expressions of opinion from the head of the house.

This day, the purse was opened with a willing hand; the granaries were relieved of their fulness; the poultry, sacred at other times to the Saxon, were given up to the lust of the Celt; and the "craytur" streamed into every vessel that stood empty anywhere. The reins were slackened, and all were welcome; and there were "lashins" of meat and drink for all. The rooms were filled with company. The innermost and grandest contained the nun, Father Phil, and the wedded pair. Daly, Nelly, and I, did the honours of the day to the better sort of peasantry, in the second-best apartment. The nursing mothers filled the kitchen. The multitude revelled in the great barn. The children ran about the haggards. The old man, leaning on his oak staff, moved from place to place, blessing, and blessed by all, like Abraham, at Isaac's wedding feast. The crowning merriment was reserved for the evening, in the barn. When the sun went down, the nun retired to some still retreat; the priest, Shawn Bawn, and his bride, led the way to that grand saloon, whence the scraping of catgut announced, that mirth, and revelry, and the giddy dance awaited us. The bridegroom, and my sister—the bride, and my genteel self, by general acclaim, first occupied the "flure." My partner and I were old

friends. We had spent years of our life together in childhood, in the street, or school, or in our shop—her favourite refuge. It had been even hinted that, only for Bridget's consecration, we might have made a match. She was handsome, bright, and radiant—full of mirth and spirits, but as scrupulous in requiring and bestowing the honours of the occasion, as any *belle* of any circle. To me, she was specially gracious.

"Hugh, acushla," was her opening address, "it is proud I am to see *you* here this night. They were all saying, that you were getting too high for your own sort; and what with the Parson and the Squire taking you up so warm, you would soon be deserting us althegither. But it was myself that always said, you were one of ourselves, out and out, and nothing could change you—aye, that if they were to make you Lord Liftinint, your heart would beat as kindly to the boys and girls you used to play with, as iver."

Charmed, and delighted, and gratified was I, to find, that she still took my part as warmly as in the old times, when I used to bring her into mischief, and she took all the blame.

"Stand up for you I will, till the day of my death, and I will niver forget, how you and your dear mother—that is a blessed saint in Heaven this night—looked after the fatherless and motherless child, and kept me from running wild with bad boys, and bould girls, and demeaning myself in low company. Many's the time she washed me, and tidied me, and taught me my prayers. Oh, she was a good woman to me, Hugh, and I niver will forget it."

I rejoined, that her present lady-like demeanour shewed, that the little pains spent upon her had been well bestowed. I was sure, the sight of her, as she was that night, would have rejoiced my mother, and her own parent; and added my truest wishes for her future happiness and joy.

"Oh, it's yourself, Hugh, has the same sweet blarneying ways wid you that you always had. But you've got the grand polish on your tongue now, that the Master could not give you. You are the great scholar entirely, I hear."

All attempts to stop the current failing, she continued—"Was not I rejoiced to hear of all your bravery in the North, and the 'noble heroism' (them was the words Father Phil used from the altar about it), that made you face them raging divils of Orangemen, and saved poor ould Rory from their murdering hands?"

I disowned all claim to heroism—I could not help acting as I had done. It had been absurdly exaggerated, and the danger was only a trifle, and the whole was a small thing after all. But I hoped to show the people some day, what the word "patriot" meant in earnest.

"That you will, I'm sure. Don't I mind the grand spaches you used to make ; and the songs that made the heart often leap into my mouth, and made me feel, as if I would like to die for ould Ireland? But I must go to Shawn Bawn. He is beckoning me over, to sit beside the ould man. Mind now, when Shawn calls on you for a song after awhile, and a spache, too, it is Kitty Doran, that you said more than once you were in love with, that is asking them from you ; and you must give them, and do your best, too."

And with a look of command, and after a kiss—stolen with great demonstration of rage on her part—she left me, free to admire my sister and her husband moving with infinite grace in a bran-new measure of Daly's invention. It struck me, that I had never seen such a handsome couple. Nelly shone among the country girls with a refined and finished beauty. Daly was as far above the men around. He had assumed the air of a ballet-dancer ; and his likeness to the splendid Mrs. Gradley was very marked.

When they ceased, Father Phil arose, and in a homely, unctuous, humorous, pathetic speech, gave the house and company his blessing, and rode away.

On his departure, Shawn Bawn was pushed up by his wife ; and the honest fellow, in faltering and timid words, spoke of his joy and thankfulness, and determination to live as his father did before him ; and his wish that we might all be as well married that day twelvemonths. At the close, he involved me, by saying, "He would leave the spache-making to a great hand at that same, one that would soon make them all thank him for houlding his tongue. Hugh Bryan, I call upon you for a song first, and then for a spache afterwards. You won't refuse Kitty and me this night."

I had come out to enjoy a warm bath of Celtic hospitality and fun ; with no thought of being so prominent a figure. However, my friends, as you *must*, you *shall* have it.

"Shawn," said I, "there is only one song, that I can think of just now. It is a very bold one, about the men who fell in '98. Perhaps, your father would not be pleased with me, for singing it."

"Sure, and a Bryan must have his say about '98."

"Who is afraid?"—"We are all friends here"—"Spake out"—"More power to you, Hugh"—"Old Jack is content;" and like phrases spurred me on, and took the reins out of the patriarch's hand, who, confused and embarrassed, nodded a faint assent to

me ; and I burst out with a lyric, then only a short time published—

“Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?  
Who blushes at the name?  
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,  
Who hangs his head for shame?  
He's all a knave, or half a slave,  
Who slights his country thus ;  
But a *true* man, like you, man,  
Will fill your glass with us.

“We drink the memory of the brave,  
The faithful and the few—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave,  
Some sleep in Ireland, too ;  
All—all are gone—but still lives on  
The fame of those who died ;  
All true men, like you, men,  
Remember them with pride.

“Some on the shores of distant lands  
Their weary hearts have laid,  
And by the stranger's heedless hands  
Their lonely graves were made.  
But though their clay be far away  
Beyond the Atlantic foam—  
In true men, like you, men,  
Their spirit's still at home.

“The dust of some is Irish earth ;  
Among their own they rest ;  
And the same land that gave them birth  
Has caught them to her breast ;  
And we will pray that from their clay  
Full many a race may start  
Of true men, like you, men,  
To act as brave a part.

“They rose in dark and evil days  
To right their native land ;  
They kindled here a living blaze  
That nothing shall withstand.

Alas ! that might can vanquish right—  
*They* fell and passed away ;  
 But true men, like you, men,  
 Are plenty here to-day.

“Then here’s their memory—may it be  
 For us a guiding light,  
 To cheer our strife for liberty,  
 And teach us to unite.  
 Through good and ill, be Ireland’s still,  
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;  
 And true men, be you, men,  
 Like those of Ninety-eight.”

I wish the author of that ballad had been among us, to witness the triumph of his minstrelsy. The women wept, with a low passionate wail of grief. The men sat with clenched teeth—or stood erect, with the fire of vengeance in their eyes.

Daly turned the spirit of the hour to our purpose. Three or four of our body filled glasses all round the room. He said, “We must have that song over again. It is not every day you can hear the like of that, boys. Come now, Hugh, you must give the words out to us, a line at a time, and every one of us will say them after you. They that drink whiskey, can pledge the memory of the dead in the best malt. The rest of you can do your part, in Irish spring water.”

His suggestion was adopted at once. The circle of men—I stood in the centre—took up the words, as I slowly repeated them, and gave an Irish version for the behoof of those who only spoke in the vernacular. I was carried away myself, by the spirit, which I had evoked. The uproar of cheers rang through the timbers of the old house. The passionate ecstasy, the burning glances, the ceaseless shaking of my hands, the whirlwind of applause, drove prudence away, and I spoke straight out, as the hot heart within supplied me, fiery words of indignation and defiance against our foe. I called up the faces of the dishonoured dead, our sires, and pointed to their wounds, crying aloud to us for vengeance—“and we shut our ears to that voice.” I shook the chain of penal laws, land laws, religious laws, before their eyes, and pointed to the links, which clanked behind us as we walked—“and we hug our chains.” I spoke of the broad acres of our forefathers, which we held at a rack rent, at the mercy of the merciless Sassenach—“on whom we fawn—at whose knees we crouch—begging our rights, as an alms.” I called on them to remember the fame of our soldiers—and Fontenoy and Benburb and Limerick capped the theme. I was amazed



at the power, and vigour, and ease with which I spoke, and held them in a trance ; till the sight of the poor patriarch's face, blanched with speechless terror, smote me with a sudden chill. And I toned down my harangue into an invective against idleness, and waste, and drunkenness, and agrarian outrages. They must learn economy, and save their money for the cause. They must be quiet, and obey the laws, and make the enemy think we were content. They must trust each other, and be true to each other, or we should be only a rope of sand. They must be wary in word and action, or we should be overpowered again, before we were ready.

When I ceased, old Jack took my hand, and said, "Hugh, alanna, you carried myself away at first ; but, for God's sake, and the Holy Vargin's, don't bring Shawn into trouble, and drive the whole of us, without house or home, upon the wide world. Boys, heed me, every one of yez. One word of this must not go outside that door, or I'm a ruined man ; and hundreds will fall with ould Jack Linahan, of Shan-ganah. I love yez all, every sowl of you. I love them that is gone. I love the country. Won't you have pity on me, and promise me here, before God, not to repeat a word to any one of what yez have heard here?"

All yielded to his wish.

"Then, good night to yez all—and God's blessing be wid ye. But, Hugh dear, you oughtn't to have done it. I am afraid, we'll all suffer for it yet."

"Don't be afraid, father," said Shawn Bawn, at the prompting of his wife ; "Hugh is a man, ivery inch of him ; and he is a good friend ; and the boys are as true as steel. Sorra a word will the agent ever hear of it. Good night to yez all."

Cheers of congratulation closed the night, that gave me such a grand opening, so pitilessly used. Not all Daly's assurance of glorious success could keep me from holding down my head, and weeping over my cruel recklessness. To him it was a rare stroke of good luck, of which I had made admirable use.

CHAPTER VIII.

The fruit of Daly's diplomacy was ripe, as he had promised, before Christmas. The season released me from work at the Great House, and the Glebe. The early part of the week I spent, in gathering exact, statistics of the progress of Fenianism. We numbered, after six months' work, five hundred and forty men. Each pledged to obey his superior, and all to obey *me*. Money was coming in freely, to the tune of several pounds a week.

On the morning of Christmas eve, as I returned from my usual stroll on the cliffs with Lily Crofton, Daly met me, radiant with the flush of triumph.

"Hugh," said he, "our bird is snared. The Sergeant-Major is waiting for you in the parlour. Strike while the iron is hot, my beauty, and rivet him."

Hurrying inwards, I found Mr. Duffy pacing up and down Nelly's pretty little room, like a bull in a china-shop. In one hand he held a huge blue envelope, which he was apostrophizing vehemently. With a red handkerchief in the other, he mopped off the thick beads of perspiration from his heated face. He was brimful of wrath, repressed for hours; but finding vent now in volleys of the most fearful curses. I bowed to the veteran; placed a chair beside the table for him; produced a decanter of whiskey, a tumbler, a jug of cold water; and sat down awaiting his descent to the temperate zone. My calmness and a glass of grog pacified him in a measure. At length, he spoke in a style, which may be described as a sandwich of passion and blasphemy.

"Sirr—Mr. Bryan—that night you were over at my place, you were pumping me. You wanted to catch the old soldier. You have a devilish long head, sir. You want to plan another rising. I know you do. I can see treason in a man's face a mile off. Yes, you *were* sounding me. But, I am too old to be caught with chaff. I thought, I had got rest after a stormy life, and I was too happy then, to risk my neck in a wild-goose chase, after liberty in my old days. But by — that is all changed since last night. They have driven me to the wall at last. Aye, they have put the last feather on my back, and by — I'll not be trampled on for any of them. Terence Duffy is not the man to stand their — nonsense, and blackguarding. Away goes allegiance, loyalty, fealty to a crown, that never did anything but disgrace me. Sirr, I am an out-and-out rebel this minute. I don't care who hears me.

I'd give my life and soul, to have the country to ourselves for a month. Show me work. I want work, sure, steady, deadly work. I'll help you to get the steel ready. Can you give me men to drill? May I be — if you do, and I don't drill them better, than I did the 'Munster Slashers,' and that — ruffian Wellington said *they* were perfect. I am sixty years old and more, but I am a better man to-day than I was twenty years ago. Send your boys to me, Bryan, and I'll make them a match for any regiment in the British army. Will you give me the chance?"

"Mr. Duffy," said I, "you must be smarting under some great wrong. I think you would scarcely use such language, if the heat of passion had gone off, and you were in your cool senses."

"Cool!" said he, "—, man; I'll never be cool again, till I have wiped away that insult in blood. You are playing me now like a fish, and be — to you. But, read that, and you'll see there is method in my madness."

He flung down before me the huge envelope, with the autograph "Glanmire" in the corner, and a splash of red wax—as large as a crown-piece, and covered with armorial bearings—on the back. The Earl and Duffy had been intimates in boyhood. The farm which Duffy now held, he had got from the Earl, at a low rent, but without a lease. Knowing this, I read the letter—which had served as fuse to the man's passion, and detected its concoction with a clue, which Duffy had not. Thus it ran:—

"DUFFY,

"I have been informed, on most credible authority, that you have vented more than once, the most seditious and revolutionary sentiments in the open day, in the streets of Youghal. You have spoken most disloyally and coarsely of Her Majesty the Queen, and charged His Grace the Duke of Wellington with dishonorable conduct. I had hoped, that experience, and the lessons of the past, had brought wisdom and reformation to you in your old age. I regret to be obliged to come to the conclusion, that you are still unchanged, and that change for the better is hopeless. I am determined that no rebels, and no inciters to, or sympathisers with, rebellion, shall harbour on my property. You shall therefore regard this letter as a notice to quit your holding of Riverside, at the earliest legal period. I trust you have still some gratitude to me for my kindness, and will give no trouble or annoyance to the gentleman who expects to receive your farm on Nov. 1, 1846.

"Your obedient humble servant,

"Sergeant-Major Duffy."

"GLANMIRE.

"Aye, there it is, as full of stings as an egg is full of meat," said the Sergeant ; "and all because ten days ago I let a puppy of an ensign get the better of my temper, by saying he would not meet a non-commissioned officer. Aye, there it is, and if you give me the boys, I'll treat him that wrote that yet, as I treat his writing now," and he spat upon it, and tore it in pieces, and trampled it in fury on the hearth-rug.

"Mr. Duffy," said I, "will you give me your word of honour as a gentleman, that one syllable of what I say shall never pass your lips?"

"I am ready to swear it, sir, in the strongest oath you can give me."

"No, Mr. Duffy, I swear no oaths myself, and ask none from others. They are edged tools. For an honest man they are useless. To a traitor, they are a breath of air, and nothing more."

"Bedad, you are right. I do pledge you my solemn word of honour, that anything you say will be as safe for me, as if I was in the grave."

"That is enough, Mr. Duffy ; you wish to save your country from the tyranny of the English, and to restore the land to its rightful owners?"

"That I do. It will be a grand day for 'The Duffy,' when he gets his own again."

"Will you have any objection to give your word of honour, that you will obey me as your commanding officer? I am almost ashamed to ask it, but you will see the necessity of it yourself. You may rely upon it, Mr. Duffy, I shall never ask anything from you, which could hurt your feelings, or your honour ; but it cannot be dispensed with."

"Faith, young man, I have served under too many brainless puppies, and obeyed (— them) their nonsensical folly too long, to refuse to serve under a clever, dashing fellow like yourself. I give you my word of honour to obey you, as if you were my Colonel."

"You must bear with me a little further, Mr. Duffy, and not be annoyed at a few remarks on your manner, and conduct, which are, I feel, unavoidable. We are entering upon a path, every step of which must be wrapped in the darkness of midnight. Suspicion has been already fixed upon you, as a disloyal man. You must, therefore, act with the utmost circumspection. Not a syllable must you utter, to any but myself, and my men, on any national topic whatever. You must even recover, or make for yourself, a reputation for contentment, loyalty, good-affection to Britain. One word might undo the work of years. Will you promise to do this, and never to drink more than a very moderate allowance of spirits, out of your own house?"

He was now as cool as a cucumber. "Sir," said he, with additions

which may be well spared, "I admire you. On my soul I do. You are my *beau ideal* of a rebel. Your caution makes my head feel as firm as ever it did, on my shoulders. Yes, sir, you are right in every word you said. We must come upon the Lion in the dark, and on the sudden. I solemnly promise to blind the eyes of them all; to make them believe, I am a true-blue Conservative, who thinks everything Irish, rot and rubbish. Yes, sir, I shall cultivate Saxe, and take his advice on everything. He'll soon give me a character for stainless loyalty, to the powers that be. Now, how many men have you, and when can I begin?"

"Five hundred and forty men are ready for you, at a day's notice."

"By the powers! that is wonderful news. But you must break them into squads of a dozen apiece; and where am I to drill them?"

"That is a point I have not yet decided on. Perhaps you could give us a hint. It must be secret and central. There is our cave on the cliffs; but it is badly situated for you," said I.

He held his chin in his hand for some minutes. At last a flash of delight passed over his features, and he shouted—"It will do most beautifully. I have it, Colonel. My own big barn is the very spot for it. I had three hundred people in it, at the last Harvest Home, three months back. We have it for the best part of two years still—no thanks to my Lord—and by that time our drilling ought to be over. It is full of grain now, to be sure; but I'll soon clear out the half of it. Wheat is fetching a fine price now. Come over on New-Year's Night with the first batch. Why, man, you have given me a new lease of life—and the barn is the safest place. Oh, I only hope I may catch a spy hanging about my premises; and won't I give him his deserts? I'll shoot him, sir, like a dog, on suspicion of burglary."

"The place will suit admirably, Mr. Duffy," said I. "But I often thought that, in case we had a brother like you, our best plan would be—to have two squads of men for drill. They could go to you night about. The night between, they can spend in teaching their subordinates what they learn themselves the night before. This will relieve you of much drudgery, and exercise us."

"Good, sir; my opinion of you rises every minute."

"How long will it take, Mr. Duffy, to make us perfect in military manoeuvres?"

"Oh, about six months, I suppose, in that way. Then I must drill them in companies."

"In that case our whole force will be ready for action, in a year's time. That is glorious. I shall join the first squad, Mr. Duffy."

"How will you preserve your secrets, Bryan, from the body of the men?"

"Oh! we superior officers all know each other of old. We can rely upon each other. The rank and file will be kept by themselves, as long as possible."

"Do you expect an increase of numbers?"

"I hope you will have the full regiment of a thousand men, to review, Mr. Duffy, by 1846."

"Faith, you have made me young again, with the prospect of real work. — it all! no matter how it ends, *'le jeu vaut la chandelle.'*"

"Would you carry on my military education, Mr. Duffy, to the higher grades? I shall esteem it the greatest possible favour."

"That I will, *mon* General, to the duties of a Field Marshal, if you wish. They are easier, I can tell you, than the duties of a Drill-Sergeant."

"By what name, would you wish to be known, and called among the men?" And I explained to him the Fenian vocabulary, to his intense amusement.

"Well, I am not particular," said he; "but what do you say yourself?"

"I had some thought of 'Our Grinder;' but the name is not an agreeable one."

"It is not bad—but I have a weakness in that direction. Call me 'The Duffy.' It is the name I have the best right to, and I know no better; and it cannot compromise you."

"Very good," said I. "'The Duffy' is worth untold millions to the Irish nation—and his name will ere long be one of the brightest in history."

"God send it," said he. "I would die to be able to cry 'quits' with His dis-Grace of Wellington. Faith, if we have any luck, Bryan, he may look out for squalls from old Erin."

"There does not seem to be much love lost between the Duke and you, Mr. Duffy," said I, as he rose to leave.

"No, in troth; I cursed him to his face, forty years ago, for one of Castlereagh's bloodhounds. He did not shoot me—but he did, what all thought was worse—he disgraced me. But, it is a long lane has no turning; and, with the New Year, we'll turn over a new leaf."

He deigned to stay with us to breakfast that morning, and the exuberance of his mirth spent itself in boundless compliments to Nelly.

Duffy and I walked up the street afterwards, arm-in-arm. We were both more than a little alarmed, when we saw the police barrack surrounded by an excited crowd, most of whom were minions of the law, mounted or on foot. Half a dozen magistrates stood in a group at the door, with very serious faces. Mr. Saxe came from them to us. With a peculiar sense of relief, I heard him say, "Bryan, Mrs. Saxe expects you to supper to-morrow night."

"I say, Saxe," said Duffy, "what is up now?"

"I am sorry to tell you," said the Squire, "we have received shocking news this morning. *News* indeed, thank God! in this district. A terrible outrage has been committed last night, on a poor wretch called Hannigan—one of Sir Percy's bailiffs—in the mountains. He is in the barrack now, a fearful sight. The Doctor says, it is a hopeless case. Indeed, we have sent for the Coroner. He has been a great villain himself, I fear; but no one can look at him now, without pity. He was found this morning, buried to the neck in a bog-hole; and when drawn out, it was found, that his ears had been cut off; his nose slit; his tongue cut out; and a harrow had been dragged over the poor creature's back."

"It is diabolical," said Duffy.

"Yes; and the worst of it all is, none of the people about shew the least pity, or compunction, or will give the slightest information. He has never spoken, and never will speak, and our only clue is a sentence of death which we found in his pocket, signed by that savage, Captain Rock. No doubt Hannigan treated the tenants vilely; but, till now, I had always believed, such fearful brutality, could not have been perpetrated near Rathcore. Bryan, you have great influence among the young men of the lower orders. The School, and your Temperance Society, have wrought wonders among them. They have become sober, steady, fond of work, and very intelligent. You must help us to bring these scoundrels to justice. We must put this fiendish Rockism down at any cost."

"I assure you, Mr. Saxe, no young man in Rathcore, that I know, would take part in such atrocious cruelty. They would all abhor it as much as you do. This deed has been done by strangers. I can answer for the boys, that they will do all they can, to prevent such outrages in the future. In this case, I fear, nothing can be done. Hannigan ejected fifty families last month, with circumstances of the greatest barbarity. He is regarded, as the incarnation of heartless cruelty, among the people."

"It is fearful, Bryan. We must track these villains out, if it costs thousands of pounds. We must vindicate the majesty of the law! Do you not think we shall succeed?"

"Mr. Saxe, I am deeply sorry to say it. Though my blood runs cold at your recital, I think the murderers are safe. The people who live where he was found, most likely know nothing. Money is useless, in such a case, with the peasantry. You must trust to time, and education, and above all, good treatment from the landlords, to stop this. If all the landlords in Ireland, were like yourself, Mr. Saxe, such outrages would be impossible."

"You are right there," said Duffy.

"With God's help," said the Squire, solemnly, "we *shall* catch these villains. I rely upon you, Bryan, giving us the slightest shred of information, you can glean."

"Can I help you, Saxe?" said the Sergeant-Major. "Give me a dozen troopers, and I shall hunt them to their cover."

"Thank you, Duffy," said the Squire; "your aid will be most valuable. I shall go with you myself, to ensure the obedience of the men. And, Duffy, I am delighted to find you animated by such a spirit of respect for the law. There have been foolish reports abroad, damaging your character, for loyalty. I shall be glad to be able to contradict them, and to represent you in a proper light, in the proper quarter."

"Saxe," said the veteran, "you were always the wisest friend I had, and I mean to follow your advice, for the future."

"Well then, old friend, join us, with your daughters, at dinner, to-morrow."

"Thank you, I shall, most gladly; and Katharine shall sing a Christmas Carol for you. But, Saxe, the sooner we are in chase the better. You can give me a mount I suppose. Good morning, Mr. Bryan. A merry Christmas, and a *happy New Year*, to us all."

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## CHAPTER IX.

"I am delighted to be able to congratulate you on the birth of a niece, Hugh," said the Parson to me, one day between Easter and Whitsuntide, 1845. "May the Lord bless her! How is dear Nelly?"

"Doing as well as can be expected, sir," is the only information which I can gain."

"Lily," said he, "was so anxious to see the young mother, and so eager to get a glimpse of the little stranger, that she has deserted her post with us to-day. And, Hugh, I am glad that Lily is absent; for I wish to speak to you in confidence of a very serious matter, which I can do better in her absence."

My heart stood still at this prefatory address. I was sure, there must be a gentle but decided admonition, check, or rebuff coming—at least a kindly remonstrance on my familiarity with Lily.



"Am I wrong, Hugh," he continued, "in believing that you have begun to feel sympathy, interest, and even affection"—my countenance would have betrayed me to any one but himself—"for my Great Work, the cherished child of my mature years?"

"Certainly, sir," said I; "I feel the deepest interest in it. It is a masterpiece of learning and logic. It contains the essence of libraries. It is the grandest treatise I can conceive. I shall always look back upon my humble part in it with the greatest pride. Indeed, sir, the hours I have spent over it in this room have been the happiest of my life."

Well, Hugh," said he, with a kindly smile; "I saw, you came with pleasure, and departed with reluctance; but, I was scarcely prepared for such an Hibernian outburst from you. The nature and treatment of the subject would seem dry and abstruse, to most readers of your years. But it has been a work of incessant prayer; and perhaps you have been raised up to save it from oblivion. For, Hugh, I shall never finish it."

"No doubt, sir," said I, "it will require years for its completion; but, I trust, there is no reason for thinking that you have not many years before you."

"Yes, Hugh," said he, with the most perfect calmness; "my life is reduced to a matter of weeks. The physicians only give me this month to live. The fingers of the Destroyer have been closing on my heart for twenty years almost. My span has been already lengthened beyond all my hope. Now, I am about to lay aside my book, and give myself up to my flock and God."

"Sir," said I, "this is a great shock."

"No doubt, good friend; but, 'tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. This leads me to the subject on which I wished to speak to you. I should wish to leave at least one mind after me, which could disentangle all those masses of matter, and say—'This is no random, purposeless pile—but the carefully-chosen materials of a seemly Temple, to the God of Truth.' You are my great hope, Hugh. You understand the argument of my first volume—the one which contains my dissertation, on the conception of God among the Heathen. You remember, we have gone through the Chinese, Hindu, Greek, Roman, Scandinavian, American, African, Polynesian creeds; and traced those branches of superstition back to the fountain-head of primitive truth. In that large press are the *ipsissima verba* of my authorities, for the statement of every fact in my book. In these large ledgers, are the digests of those facts which I have made, and thrown into an order of my own, with final chapters, drawing all the links together into a chain of witnesses, from the least suspicious

and most unlikely quarters, to the Truth of Christianity. In those volumes, is contained all that is of value in my reading, for a quarter of a century. All the Oriental, Greek, and Roman authors that I could lay hands on have contributed. Travellers, missionaries, legend hunters, all have paid tribute to my design. My closing Essay—undigested and rudely written as it is—proves, I think, that there never has been any people who have not cherished belief, more or less vague, in the great problems, which find their only reasonable solution in the Christian Faith. Such universality of tradition is an irresistible argument of their Divine origin; for traits or instincts, common to the race, must have come from the will of the Creator. The first volume you know the drift of. It deals with the heathen conceptions of God. In the second, you will find the views entertained in all ages and in all countries, so far as they can be investigated, of the soul of man—its origin—its nature—its next stage of existence. There are most singular and curious facts in this volume. The gist of the argument is, that the belief of a future state—of its dependence upon the choice of right or wrong in this life—of its endless issues—being universal—is of God. The next ledger contains an enquiry into the Ethical systems of man—taken more from the observation of history and real life, than from the philosophers. Its chief result is, the confession of the race to a Fall—a blight—a shock of some sort which has come upon man. The fourth volume is occupied with a review of all heathen systems of worship—involving Sacrifice and Prayer. This is the book to which I attach most value. For its sake all the others were written. It is the primal cell, out of which the rest is the development and commentary. I am glad I spent my life on it. It has given me the most perfect satisfaction, and calmness of mind—by teaching me to know something of the meaning of the Cross of Christ. It contains much that, I believe, is needed and would be welcomed by the world. But I have learned from it to be willing to sacrifice even my Book to the Will of the Almighty Father. *Fiat voluntas Tua!* The fifth is on the Justification controversy—and aims at proving that the difference is, in the main, one of words; that in the root of faith in the love of God, as the life and soul of religion, all are at one. The last is a grotesque pendant to the whole—and arose from the abhorrence with which my mind regards the confusion of ideas. It contains an account of popular superstitions of all ages and countries. Singular, how the most distant tribes agree here! Travesties of a truth, parodies of a sublime mystery, material conceptions of spiritual things, are most of them. Now, Hugh, I have bequeathed these ledgers to you, with a trifle for your trouble. If Lily were ten years older, and bent on a single life, she would be my literary executor. As it is, you are the only living being,

who have the clue to these labyrinths. It may be God's will, to bring you some time, into a quiet resting-place, where you can be to me, what Solomon was to David in the building of the Temple. The questions involved, are catholic. Should that day come, give a corner of your preface to my name."

"Mr. Crofton, your confidence has affected me very deeply. But, in the shock of your sad news, I have not been able to follow you as I should wish. Perhaps you would briefly run over the ledgers with me, and allow me to note down your elucidations."

"With pleasure, Hugh ; so far as my strength goes."

"Pardon me, sir, does Miss Lily know of the awful trial which is coming upon her ?" said I.

"No, poor lamb," said he, wincing for the first time ; "I have been trying to bring it gradually before her mind. But she is so full of life, and health, and energy, and the joy of existence, herself, that she cannot realize what sickness and death mean. This is the only bitter drop. Yet, see how much I have to be thankful for. I have been spared to see her with a mind formed, and vigorous, and powerful. With a character, gentle and simple, yet pure and resolute, to a degree I have never seen equalled. With a heart, tender and true as her mother's. Again, my sister is on her way home from India, just in time to take charge of her. My brother Charles was anxious to have her. But he lives in London, and my Lily would pine and droop in city air. Again, she will be above the reach of want. God keep her from designing men. Would you, Hugh, in your conversations with her, drop a hint of my delicate health—of fears, that I may not be long with you ? Of course, I must soon speak out, but a word or two coming from you, will make the effort—not easier—but more effectual."

I was on the point of confiding the whole story of my love to him, and was only thinking of the words in which to convey my feelings, when he addressed me again, with so much earnestness, that I was rivetted to my chair.

"Now, dear Hugh, you know me as an honest man, a painful student of God's Truth all my days, and your faithful friend, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"As a man, then, standing on the edge of eternity, allow me to ask you a question or two, about your own soul. I trust, Hugh, you have the root of the matter in you, and so we are one in Christ ; but if so, how can you reconcile it to your conscience, to abide in the bosom of a Church, which pays divine honours to a creature—which enthrones a corrupt and sinful man, on the Throne of God—which gives its priest a place, which Jesus Christ, the Lowly, never designed for a servant of His ?

"Mr. Crofton," said I, covered with confusion ; "really, sir, you must pardon me. I dare not enter into controversy with you. I do not deny, that there are things in the Church of Rome, which trouble and disquiet me. But, they are nothing to the flaws, and blemishes, and perils, which I see everywhere else. I see no safety for my soul, outside the Church of Rome. I could feel peace nowhere, but in bowing before her majestic and venerable voice. Protestantism, as I have seen it, in the North in its frenzy, and its torpor, only disgusts me. If I had never left Rathcore, Mr. Crofton, I believe, you would have brought me over to your faith. Now, even that only puzzles me. And, sir, is it not a note of the True Church of Jesus Christ, that the common people are to hear it gladly, and that it shall preach the Gospel to the *poor*? In which Church does this note appear among us?"

"Ah, Hugh, you fill me with sadness," said he ; "I see, you wish to run away from the main issues. God knows, if I could believe that by your Church the Gospel was preached to the poor, I would unfeignedly rejoice. *You know*, that it is not. My dear boy, for some reason, I fear, you have not the single eye. Will you pray with me?"

This was the most painful question which ever reached my ears. I dared not, for the fact of my kneeling with the Parson in worship, would surely reach the village somehow ; the taint of heresy would cling to me ; and then, farewell all hope of rule or influence in Rathcore.

Wretch that I was ! I made dumb conscience the stalking-horse of my ambition. "Mr. Crofton," said I, "forgive me ! oh, forgive me ! ask anything but that. I dare not concede that."

"Hugh," said he, with rising colour in his pale face, "I should be a hypocrite, if I concealed the pain your words have given me. They have hurt me sorely. But I think of the past, and I forgive that," and he shook my hand with intense emotion. He looked me full in the face, and with slow and measured tones, said, "I fear, my dear, dear child, your religion is not of the heart. Else you would know that prayer to the Saviour of the world, can never come amiss from any human lips."

At the words, I grew faint, and shivered like an aspen leaf, and crouched back in the chair, away from his eye.

He ran for a tumbler of water, and said, "Hugh, I have touched you to the quick. Believe me, it was for your good. Resist not the the voice of conscience and of God. Seek Him while he may be found. I know you, Hugh Bryan, better than you know yourself. When the crisis of life comes to you, your Romanism will sink under you, and leave you in the dark waves of universal doubt. You are not one to rest on any outward arm in the day of trial. May God send, that my work may then be a little plank to save you from death till He comes."

To speak of Lily, or of anything, after this, was impossible. I hurried away from the house, guilty, miserable, and trembling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lily and I had returned to the habits of our old life. Our morning stroll round the cliffs was resumed. Our interest in the old haunts, and flowers, and weeds, and shells, revived. These daily walks, and our daily employment over the Great Work, were a spring of purest joy, welling up through the dark and turbid waters of rebellion. I was her veriest slave. In her presence, I had no will of my own, but followed, in a trance of rapture, every motion of her quick, strong will. When we were together, I spoke but little. She was so full of life, and high spirits, and fresh ideas, that it was exhilarating to listen to her rhapsodies on nature; her choice passages of the great poets; or the grand thoughts of the Old Fathers, which she had picked up from the parson. My words, at such times, seemed like the flaring of a tallow candle, in the pure light of her utterance. Her singleness of soul was awful to me, in my life of double-dealing, and chicanery, and fellowship with that prince of intriguers, my brother-in-law. When her lovely face flashed out scorn of hypocrisy, deceit, falsehood, impurity, wrong, I quailed before the young girl, and loved her all the more. She might have trodden upon me, or treated me as a menial, and I could not have loved her less. She never did, by thought, or word, or look, shew a sense of my inferiority. I was to her as a brother,—save her father, the only person of my sex, whom she could tolerate. The young gentlemen of the neighbourhood, she drove from her, with pitiless ridicule. She must have, in her friend, a scholar, one fond of romance and poetry, and weeds and shells and fishes,—who would, moreover, obey her in all things. Once or twice, shortly after my return from the North, I ventured on distant, delicate hints of my love for her, from which she soared away to other fields. No trace could I detect, that one of my shafts had told. Only, the next day she was missing from the cliffs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lily alone was ignorant of her father's sure decline. And he had asked of me to prepare her mind for the calamity so soon to burst upon her. How can I break it to her—give her pain? It must be done, and the more simply the better.

Said I one morning, "Lily, how is your papa this morning?"

"Oh, he is as well as usual. He is always delicate at this season of the year."

"He was complaining that he felt very weak yesterday."

"Oh, yes; he has been working too hard. However, he means to

take a little rest. The Work is too much for him. But he has consented to lay it aside for a little while."

"Indeed, Lily, I fear he is seriously ill."

"What makes you think so, sir?"

"He is much feebler than he ever was. He never walks on the cliffs. He has a habit of pressing his hand to his side, which I do not like; and he looks much older of late."

"What nonsense you talk, Hugh! He is far stronger than he was last winter. He is not half so wretched or ill-looking as poor old Searson has been any time this ten years. It is all this horrid east wind. Strange, is not, how the same wind makes me feel as if I had wings, or were full of quicksilver; and drives him, shivering, into greatcoats, and the warmest corner of the study? It almost seems as if it took life from him to give it to me. How I wish it were the other way!"

"But, Lily, do you not think, that he feels himself much worse than usual?"

"He never complains. He is always cheerful and happy. Oh, Hugh! he is an angel. He grows kinder and kinder every day; and he speaks so sweetly of mama, and my brother, and people who have gone before, as if he saw them in heaven. The Bible is never out of his hands, or his lips; and he chooses such exquisite parts of Chrysostom, and Augustine, and St. Bernard, for me to read to him. And he has such pity for you Roman Catholics! How can you people dream that he would lead any one astray? How *can* you think that dreadful Father Phil better than my angel father? Sure there is no one in the world so wise and good and pious as he is. Hugh, if you heard him once, praying with me at night, or preaching in Church on Sunday, you could not help feeling, that he was right, and you were all wrong. And you believe, that the sweet Saviour will be angry with him! Hugh, I wonder how you can be a Romanist!"

"Conscience, Lily."

"'Doth make cowards of us all,' is that what you mean? Let me tell you, sir, if your conscience does not permit you to see the light at noonday, or to distinguish truth from falsehood, the sooner you get a new one, the better."

"For the present, I must obey it."

"Look here, Hugh," said she, recurring to her father's health, "you have made me very miserable. I would rather you had struck me in the face, than told me my father was in danger. If he should — Oh dear, oh dear;" and she sobbed and wept, until she came to the gates of the Glebe. "But, Hugh, I am sure it is all nonsense. Old Searson has been far worse any time this last ten years; and it is all that detestable east wind. Do not come up this evening."

It might drive him to that Book," were the words with which she left me—having done my duty, and suffering for it.

Daily, after this, the Parson's carriage bore him and Lily out, to the various families of his scattered flock. In the evening, he moved feebly through the village, and spoke parting words of love to all. His manner was inexpressibly sweet. The little children ran about him, and received his little Scripture-picture cards, with reverent delight. The women looked after him with tears in their eyes, and said many a prayer to the saints—whose intercession he declined—that the sight of so good a friend might not be taken from them. Even the priests looked, with wondering awe, at this man going so calmly and cheerfully to, what their faith sternly taught was, the nethermost pit of hell; for had he not been a sower of false doctrine, and a determined enemy to the Church all his life—and never more so, than now? The Protestants came out of Church on Sundays with streaming eyes, saying they had heard the voice, as of one already in heaven, softening their hearts, and leading them to God. The Squire and he were much together, as brethren who knew their intercourse would soon be ended. When the ledgers came down to me, I knew the Parson had bidden earth farewell, and was waiting for his dismissal. I felt that Lily had shut the door of her heart on all thoughts and persons but one now, as I had done myself, when a like blow had fallen on my head. But this exclusion was agony. I was distracted. Now, I was determined to throw myself at Mr. Crofton's feet, and beg him to pray for me, and show me what I ought to do; now, to tell him boldly of my love. But the time for such a confession was past. At length, one day, after hours of watching, I saw him and Lily come out in the sun before the door. He was covered with wrappers, and leant on her for support. She was veiled, and sobs shook her frame, when I stood before him, taking my last look at that noble face.

"Hugh, good friend," said he, "Lily and I have been in retreat this last week or two. I have spent the evenings in reconciling her to my journey home."

She shuddered from head to foot, but spoke not. How I longed to show her my sympathy!

"This darling," said he, "has to be taught, Hugh, to give me up to God, and herself, too. That is my great work now." Not a shred of doubt or fear was in his face or words. The voice told of perfect resignation, of invincible assurance, that all must be well. "Yes, dearest," said he to her, "our Heavenly Father shall soon be all in all to you."

I saw that I was a stranger, intermeddling in things of another sphere than mine. I bowed down—took his hand—kissed it, as if it

had been the hand of my Sovereign—so far did he seem above me, and my pitiful ambition. Such thanks as I could utter I offered him, and asked his blessing. Thereat, a smile from heaven transfigured his face. He laid his hand upon my head.

"The Peace of God in Jesus Christ be yours, Hugh Bryan. He shall guide you into His Truth yet."

That was our farewell. That prayer, I am convinced, has been a shield over me, in dark and troublous days. Never could I think with doubt on the lot of that pure spirit.

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A week after the funeral, a carriage drove away from the Rectory. In it, sat an imperious-looking lady, with an old bronzed officer beside her; opposite whom, sat a gentleman, who startled me by his likeness to Mr. Crofton; and a slight figure, veiled and motionless, rested in his arms. The misery of that sight ate into my heart. Gone, gone away with that proud woman, and her haughty husband, to dwell among the aristocracy of England! What hope of seeing her again, have I? Not one word, to rest upon! How shall I live? Oh, God! oh, God! why hast thou made man's heart so weak—his love so strong? *She* is an orphan, torn from the home she loved; and *I* have not one shred that was hers. I rushed home, to shut myself away from men's eyes, in my little room. Oh, joy! on the table, lay a parcel, and, on the top of it, a black-edged note. I kissed it deliriously. I opened it with fear, and trembling; not breaking one morsel of the wax, which sealed it.

"DEAR HUGH,

"I cannot see you now. You were too great a favorite of his. He bade me send you this, and wished you to keep it, for his sake. Do so for mine also. Mr. Saxe will tell you, when I am at Glenmore. Come and see me then.

"Your friend in the greatest grief,

"LILY CROFTON."

The book was the abstract of the Great Work, which she had written with her own hand. I knelt down, and tears of joy came in floods from my eyes. I put the note in a little purse, and from that day, wore it as another amulet. That night, Daly heard me humming the words of a hopeful song. He nodded at me good-naturedly, and said. "Hugh is himself again. It is glad I am to see the resurrection. For the last month you have been a living picture of misery. The first week, you wore the look of a man sentenced to death. The second, of one that was on the scaffold. The next, of one that was hanged. The last,



of one that was drawn and quartered. Welcome back to life, old boy—I have work for you.”

“All right,” said I, “the more the better.”

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## CHAPTER X.

Daly had for many months been pursuing a tortuous course of diplomatic action, in the effort to form an alliance, with the terrible Captain of Bandits, who now wielded the cudgel of the Rock dynasty. For a long time after Hannigan's murder, he could find no clue to this personage. The Chieftain had thrown a cloud of darkness over his movements. By the merest accident, my Right Arm discovered, that one of *his* Fingers was a Rockite also. With this thin end of the wedge, he opened his way into the presence of the man of blood. From him, he could gain nothing, but dry jokes and endless mystification, until, in desperation, he joined the band himself. Then, he found no trouble in settling the details of an interview between the Rockite chief, and the head of the Fenians.

“Hugh,” said he to me, as he entered the house in hot haste, one evening in July, “the nation can never recompense me for my devotion to her cause. It will take an ocean of holy water, to wash away that oath. But his high mightiness, Captain Rock, will meet you at sunrise in the morning, at the top of Knockmeledown.”

“Did he send me a pair of wings, James? It is twenty miles off, if it is a step.”

“Oh, he said, the Head of the Fenians must be as supple as a deer, and should think nothing of a race of twenty miles. But you have no time to lose. In eight hours, the sun will rise, and must find you at Eeles's grave.”

“Well, James, I shall only delay to write an apology to Mr. Saxe, and away. The view will be worth the journey; if the blood-thirsty ruffian's face does not take away my appetite for beauty.”

“You need not be afraid. He has neither horns nor hoofs. But, I must swear you to secresy first.”

“Of course, Captain Rock has many ways of serving his master.”

“Mind now,” said he, when I had given the required pledge,—“the signal is this. You whistle ‘God save the Queen,’ as you approach—

to which he replies, with 'Yankee Doodle.' You then give 'Patrick's Day'—and he appears, to the tune of 'The Last Rose of Summer.' You salute him with 'The early bird catches the worm,' which he caps with 'Sarve the worm right, for being up so early.' Then, you may proceed to business."

"Your new commander is a miracle of caution, James."

"Faith he has need, when he does not know, but the planks may be sawed for his coffin. When a thousand pounds are bid for a man's head, it is worth taking care of. His life is precious. He would be a sore loss to the farmers."

The long walk in the cool clear night was neither tedious nor fatiguing. As the sun rose over the Welsh mountains, I was leaning against the old sportsman's grave; and hailed his early beams, with "God save the Queen," introducing several shivery variations. The chill before the dawn had pierced me to the marrow. "Yankee Doodle" rose in a cheery vigour from the western slopes, before I ceased; "Patrick's Day" brought "The Last Rose of Summer" to my ears, and the Bandit to my eyes. He was by no means the savage looking villain, I had anticipated. A little wiry, middle-sized man, with the saddest of eyes looking out of a melancholy face, terminated by a peaked beard. His person was clad in a black dress coat, black satin vest, and black pants. His accent was New York, grafted on Langarvan. Meeting him in the street, I should have said, he was clerk to a Yankee attorney, of Puritan proclivities. After our formal salute, we sat down on the highest point we could find.

"I reckon," said he "this is about the safest place we can deliberate in. The climate up here ain't favourable to spies. To a lover of Hibernia, moreover, like my honorable friend, Captain Bryan, it must be peccolitary gratifying to see so much of the face of motherland. At this instant, I feel proudly national myself, and particularly independent and defiant of British law, and Saxon peelers. But tew business. Fire away, Captain Bryan; your name is dear to every patriot's heart."

I began, by declaring, that I was anxious to deliver the country from all tyrants at one blow, and had been working to that end, under instructions from Dublin, for some months, with the best fortune, till Hannigan's murder. That all but wrecked my hopes. It had sent a host of police, and detectives among us; had stirred up the magistrates to unusual vigilance; and disgusted the better class of peasantry, with all thoughts of a rising. I implored him to give up such courses; appealed to his sense of honour,—would he sacrifice his country to private malice or petty revenge? Would it not be far the wiser plan, to extirpate the whole Sassenach swarm at once? If he was willing

to enlist in this cause, I was prepared to furnish him with information, assistance, and counsel.

He heard me to the close in silence, fingering his beard the while.

"Wal, Captain, I agree, there is considerable gumption in what you say. Mebbe I have had thoughts like that myself. But I am an humble man, and you must not blame a fellow, if he cannot build a schooner with a hand-saw, and a jack-plane. My humble sphere is to protect the tenants twenty miles round here. I guess I do that. Many a landlord, that is a very big man on the bench, shivers, for all his body-guards, when he sees the mark of that fist. He won't screw the tenants for cash, I reckon, when they give me for their security. Again, I am the guardian of all the widows and orphans, in this district. It is small chance they would have of keeping the ground, if it was not for Captain Rock's taboo. In short, Captain, I am the people's policeman, and give the laws a hitch round to the side of the poor, to make them straight. Only for me, the gentlemen (God save the mark !) would have it all their own way."

"But, surely, there was no excuse for such tortures as you made Hannigan suffer."

"Wal, I calculate, Hannigan was not a pleasant sight, when I had done with him. But I'll tell you a story before we part, will make you say, he got less than his deserts. As a rule, young man, there is two sides to everything upon airth. You have only seen one, and it has made you sick. The other side han't got into print, but to my mind it is far worse. However, I am agreeable to your proposal, very. You see, I know all your history long ago. I had a notion you were carrying a deal of mischief agin England in that head of yours. And, by my faith, you have been working the country well. Even Captain Rock had uncommon trouble in finding out tracks of your goings on."

Here he touched his eyes, arms, fingers, and feet, from which I gathered, that he knew the details of our organization.

"Will you join us?" said I, "or would you prefer working on your own hook?"

"Captain Rock's your man, Captain Bryan. He is ready for a dash at the savage baste, they call the British Lion. I am up to anything, from pitch and toss to manslaughter, for the good of my country. I turn my back on no man, for squeezing marcy out of a flinty landlord, or hunting a bailiff, or tarring and feathering a tithe-proctor, or bothering the polis; but an insurrection is above my line. But I *can* play second fiddle, when I know the first is in the hands of an A 1 performer. You need not be afraid any of my men will hold back, or desert. By Gosh, we are so deep in their books, they'd hang us off, every one, without saying by your lave. But I am spinning a tar-

nation long yarn, which I very seldom do, instead of receiving your instructions."

"How many men have you in your troop, Captain Rock," said I.

"There is more nor a hundred and fifty," said he, "ring-tail roarers every one of them, with a halter ready for the neck of every man of them, and the best guns in the country, in their fists—involuntary donashyuns from our landlord-friends, you know. I did not raise them myself; I found them out, or they found me, when I came home from Amerrykay. The then Captain Rock was hanged shortly after, and they did me the honour and glory of electing me to wear the vacant caubeen."

"Am I to understand, then," said I, "that you promise to stop all such ferocious outrages for the future; and enlist in the service of the Irish Nation? If so, I shall place fifteen drill-sergeants under your command at once.

"Wal, I heerd you were kinder riled at that, but it was fair play, as you'll allow yourself, when you hear the raisons. I have sworn the Right Honorable Baronet will drink a cup of the same soup, and, by —, I'll keep my word. I have kept the tenants from paying him rent, and will, till I bring him over, and square my account with him. But, dang it, you are the right sort, and, for the sake of a scrimmage with Britanney, I'll give him longer credit. By gosh! it is grate news, and you are as smart a man as iver I met. To be sure, I'll leave the varmint till arter, and be your Liftinint. It is a Field-Marshal you ought to be, and will be. My line is rather in the retail department, but you are fit for the management of any wholesale consarn. Have you a Testament handy? Swear me off-hand. The oath can't be too hot, or have too big a charge of brimstone in it, for Captain Rock. And so, you'll take my word for it. Bedad, and you may, when there is a fight with the peelers in the engagement. Now, I am your man, and faix, when Captain Bryan and Captain Rock have formed an alliance, the young woman over the water may look out for squalls. She'll have to send the ould Duke over himself, and *he* won't bate us. It is yourself has the tongue, my beauty, to bring a man over to your side. Maybe, you could put the comether on Wellington himself. You ought to go over and try. He would be a powerful recruit."

"You promised," said I, "to tell me your story. I long to hear it, and I hope it will be some justification for your treatment of Hannigan. As an officer of mine, I am tender of your reputation."

"Will you listen to the whole of it," said he, "it is seldom I talk of it, and there is very few I would open my heart to; but *you* are one of them. It'll do me good to let off some of the steam that's raging iver and always inside. Besides, it is only fair. I know all about you,

breed, seed, and generation, from Vinegar Hill, to Irish Street, and you don't know me, from the man in the moon."

"Speak on," said I, "you have a patient listener, and one who has known trouble."

He threw himself on the ground, shaded his eyes with his hand, and in tones, from which all affectation had passed away, gave me his life-story :

"Ten years ago," said he, "there was no smarter, merrier boy in Coshmore and Coshbride, than Lanty O'Driscoll. Nothing ever came amiss to me, in them days. I could rise with the sun, and go out and haul sprats, or herring, or anything that was going, till breakfast-time ; then, start off and follow the hounds, for the length of the day ; and be back for a dance that would last far into the night ; and not be a hair the worse the next day, but able for the same over again. I think I niver knew pain, or ache, or sorrow for twenty years. I b'lieve I never shed a tear, till I came home from Amerrykay. My father and mother died, within a week, of the faver, five-and-twenty years ago, and me only three months old ; and I wish I had died with them. My uncle, by the mother's side, tuk me up ; and though they had a big family of their own, and had to work hard, and were often sore pinched to get enough to fill ten hungry mouths, niver a grudge had any of them agin the stranger and the orphan. They trated me better nor their own, and to this day I call Jack and Molly Carew father and mother. The neighbours, too, were very good to the desolate child. Iver and always I was welcome to their houses and their boats. They gave *me* the finest fish in the boat for luck and goodwill. Thy taught me all they knew about fishing, or rather it came to me natural by instinct ; and when I was only a lump of a boy, I could pull an oar, or cast a net, or haul a seine, as well as any man in the parish. The gentry, too, always had a kind word for me. Ould Sir Percy—God bless him—many's the sixpence he gave me for houlding his horse, or carrying the bag after him, when he went out shooting. And the grooms were always glad to get me to ride the horses to the water. Oh, but them were the happy days, when we went out with a slant of wind to the Mede to fish for hake, and the waves dancing about us, and us singing for delight ; or when we followed the music of the hounds for miles at a stretch. But the happiest time of all was, when Rose Farrel used to come out, and take a stroll with me, of a Sunday or a holyday, Oh, darling, you were sweeter than e'er a flower that blows, or a star that shines. She was old Tom Farrel the miser's daughter. Every one wondered how such a cross-grained, flinty-hearted ould sinner came to have such an angel of a daughter. Sure, we grew up together, and I knew every thought in her bosom, from the time

she was a slip of a girl, as she knew mine. Many's the great offer she refused for my sake. Oh, but her father was the hard man to the poor. In the bad times he'd strip the blankets off their beds. And he was always driving Rose to marry the rich farmers and grocers, that came a-coorting her. But Rose had a spirit of her own, and she was as true as steel to me. Bad as he was, he could not bear to see her miserable, and crying about the house all day. So he gave up tormenting her, and we were as happy as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Till the priest says to me, 'Lanty, you had better be asking ould Tom for Rose. Ye have kept company for ages, and all the parish has got the start of you.' 'True enough for your Riverence,' says I; 'but what chance has a poor boy like me with Tom, at all, at all?' 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' says he. 'Lady niver was fairer than Rose,' says I; 'and man niver said yit, that Lanty O'Driscoll had a faint heart.' So off I starts hot foot to Tom's house, running the whole way. 'Tom,' says I, to the wizened ould craytur, 'will you give me Rosy for my wife? I love the very ground she walks on. I am strong and able, glory be to God; and if you give me a boat and a seine, I'll keep her as well as you can.' 'Lanty,' says he, 'I'm overpowered with your impidence. The man that gets my Rosy for his wife, must shew me a hundred goolden sovereigns of his own, to set foreninst what I'll give her, and that'll be more nor twice as much.' 'Arrah, Tom,' says I, 'be aisy now. The boy is not in the country can do that same.' 'Be off now, Lanty,' says he. 'I'll not deny but I like you; but that is the last word that I'll say about the match. Bring the money, and the girl is yours, and you'll have the best of the bargain.' I felt one minute as if I must go out and rob the mail or break the bank; but that would not suit. I might be transported, and anyhow I would not get Rose with stolen money. No man can say I ever took a ha'penny didn't belong to me. For a month and more, I went digging every night round all the ould chapels and castles and forths; but if ever there was any goold there, faith, the fairies must have hid it very deep. At last, when I was dead bate, I seen a letter that came home, with ten pounds in it, to Widow Doherty. Ses I to myself, if Peter can earn enough, to have ten pounds to spare for his mother, at the end of a year, it 'ud be a quare thing, if I could not save twenty for Rose in the same time. So I ups, and tells Rose, I am going to Amerrikay for the goold, and she agreed that it was the only chance of getting such a great sum, and, if man could do it, I would do it and no mistake; and we broke a sixpence, and pledged our words at the ould chapel, that we would be faithful and true; and, living or dying, care for none but each other. And would you believe it? ould Tom lent me the passage-money, and I

sailed from Cork for Boston. Work enough I got there, and well-paid it was, and, you may be sure, I did not spare myself in the earning, or kill myself with too much ating. It was half-dead with hard work and poor food I was, when at the end of three years I had the hundred sovereigns in a belt round my waist, and twenty more in my pocket, besides the passage-money. The man I was with, wanted me to stop with him, and it's twice as much I could have made in another year, for I had got into the ways of the people, and they liked me. But I thought every day a year that kept me from Rose; and if they had offered me a guinea a minute, I would not have stopped an hour longer. The grass did not grow under my feet, you may be sure, till I found myself knocking at ould Farrel's door, and my heart thumping like a hammer agin my ribs. I was afeard, bekase none of them had met me at the car; and I had sent word of the very hour I would be back, to Rose. 'Ohone,' thinks I, 'it is lying in her grave, the darling must be, or she would have come miles to meet Lanty.' But oh,—is there a God in heaven at all?—it was worse, far worse nor that—I saw, when I lifted the latch, and walked into the kitchen. There sat all that was left of my sweetest *colleen oge*, crooning like an old woman by the fireside. Death was in her face, plain to be seen, when the poor eyes looked at me; and oh, d-ar! oh, dear! a child was on her knee, sucking at her breast. 'Rose Farrell,' I whispers (I was so weak with fright, you might have knocked me down with a feather), 'is that child yours?' and I threw her half of the sixpence at her. Oh, Lord forgive me! the poor darling looked up with a moan, and crossed herself, and put her hands before her face, and only said, 'Oh, Mother of God! why did not you take me away, before he seen my shame? Oh, Lanty, my own dear Lanty, pity poor Rose and her innocent babe.' After a dale of cross-questioning, I found out the whole of the story, and it changed me into what I am now. Sometimes, I think, the devil entered me that day. Young Sir Percy (curses on him) was a gay young officer; and he had seen my Rose at a dance, and fell in love with her for her beauty; and came after her up to the house, and beseiged her with presents and promises, till she threatened to bring my cousins down upon him, if he did not let her alone. Then, he sends Hannigan after her, and by *his* lying stories about a dying woman wanting to see Rose at his house, the sarpent gets her in his possession away from her father's house. Then they gave her some stuff to drink, that put her out of her senses; and (may God curse and blast the villains) Sir Percy came on her in her weakness, and ruined her that I would have died for millions of times."

Here the poor fellow became incoherent, and lay at my feet, heaving and rocking his body to and fro, while piteous sobs proved that

humanity was still strong in Captain Rock. It was a wonderful relief to find that my new ally could establish so good a case in his defence. Sir Percy was capable of any wickedness. The law of the land could never reach him ; for was he not the Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates? and was not his agent the acting Justice of the district? Here was a stroke of fortune, indeed ! This brave, reckless, determined Captain, and his hundred and fifty men, have all been won over by a moonlight walk.

"Lanty," said I, laying my hand on his arm, "rise, my friend ; we shall try the villain by Irish law, and give him his deserts, and save our countrywomen from such villains for the future."

He leaped to his feet, shook himself, and said, " Captain, I'll give you all the help I can ; but no man shall come between the — baronet and Lanty O'Driscoll."

" Tell me, Lanty," said I, before we parted, "how do you manage to hide yourself from the peelers and all of us?"

" Hide myself? Faith, in 7, Main Street, Langarvan, you'll see Lanty O'Driscoll's name, in letters a foot long, over a fine shop with great windows, where I can serve you with Amerrikan clocks, floor-cloths, nutmeg graters, and a general assortment of Transatlantic notions. The peelers and myself are the best friends in the world. I have the finest tobacco in the country, and they are always welcome. I've been the means of sending dozens of them across the sea, to make their fortunes in the land of the free. They often tell me I am the life of Langarvan, and keep them from dying of laziness. Sure, man, they give me all the news, about the awful doings of Captain Rock and his men. It is only the other day they shewed me the man they were sure was himself ; and who should it be but Paddy Galteragh, the fool fisherman of Ringacrew. I take monthly towers round the country, to dispose of Amerrikan clocks. They bring me in lashins of money ; and better still, they give me an excuse for going into many a house, that I would be puzzled to find the key of, only for them. Mind this, now, Captain ; for it is a wrinkle worth knowing, and may sarve you some day. Whenever you go into a house, and see foreninst you an Amerrikan clock, with a picture of a round tower, and Saint Patrick playing a big harp under it, with his crosier over his shoulder, and the wolf-dog at his feet, you may trust the people in that house with your life, as if it was meself. That clock is my cross of the lagion of honor, and I only decorate men of distinguished merit."

" Thank you, Lanty ; I shall not forget it. I hope to be decorated some day."

" We'll see. You have made a good beginning. How many Fenians have we now?"



"You make us up to eight hundred."

"By the hokey, that is grand. Send me the drill-sergeants, and my boys will be the right stuff for soldiers, before the year is out. Couldn't we have a review by New-Year's Day?"

"As soon as the boys are perfect in their drill, and we can get safe time and place, we'll get some of the men from Dublin to come and inspect us."

"Sirr, that'll be a great day for Ireland. It will be glorious to behold the chicken, that is to grow into the aigle, that's to stand upon the top of Mangerton, a-flapping his wings from Dingle Bay to Tra-more—and a-looking with one eye at Sligo, and the other at Belfast, and a-crowing forth his magnanimous appeals to the hearts of the admiring and emancipated multitudes—a-saying, 'Come here, my childer, and behold me a-tearing the liver out of Britanny's lion, that I've got under my invincible toe-nails.' God speed you, Captain Bryan. Captain Rock is your man."

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## CHAPTER XI.

The Hannigan outrage brought more recruits to the Fenians than Rock and his men. The deed of blood had been done on the farm of the Linahans, which was part of the property of Sir Percy Rigby. Soon as the Baronet received tidings of the brutal murder of his trusty retainer, he issued an edict of expulsion against all who dwelt within three miles of the spot. If within six months, the murderers were not brought to justice, out they must go, every soul of them. Even the breathing-space given by the law, between the notice to quit and ejection, was not for them. By that cunning practice, then prevalent among Irish landlords, of leaving or making the tenant always one or two gales of rent in arrear, they were utterly at his mercy, which was 0. Now, this act was a manifest and flagrant injustice. Old Jack and his tribe knew absolutely nothing of the band which, with blackened faces and white raiment, executed the ruffian—whom English law could not, or would not, reach—on their peaceful farm, for the very sake of baffling inquiry. Again, even if one or two of the gang had been members of the family—which was not the case—surely it was an act of execrable tyranny to ruin hundreds of women and children, for the suspected

guilt of a kinsman. Old Jack had all his life kept aloof from the atmosphere of discontent and sedition ; and, by infinite care, had kept the loyal fame of the family immaculate. They were the most innocent people in the parish. Old Jack prevailed on Mr. Saxe to state and certify these facts in a letter to Sir Percy ; to which the only reply was the curt and impertinent sentence : " Sir Percy Rigby knows how to deal with his tenants quite well without Mr. Saxe's dictation." Old Jack then had recourse to the argument of the purse. He offered to pay down all he had in the world, to be left in "the ould house." This appeal was scouted by the agent, as the other had been by the master. Out they must go at November, except they produced the murderers. A Scotchman was anxious to get the farm for pasture ground. Old Jack had some thought of offering one of the boys as a scape-goat ; but he could not depend on the evidence of the childer—and an "alibi" would surely be forthcoming. November came—and with it the crowbar brigade and two companies of soldiers and scores of police. There was no more room for fear or doubt or hope. Anticipation had fallen short of the reality. The Linahans must leave the land to-day which they have held for possibly a thousand years. The clan of the Linahans had held this very spot when Strongbow landed, and long before. Through change after change of dynasty, and rulers, and laws, Shanganagh was always the home of a Linahan. None had ever heard of a better title to the land than theirs, till Cromwell threw the barony to his trusty bugler, Win-the-fight Rigby, whose grand-child, Percy the First, gained a baronetcy, and royal patent for his lands, by aiding William at the Boyne. And all the time, the poor Linahans had stayed at home and tilled the ground, and married and been given in marriage, and served God and their neighbours, and never dreamt that an Englishman and a Dutchman had signed away the roof over their heads, and the acres under their feet, to a stranger. Until the soldier came, with buff-jerkined, arquebus-bearing, armed-to-the-teeth serving men, and claimed his trifling rent, which they, for peace sake, paid ; and so rivetted the chains, which every generation till now had added to. And now the land itself must go. Had Cromwell then a better right than the race who held it from the first ? Might was *his* only right—is Sir Percy's only right. If that argument should fail, whose is the land ? Can it be wrong to force the robber to undo his grasp—to disgorge his spoil ?

Such were my meditations as I strolled up, to feed my indignation by the sight of the legal Sassenach havoc ; uncomfortably conscious that I was looking out for prey. The sight was as sad as any upon earth. The crowbar brigade had begun their work from the outskirts of the farm, advancing upon the ancient nest of the family. In

every corner of every field through which I passed, for more than a mile, were to be seen piles of mud—heaps of thatch—masses of smoked timber, which had been roof-trees—burning embers, on what had been the hearth-stone of a family. Not a soul was visible. The inmates had retired upon what had been their Ark of Refuge—bearing the infirm and aged upon their doors. The heartless wretches who formed the *corps* of destruction, had torn the roof off house and barns, when I got up. They had thrown the old treasures and furniture of the house about the garden. They were battering down the old walls. The yards around were filled with the clan—more than three hundred souls—to every one of whom this wrecked house was the emblem of misery and ruin. One woman there, who had become a mother since morning, was lying in pale, sad exhaustion, under an old apple tree; her husband brooding over her, not knowing where they should lodge that night. Sick men and women were there, in the dreary weather of that day, whose hours were numbered. Old creatures, fallen into second childishness, tottered about, admiring the gay uniforms and polished weapons of the soldiers—as did the little things, at the other extreme of life. The soldiers and police looked on, with shame and disgust in their faces, at the work they were unwilling agents in. The officers could have wept. They were a pitiable sight. One, a mere boy, held a fainting Linahan in his arms, and pressed his silver flask to the sick man's lips.

Thankful beyond expression was I, that no blame rested upon me, or my intemperate speech on the night of the wedding. The patriarch met me, with a heart-breaking smile.

"Thank you kindly, Hugh," said he, "for coming up this day, and for getting us the offer of a week's shelter in the school-house. Squire Saxe always was a good friend to the Linahans. God Almighty bless him and his."

"He bade me tell you also, Mr. Linahan, that he had cut off a farm of twenty acres for you and Shawn Bawn. He would have come up himself; but he would have no part in this act of cruelty, and he could not bear the sight."

"I know it well, Hugh. But oh dear, if *he* could not stand it, what a sight is it for *me* to have to look at, and me four score years and four? To leave the house that sheltered us for hundreds of years; to be turned out of the place, I was reared in, and never slept a night out of, in my life, and to be tould, I'm a murderer. Oh, Hugh alanna! it is hard—hard—very hard."

"But, my dear sir, no man in the world bears a higher character among all who know you. No one dreams that you know anything of Hannigan's affair."

"God knows, neither me nor mine had act or part, thought, or wish in it, to the extent of one hair's breadth. Sure, and I always kep the boys away from party-work ; and you warned them against it yourself, Hugh. Oh dear, my heart will break," cried he, as the great chimney fell with a crash, "Ohone, ohone, the darling ould walls is only rub-bish now, that I was born in, and brought Aileen home to, and never slept out of all my life, till this miserable night." He sat down in the ruins, and kissed, and apostrophized the charred timber, like a living thing. "Ayah, ayah, sacred priests, and nuns, and His Holiness the Bishop—it's himself will have the sore heart when he hears this—larned their first prayers under yez. And yez always had the kindly look for a Linahan. Sure, and ivery one of us came into the world under ye ; and the fire never was out under ye for centuries upon centuries, and, *ohone, ohone, wirrasthru*, a Linahan will never stand under yez again."

There came over to where we stood, the cry of the children, shouting, "Mammy, we want our dinners."

The old man shivered all over, and said again to me—"Oh, Hugh, Hugh, isn't it a poor thing, to think of all them poor craytures, my own flesh and blood, that niver knew want, or paid for a drop of milk, or a potato in their lives—going to lodge in a street? What is to become of them? There is no work for them, at this sayson. They know no trade. Thousands of pounds wouldn't feed them for a year. Oh, Lord ! why did I live to see this day?"

Going out, I found Shawn Bawn and his wife, with the young heir in her arms, keeping guard over the cattle, which they had driven into one spot. He was moody, sulky, almost speechless. She was in high and excited spirits.

"This is English justice and marcy, Hugh Bryan. This it what we Irish are to bear, and never dare to say—we feel it. Oh, Hugh, how long are we to stand this tratement? What right has that dandified barrownight to the land, that belonged to our fathers, before his father blew a trumpet for that divil Cromwell? It was lies, and roguery, and cant that got them their estate. It is not theirs at all. It belongs to the Linahans, every foot of it. Sure it was only a turn of the wheel that sent the Rigbys up, and the Linahans down. Give it another turn, boys, and all will be right again ; and the scum of the airth will be at the bottom, where they ought to be. Oh, if I was a man, I'd show you the way, Shawn, to make the quollity shiver at the sound of a Linahan's name. But the men have only the spirit of women now-a-days, and it's milking the cows, and washing the duds, they ought to be."

The husband sat uneasily on a rail, smouldering under the taunts of his magnificent and magniloquent spouse. It was plain, he was proud of her eloquence, and courage, and found her words far from

unpalatable. At last he jumped to his feet and shouted, "Jack Linahan is a man, Kitty mavournen. Only shew me, how to prove it, and none will call your husband a coward."

"Hush, darling," said she, "don't spake so loud," and she pointed to the peelers. "Ask Hugh Bryan, what you ought to do. He is the boy can tell you, how to have revenge for Saxon cruelty and wrong. It's himself taught me to hate it long ago. But, oh, Hugh dear, it is only a sorrowful house you have come to the day—not like the last time;" and the poor mother looked at her child, and burst into a flood of hysterical sobs and tears.

I bade her cheer up—told her of the home, Mr. Saxe had offered them; promised that if Shawn would follow my advice, I would shew him the way to gain greater comfort than that which was passing from them, and be, moreover, one of the deliverers of the whole country.

He clutched my hand—"Hugh," said he, "don't be afeard of me. I'll do anything to get the ould place back again."

"That is right, Shawn," said I. "You'll be as great a man as Sir Percy yet; and the Bishop will be a Primate, when Ireland is free. I'll talk to you on Sunday after mass."

On which day, Father Phil took the eviction as the text of his sermon, and delivered a most powerful harangue, which sent us nearly a hundred recruits.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Happy the nation which has no history! Happy were the six months between November, 1845, and May, 1846! The only events to record, were the continual ingathering of Fenians; and Duffy's raptures with their agility and smartness on parade. All the limbs of my body were full of life, and performed their several functions, with all the vigor of perfect health. We were more than twelve hundred strong. Rock's guns had served to give all the men correct notions of the power and use of fire-arms. Our exchequer contained more than £400, and the revenue was increasing weekly. Duffy had long since ceased to drill in squads. On three nights in the week, he reviewed his men by hundreds, in the desolate glades of the mountains. To me, he had imparted his whole knowledge of the theory and

practice of the art military; and had procured books on tactics of every kind. Daly and I were engaged in the preparation of a most exact and minute map of the country round, which the Squire admired exceedingly. With the Saxes, I was on terms of intimate friendship. Through them, I heard frequently of Lily—even saw and read her letters. Her uncle had been stationed with his regiment, at first, in the North of Ireland. Now, he had retired, and they were dwelling in such a pretty English village. She was to visit Glenmore in the early weeks of July, when she hoped to see all her old friends. At home, ours was a model household. No marriage could have been followed by more perfect happiness. Daly's love for Nelly amounted to a weakness, which made me often fearful for his behaviour, when the fighting days should come. A little Hugh Bryan had come in the spring to bind us all more closely together. Early in May, Daly had visited Dublin, and succeeded in obtaining the promise of a visit of inspection from head-quarters. It was arranged to take place at dawn on the Queen's birthday—on which day, the Lismore Races came off—on a desolate shoulder of Knockmeledown, eighteen miles from Rathcore. The Races would account for the absence of so many men, and their return in the evening—while the holiday would occupy the thoughts of the gentry, and the distance would baffle the inquisitive. The day before, Nelly produced a splendid flag of green silk, embroidered in a wonderful manner, with the device of the Bryans—the Sunburst—and the legend, "The Fenians of Rathcore."

"Where in the world did you get this magnificent ensign, Nelly?" said I.

"Oh, you men thought you were going to do everything for the country; and we women, I can tell you, will not be left behind. I have given the regiment what I value most—my wedding dress."

"Nelly," said I, kissing her, proudly, "you are a sister after my own heart. This flag will be as famous as 'The Garter.'"

"Come, then, Hugh," said she, "and give a kiss to your namesake."

"And you mustn't pass little Norry by," said the happy father, holding out his little girl, for a share of my affection.

At midnight, we started with our detachment of four hundred men, from the hill above Rathcore. At four o'clock, we stood upon our camping ground, twelve hundred Fenians. Three men, wrapped in long cloaks, stood waiting for us. M'Vitriol came forward, and shook my hand, with a grim smile, and said, "You have kept your word, young man." I took the flag-staff, and planted it in the centre of a cairn. At that moment the sun burst out upon its folds, from behind a bank of cloud, and an irrepressible shout rose from the whole host;

and rolled down the mountain-side, startling the game. From the few wretched hovels, wondering forms, half-clad, came out ; and stood gaping at the martial crowd, who were satisfying their hunger, as best they could.

"Is it the Frinch have come over at last?"

"Faith if it is, they spake the most beautiful Irish."

"It is the Fenians we are," said Daly ; "we have wakened after a nap of a few thousand years, to drive the Sassenach away."

"Glory be to God ! it is great news," was the pious response.

Duffy took the whole charge of the review. He put them through every imaginable variety of manoeuvre and exercise. As they marched past M'Vitriol, his friends, and myself, each man poising his imaginary or real musket, and saluting the general and flag ; he kept repeating, "It is a beautiful sight—the most beautiful in Ireland."

After a brief interval of repose, and refreshment—chiefly from tobacco—M'Vitriol mounted the cairn, to regale us with a specimen of Dublin oratory.

"Brother Irishmen," said he, "this is the hundred-and-third Regiment of Patriotic Volunteers, which has been inspected by members of the Great Council. That, then, is your number in the roll of Ireland's army. See to it, that it be as glorious as your numbers, your discipline, your banners, promise ; and the deeds of the 103rd will be a memorable landmark in the future history of your country. For your presence this day, I thank you, in the name of Ireland—of the Great Council—of freedom. Now, I know our liberty is certain, when Irishmen are arming. Who is to blame for keeping Ireland subject to the British Crown ? Is it these hybrid things called Orangemen, half-men, half-fiends, children of the devil, spawn of hell, sent into this world to violate the laws of nature, and of God ? Tush, they would be crushed beneath the heels of an indignant people, like the worm that crawls. Is it the English soldiers ? I say no ! a thousand times, no ! It is the men who put themselves forward as leaders, and prove base, and sell her. It is the Judases who would sell the Lord in His own temple ; and who sell their country, as Esau sold his birthright ; who barter their manhood, if they ever had any, for a title, or a pension, or a demisemi-royal smile. Who have brought Ireland, by their damnable inventions, to what she is to-day—a land of beggars and toadies ? It is these hucksters, who have so long turned the energy, the generous and confiding nature of the Irish people, into a foul stream. The pure waters that would irrigate the nation, and nourish the buds of liberty, have been corrupted with their doctrines, their selfishness, and their beggarly arrogance, looking down upon poor men as the lower orders (God save the mark !), who are charitably supposed, to have no capabilities to rule a nation,

and only fit to be cajoled, and humbugged, O'Connelled, and Sheiled—domineered over and betrayed—hunted or starved. Oh, ye beautiful and insufferable toadies, your game is up—your tricks are known—and the people you have deceived, will lay the corner-stone of a great and enduring nation; and will use no such bricks as you are, in the structure, till you are first purified in the fire, which shall regenerate your native land. Yes, these pretended patriots have too long deceived us: they have again, and again painted Ireland's wrongs in true colours, and thundered forth anathemas against the tyrant in swelling words, and then, when a hopeful people looked to them for remedy, lo! and behold you, their panacea is a little office ointment rubbed on the heads of themselves and their friends; and then, forsooth, the disease was not so bad, and a little emancipation lotion, and Maynooth tincture of gold, and National School salve, would restore the patient to perfect health again. Oh, most farcical and impudent assertion! Will these things heal the deadly cancer? Will these men loosen the jaws of the hungry beast, whose teeth have been sinking deeper and deeper, into the very vitals of the nation, until now there remains, but one sound artery through which the blood, and hopes of our race flow, pure and true—the Fenian Brotherhood. We are tired of shams; we are sick of cant. We swear by the blood that has been shed, and the victims that have suffered—by the sacred dust of her millions of nameless martyrs—by every hope that men can cherish, and angels give, Ireland shall be free, and we shall free her. You have begged long enough—you have prayed—you have fawned, till freemen all over the earth despise you; till your sycophancy is disgusting to friend and foe alike. Now, step aside, and let the earnest sons of toil, the bone and sinew of the land, the true representatives of the men who fought at Limerick, Benburb, and Fontenoy—let them see what you can do. You have been tried in the balance and found wanting. Let us step into the scales and be tried. You have tried petitions and entreaties. We will try powder, and ball, and the cold steel. Blood must wash out what blood and crime have stained. Fenians of Rathcore, be of good cheer, the wild geese, that fled over the Atlantic, have got the sinews of war, and only wait the word, to let slip their mighty frigates—the Robert Emmet, the Wolfe Tone, the Brothers Sheares, the Edward Fitzgerald—to succour you and scourge your enemy. The Sons of Liberty in France, send you vows of fidelity to death. Only go on, as you have begun—obey your officers; increase your numbers; preserve your discipline; complete your equipment—and you shall soon have work.”

When the applause, which his great words evoked, had ceased, the tired Fenians called for addresses from their own men, specially from their Head.



I proposed that Duffy, O'Driscoll, Daly, and myself, should speak in succession, confining our remarks to ten minutes each. This met the wishes of all parties, and "The Duffy" was raised to the summit of the cairn, before his ideas had gained consistency.

"Boys," said he, and a volley of oaths prefaced his remarks, "I am as proud of you all this day, as the fellow was, who invented the steam-engine, of his machine. You are better than a hundred steam-engines. Hang it all, if I had twenty regiments like you, with a Brown Bess in every fist, I'd sweep the — English into the sea. Obey your commanding officers. Never miss a drill. Get guns, and you'll never turn your back on any regiment in the service of Queen Victoria."

Here the veteran came to a stand still, and gave way to Captain Rock.

"Boys," said he, "you have heard the news. We are going to lick the English. I am agreeable to that. I could do the fighting better than the speechifying. But I'll tell you what we ought to do, when we have got the bull out of the country. We ought to vote ourselves out of Europe, and into the United States of America, and send Mr. M'Vitriol and the Head over, as our members of Congress. America is a country worth belonging to, I tell you. They call England the mistress of the sea. That is all bunkum. It is the Mississippi makes the sea. If the Yankees turned the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the British Navy would be left sticking in the mud, and we would have a dry walk across. Yes, boys, we'll be the advance-guard of liberty in this hemisphere. Let Britanny howl, and roar, and storm as much as she likes. Uncle Sam will clasp us in his arms, and save us from the claws of our ould stepmother. That is my speech, boys." And very much it gratified his audience.

"Boys," said Daly, "I'll not make a speech, or keep you from hearing the General, but I'll give you a riddle, and I'll present this beautiful meerschaum to the man that answers it. Why is Ireland like a potato-garden?"

"Why is a pig like his father?" "How many beans make five?" and expressions of the like sort, seemed to convey depreciatory opinions of the Master's conundrum.

"Oh, you are all so wise," said he, "that my darling *dhudeen* is safe. But wait a bit, till I tell you the reason. The flower of the potato is poison, and so are the gentry; the middle is barren, and so are the shopkeepers; the only part that is any good, is, what lies next the ground, and that is ourselves, my beauties." He was amply repaid by the shrieks of applause with which his roundabout eulogy was received.

"Boys," said I, "I won't waste one word. Eyes and all give me your ears. You must all be well-clothed, well-armed, well-fed. Our review to-day would be another thing, if you were in uniform. When you go home, get, every man of you, wool enough to make three yards of the best frieze, full width; see it woven yourselves. Then, get two pairs of trowsers made of it, and lay them by. Next, get six yards of green flannel, and have it made into two loose shirts. This, with long fishing-boots, an oil-skin cap, a stout leather belt, and a seal-skin pouch, that will hold sixty cartridges, will give each of you the best working uniform for a soldier. Here is your pattern." I threw off an overcoat, and stood before them in the attire which I had just described. "Now for the arms. When every man has paid in his three pounds, he shall get a gun, and bayonet, and ammunition. I'll go to Birmingham for them myself, and have them before six months. As to feeding, and commissariat, while Paddy has the pigs, and potatoes, there is no fear of him."

My advice was received as a command, and I do not think there was one among the twelve hundred, who did not go home determined, at once, to provide a Fenian uniform.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Gradley had gone the way of all flesh, and left, as was right, the whole of his property, real and personal, to his dearly-beloved wife, Julia. Her heart turned, in the loneliness of widowhood, to her only relatives, James, and his children. She sent them costly presents, and even wished to adopt one of their little ones. She had welcomed James to her house with open arms. Was delighted to find that I was coming to Dublin, and wrote to know the exact hour of my arrival in town, for her house must be my home.

Never was I in such buoyant spirits, as when I started this time for the city. Ostensibly, I went, at Mr. Saxe's instigation, to compete for a Sizarship in Trinity College. Really, to take my seat in the Great Council of the Patriots. I was only two-and-twenty, but had achieved a position of real power. In the practical working of my schemes, the old dreams and visions of glory, had ceased to come, but the fact of twelve hundred men was more than worth them all. My nature, from

contact with baser spirits, was far more worldly and selfishly ambitious than of yore ; but was it not all the more fit for the task before me ? The only shadow of a cloud I could descry in the future, lay over Duffy. Would he be content with a subordinate post ? Was he to be depended upon, as a ready-to-die patriot ?

On my arrival at the station in Dublin, a footman, who might have been chosen for his stature, like Saul, halloed for Mr. Bryan, to come this way, and led me to an elegant carriage, on the box of which sat a coachman, who ought to have been Lord Chancellor, if appearance would qualify for the post ; while at the door, the most charming of widows received me as the dearest of friends. I had never seen Mrs. Gradley to such advantage. She was a bewitching creature. The costly mourning, which fitted her elegant figure to perfection, and the widow's cap, gave an expression of purity and gentleness to her features, in which they had been deficient before ; and made the sparkle of her eyes, and the wavy tresses of her hair, far more fascinating. She assumed the air of an elderly person towards me, whom she professed to regard as a kind of boyish ward. She inquired about my comfort, and gave charge about my poor luggage, with the thoughtfulness and kindness of a wise and hospitable matron. As we whirled in state, through the city, to her suburban villa, her lively conversation never flagged.

"Now, Hugh, for you know we are near relatives now, and must throw off all formality, so I shall always address you by your Christian name, how have you left the dear babies at home ?"

"They are generally considered the sweetest, handsomest, healthiest children that ever were, Mrs. Gradley."

"Stop, stop, now ; you really must not call me by that odious name. It must be 'Julia' from such a near relative."

"Indeed, I fear it would be too presumptuous."

"Dear boy, do not be so absurd. Is not my brother your brother also ? I know it is not a nice name, but that was the fault of my parents."

"Julia is a sweeter name than Juliet ; and the prince of poets chose *that* as the fittest for the most charming of his heroines. And here is one as fair as she."

"Oh ! I see you can turn a compliment as neatly as Lord Augustus. But, mind now, never let me hear that horrid 'Mistress Gradley' from your lips. You learned to say Julia quickly enough the first time I saw you. Tell me now—for I am very curious to know—is your beautiful sister like me ?"

"Oh, she is nothing but a simple country girl—and you know, comparisons are odious."

"How I wish she and the dear children had come with you ! How

delightful it would be to have you at my place ! Would we not make a handsome family picture, Hugh, for Catterson Smith to paint ?”

“Some of the figures, Julia, would be a worthy study for any painter.”

“Young man, do you know you have a dangerous tongue ? And, upon my word, you have grown into a very fine young fellow—oh now, don’t blush—we old women, you know, may tell the truth.”

“Oh, Julia, you have not reached your prime yet.”

“Well, of course, *you* know my age. I am only thirty ; but I have gone through *so* much. Don’t you see how thin and pale I have got, through watching poor dear Joseph ?”

“You never looked so lovely, Julia.”

“Oh, you are determined to provoke me ? I am sorry, sir, that I cannot return the compliment. You have a very manly look with those rough whiskers, and are as tall as my footman ; but—now, Hugh, don’t be offended at my frankness—you are just a little barbarous—countryish, you know—as was only to be expected from so long a stay in the village.”

“I am aware that such a rustic must be sadly out of place in such an equipage,” said I, looking with a rueful face at my clumsy, mud-be-spattered boots.

“Don’t be hurt now, Hugh. Only put yourself in my hands. I shall drive my dear boy into the town in the morning, and bring him to my late fond husband’s tailor and bootmaker and hairdresser, and they will soon turn you out the finished gentleman. Here we are at the Lodge. Yes, it *is* a nice place, and all my own. Poor dear Gradley left me mistress of everything he had ; so I can receive all my *own* old friends here now as I wish. When you were here last, it was different. Poor dear, he was sadly jealous, and had a prejudice against handsome young men. Now, Jones, bring Mr. Bryan to his room, and see that he is properly attended to. *Au revoir*, to dinner, at seven o’clock, Hugh.”

At which hour, the majestic footman marshalled me through sumptuous apartments to a table, covered with plate, and vases, and decanters, and covers, and such various preparations for the repast of two persons, as quite bewildered me. Julia kindly took my education in this branch of knowledge in hand ; and, dismissing the servants, taught me the mysteries of wines and wine-glasses, and fashionable dinners in general. All sense of personal importance passed away from me. I felt myself sinking into miserable insignificance, as every moment discovered further and further the abysmal depths of my ignorance of the A B C of polite life. Julia shone as the queen of hostesses. After dinner, she made me bring my books down to the drawing-room,

and pursue my studies by her side. But the musty old poets and historians and orators had no charms for me, while this brilliant dame was their rival. My looks soon told her, my heart was not in the classics, and that the interruption of my studies would be, not irksome, but a relief.

"Come, Hugh, shut up your books and let us have a pleasant chat. You are too tired and sleepy for anything serious. Let us amuse each other for an hour or two. You will be all the fresher in the morning."

"Thank you, Julia. It will be better. Can I be called at five o'clock?"

"Of course you can, at any hour you like. Order the servants about as much as possible. It will do the lazy creatures good. And what will we talk about?"

"Old times," said I.

"No, no; don't mention them, Hugh. I can't bear to think of Cole's Lane. Faugh! the nasty place. It makes me sick to think of it. Forget all about it, like a good fellow. It is too vulgar, and I can't bear vulgarity. We'll talk of yourself, sir. Tell me some of your love affairs."

"Oh now, Julia, if I ever had any, it would not be fair to reveal such secrets."

"*If he ever had any!* oh, but we are the simple swain! Tell me at once, sir, the whole history of your first love, or I never shall absolve you."

"If it must be, I can never have a more eligible or gracious confidant," said I; and the whole course of my suit to Miss M'Crea flowed into the widow's ear. She enjoyed it amazingly, laughing over every episode, commenting on every step, and diving into every recess, so that it was nearly midnight, when the Scotchman came upon the scene, and wedded faithless Lizzie. The end was rather too delicate and personal to the relict of the late Mr. Gradley, to be laughable. So we slurred it over.

Ere we parted, as we shook hands, she said, "Do you know, Hugh, I have not enjoyed such a pleasant evening, for six months, since poor Joe took ill? It is rather a bore, that society forces me to shut myself up; and I have so few friends. It is really a great acquisition to the lonely widow, to have such a lively guest as you are. But what kind of relation shall I call you? You are too old for a nephew. Cousin is too distant. Will you be my half-brother before the world?"

"Your whole brother in duty and affection, dear Julia, if you grant me such an honour; and thus I seal the bond of kindred," and I respectfully touched her hand with my lips.

"Treat me, then," said she, "just as you would treat *our* sister Nelly."

In the morning, she drove me round the various fashionable ministers of the late Mr. Gradley's person. Their terrible charges made serious inroads on my scanty purse. From the widow I would not hear of pecuniary obligations. From her, I went on foot, first to the College, to place myself under the wing of a Fellow, to whose good graces Mr. Saxe had recommended me; then to the newspaper office, to report my presence in Dublin to the arch-rebel. He was bending over his work, with the visage of a Marat, when I was shown in. He greeted me with as much warmth as was in his nature:

"Ha! Bryan? Well, *you* have a right to come to Dublin. But, I trust, you do not mean to stay here, away from your own field of work?"

"Not I. I have come up to try for a Sizarship in College. It is the price I have to pay for my intimacy with the gentry."

"And a trifling one. Well, Goldsmith held a Sizarship; and many men have found it the wicket-gate to wealth and station. But you need not be anxious about the result. You have made a shorter road to fame and rank. Isn't the uniform of an Irish General of Brigade more to your mind, than the trencher cap and tasselled gown of the Sizar?"

"I hope my chance of the former is better than that of the latter. At all events, I have worked much harder for it. Can I hope for admission to the Council? I have suggestions to make."

"I am overwhelmed with business just now. On what day is your examination?"

"Tuesday next."

"Well, come to me here, straight from the hall. You'll dine with me; and, afterwards, I shall introduce you to our meeting."

Till Tuesday came, I resisted all Julia's fascinations and entreaties; and clung stubbornly to my books; shutting myself up in the bedroom; and snatching morsels of food in hurried moments, from the trays of delicacies with which she plagued me. I knew from Dr. Flower and the Parson, that, two years ago, I was as good a scholar as most of my competitors were likely to be. But examinations had grown much stricter of late days, my intended tutor had told me; and German commentaries were more thought of than the text now; and fluent construing and facile composition would no longer carry the day as of old; and in the ardour of my military studies, I had suffered my acquaintance with the classics to fall into the background. So I feared, the examination would only prove a matter of form,—a penance to be undergone for my intimacy with that genteel society, of which

I was a hanger-on, and which only tolerated me in the hope of great academic success. However, it will shew one, how things are managed in the great literary centre of the alien. Will they give fair play to the Catholic, and the native, in the examination? Can he hold the prize, if he win it?

They did act towards me on the day of the trial in the most honourable way. The youths around, were far more stubborn rivals, than I had reckoned on. Though I knew my chances of success were infinitesimal, I was more chagrined than I expected, or cared to express, when my name was *not* read out in the list of new Sizars. Nor had I any fault or grievance to find with any one. The gentleman under whom I had placed myself, showed me my marks, and pointed out their meaning to me. In one or two subjects I was even the first in the Hall. By the careful study of a very few books, he assured me, I could make my success, next time, a matter of certainty. I thanked him; but hoped that the next time I stood in that Hall, it might be in a very different character; and I looked at the picture of Grattan in the uniform of the Irish Volunteers. The grave scholar shook his head, and left me with a curious gaze of wonderment.

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The Editor took my arm, and led me to his house in one of the more distant squares. On the way, he opened his mind on the subject of revolutions in general. His views of the mode of warfare the people should adopt, and the means of destruction which ought to be used, involved such wholesale butchery—such utter disregard of individual suffering in the pursuit of the common weal—such indifference to life and limb and the sorrows of poor humanity—that I could not help shrinking away from such a cold-blooded machine for the manufacture of national emancipation.

He remarked it, and said—"My friend, you cannot have the rose without the thorns, nor a revolution, such as ours must be, without rivers of blood and oceans of tears. I would not hurt willingly a fly; but look at this," and he bared his wrist, and pointed to a fearful gash. "I cut that out, and seared it with my own hand, when a mad dog bit me. And there is a mountain of poisonous flesh to sear and cut out in this country. You do not like the prospect. Of course not. You are a Southern and a Catholic. I am a Northern, a Republican and a half-infidel, half-Calvinist. But we shall temper each other."

When, however, I sat at his hospitable mahogany—covered with plain fare, and copious supplies of the native—in the society of famous men, I found him an attentive host, with only a sufficient touch of sarcasm and satire in his tone, to keep the conversation quick and spirited. The other guests were full of fun and humour, and seemed never to

have thought of anything more serious, than making a pun, or striking off a lyric, or delivering an able speech. Not a trace of rebellion was there in the sallies and flashes of wit, and the stories, and jokes, which coursed round the board on that "Attic night and supper of the gods," more swiftly than the decanters, and *they* went at the rate of a hunt. The consumption of liquor seemed to have no effect, but to exhilarate these gallant toppers. My total abstinence provoked a violent demur from all the party. The explanation was hailed, as a famous dodge, for managing the peasantry. Some of them had been familiar with the great men whose names are part of the common treasure of the human race. Some had known squires and lawyers of tremendous calibre in the demolition of whiskey. Most marvellous were the stories which attested the capacity of the genus *homo Hibernicus* for imbibing punch.

"Speaking of drinking," said one jolly fellow, as round as a puncheon, "did any of you ever hear of Flurry, of Loughflurry Castle? His regular allowance was six-and-twenty tumblers, when he had company—and not a drop less when he was alone. I was dining there once, when the butler, by mistake, poured water into his glass. Faith, he rose and knocked the rascal down, for trying to poison him. 'Tis a fact, I assure you. He did not know the taste of pure water. Did any of you ever hear the story of his blue bile?"

"Oh, go on, Terry; of course we have not," said the host.

"One night he was in the back parlour, where his wife kept her stores in a cupboard, beside the fire-place—alone for a wonder, and drinking like a fish. When three o'clock came, and he wasn't in bed, the wife got alarmed, and came down to look for him. And there he was, sound asleep in his arm-chair, and covered from head to foot with streams of some blue stuff. Fact, sir; he was as blue as that jug. The poor woman was frightened out of her wits, and sent off a groom, nearly in his shirt, for the doctor. He hurries the doctor out of bed, and on the horse, without giving him time to put on his boots, telling him his master was dying of the blue vomit. That is all 'Medicus' could get out of him. Green bile, coffee-ground vomit, purple spots, none of these came near it. 'I never heard of such a thing,' says he to Mrs. Flurry. 'Let me see him.' When he goes in, there lies the Squire, sure enough—and face, whiskers, chair, table, carpet, all as blue as Bluebeard. 'What has he been taking, ma'am?' 'Oh, nothing but his allowance, doctor.' The doctor examined the tumbler, took up the sugar bowl, and, 'What kind of sugar is this, Mrs. Flurry?' said he. 'Why, doctor dear, as I am alive, it is my button blue! Oh, I see it all now. The sugar in the bowl was done: the poor darling, was blind drunk, and he took my blue out of the press, instead of the sugar that was next to it."



"M'Grath," said a tall, precise old gentleman, "that is a very coarse story, very. I trust such fine old Irish country gentlemen will soon be extinct."

"Oh, Peter, I forgot you were here, or I would have been more particular. By the way, it is a great pity you were not at the Academy last night. O'Donnelly gave us a most valuable paper on the Round Towers. It was brimful of learning and research. I am sure, when you read it in the Transactions, you will say the question of their origin and design is settled for ever. It was a most brilliant and exhaustive dissertation."

"Indeed! I always knew, that Dr. O'Donnelly was a man of great learning; but I thought such questions were rather out of his line. Indeed, he cannot have gone more deeply into the subject than I have done. Could you not give us an abstract of the paper, M'Grath?"

"It is scarcely fair to give you crude conclusions without the arguments, or to spoil your interest in the paper; but if you insist upon it, I shall try and give you his results."

"Oh, by all means, Terry," said the host. "We'll all be glad of light on the subject."

"Well, you see, he began by a critical inquiry into the manners and habits and institutions of the ancient Irish kings—and proved that they were the most spirited monarchs in the world. Then followed a dissertation on the organization of the Fenian army; and his conclusion was, that the towers were mysterious and most sacred temples of the sun, in which the kings—who were magicians, you know—carried on their enchantments, and prepared the philtres, by which they secured the fealty of that noble army."

"I cannot say O'Donnelly has been so satisfactory as you seem to have thought. That seems rather abstruse. Did he tell you anything of these enchantments or philtres?"

"Oh, yes; he dwelt at great length on that point, and carried us all with him. In fact, Peter, there is no doubt the old kings had the command of the spirits; for the towers were the royal distilleries, in which they brewed the very best poteen, and kept the Fenians in a state of chronic enthusiasm for royalty. It was when Connor introduced 'grog,' that they revolted."

In such-like merriment, this most lively bachelors' party laughed away the hours till midnight. Then they parted. M'Vitriol and I went arm-in-arm to the Great Council Hall of the League, which was part of a very dirty house, in a very nasty street, somewhere in the Liberties. We were challenged at several doors in this house. At length the full blaze of a lamp fell on our faces, and an eye peered at us though the door of the Council Chamber. The Northern was my

sponsor. An oath of secrecy was administered, and I stood within, before the members of The Great National Council. Suffice it to say, I learned that the cause was advancing by stealthy, steady, determined steps, in nearly every district of Ireland. I was commissioned to raise a brigade of three regiments in Rathcore, and to appoint Daly, Duffy, and Rock, my lieutenants, to the command of a regiment each. I was informed of various depôts in England and Scotland, whence arms could be readily procured. I promised to place twenty drill-sergeants at the disposal of the Council. They were awaiting news of a rising in France. When that came, the hour had struck for us also, and we should take the field—a regular army. It would be well for me to have a trusty agent stationed in Dublin, through whom intelligence could be sent of the time to rise. I walked out to the Lodge, contemplating the field of glory which had opened before me, covered with masses of green-coated infantry—as certain of the independence of Ireland, as if the green flag were already floating over Dublin Castle. As for the agitation, which was then seething on the surface of the capital, it was insignificant, in comparison with the deadly fire which was smouldering under English rule in Ireland.

Next day, the widow had undivided possession of her guest. She bore me through the city, in willing captivity, to a review in the park. She received frequent salutations from the most distinguished-looking loungers and equestrians. With her own sex, her acquaintance was rather limited. To me, she was the most charming of guides. She taught me, how to stand and move beside her, and to swing my cane, and wear my eye-glass; and she expressed great satisfaction, with my deportment, in our promenade up and down Sackville Street. After dinner, she was more friendly than ever.

“Hugh, it is charming to have such a handsome young man, to beau one about—and such a near relative, too. I feel so safe, and protected, when you are beside me. What a pity you did not get that Sizarship! Then, you would have stayed in Dublin. After all, it was a pitiful thing—only worth £30 a year—and a little degrading, I have heard. Why not stay with me—or, in lodgings, beside me? Indeed, I do sadly want some friend to help me in these business matters. Poor dear Gradley’s affairs were in such confusion; and a host of his poor relations are for ever annoying me, and pretending, they have claims upon his money, and poor I have no head for business at all.”

“You should employ some honest man of business to act for you, Julia.”

“And why not act as my secretary, yourself, Hugh? It would be *such* a relief. You would keep all these fine gentlemen, at a proper distance. You have no idea, how they all run after the rich widow.

But, I have no notion of throwing myself away upon a man, who would spend my fortune, as he has his own, and insult me afterwards. You see, Hugh, I treat you quite as a brother, and have no secrets. Will you not treat me as a sister?"

"Indeed, Julia, it is impossible, that I should stay in Dublin at present. I am engaged at home in business of incalculable moment. Why should not our sister come and visit us at Rathcore? Only give me, a word of hope—and we shall have a nice cottage, ready for you in a week."

"Hugh, it is absurd. How could I show my face, where my brother is a schoolmaster? No; you have disappointed me, and I must even do, as best I can. You said, I think, that you would leave us to-morrow?"

"Oh, now, Julia, do not treat me so cruelly. Grateful for your splendid kindness, I must always be. I shall soon return, and you will then, I promise you, have no reason to complain of my indifference. Perhaps you will even think me forward and impertinent." Enticing visions of a luxurious life, that my foolish fancy conjured up as possible, flitted around me; and I won back Julia's smiles and good opinion.

In the morning, after taking my leave, I went through the grounds of Trinity College. The calm repose of its courts, and the air of learned leisure everywhere around, attracted me to this place, hostile and alien as it was in every part. But not all the Sassenach signs, the English prayers, the clerical professors, the "Eliz. Reg." carved in every corner, could make me dislike it. Hoping soon to see the day, when the venerable pile would be thrown open by a free nation, to all Irish youth without distinction; when mind would be the only arbiter within these walls; whence priests of every sect, and the noise of their strife, would be kept afar off; I was thinking, how gladly I would then doff the garb of war, even the trappings of a Field-Marshal, or the robes of an Irish President; and take my place as a pupil here, and strain every nerve, to leave a name as high in the temple of Minerva, as I felt sure mine would be, in that of Mars, when I saw my old friend, Ned Malone, pass by. As on every previous occasion of meeting, we stopped to have a little chat. The man had such a vein of crabbed humour, that I led him on to speak of many things, Mrs. Gradley among the rest. From her, the transition to James, was easy and natural. Of whom, he cherished memories pleasant but not respectable.

"Oh, 'deed he was a decent fellow enough, and saved me from many a fine by his cuteness. Just set James on the watch, and the sharpest-nosed Junior Dean that iver was, could not pass him. He had the greatest gift for lying I iver saw. He never told the truth, except by accident, or when a lie wasn't handy."

"You'll be glad to learn, Mr. Malone," said I, "that he is quite a changed character. No man in the country is more respected now than he is."

"Faith, there was great room for improvement—(greater room than the library, and that is the biggest room in the world). Well, I am glad to hear it. And it is no wonder either, for he got a sore enough lesson, to make him sober and quiet for his life."

"What was that?"

"Why, when he married that hussey, Kitty Magrath—are you sick, sir? What ails you? Has James been at any of his old tricks in the country?"

"He has," said I huskily; "he has been courting a friend of mine."

"Well, she had best have nothing to say to him, for he is a married man."

"Are you quite sure of the truth of this, Mr. Malone?"

"To be sure I am. If you doubt my word, you can go to St. Minchin's, and see the Registry. It is down there in black and white, somewhere about the time of the high wind, in February '39."

Stunned, and broken, by this cruel and unforeseen blow, I rushed madly through the streets, to the dwelling of the old sexton. I found him reading his Bible, and his calm face calmed me. He came at once with me to the church, to give me a copy of the registry of Daly's marriage.

"Do I mind James Daly, is it?" said he, "indeed I do. He was the cleverest boy I ever taught, for I was once schoolmaster, sir. He might have gone into Trinity College, and risen as high as he had a mind to, only for the trouble that came upon him out of the Theatre."

"Do you remember his marriage?"

"Aye, I mind it well. I did my best to hinder it. But what did he care for an old man's talk, when he was mad with love?"

"What kind of a person was the girl?"

"Kitty Magrath was the prettiest girl in the Liberties of Dublin, and the worst. Her father was a bad Protestant, and such a one is worse than a bad Papist, because he fears neither God nor the priest, and the daughter left the father far behind. Many's the time I told her in school, her beauty would be a curse to her, and every one about her, if she did not give her heart to God. But poor James Daly was mad about her, from the first day he saw her. She got all his apples, and toys, and ha'pence. Bless you, *she* would never have been able to read, only for the way *he* taught her. She never could be got to learn more than the first question in the Catechism, 'What is your name?' Aye, Kitty, I did my duty by you, and if bating could have made a

good girl of you, you ought to be the best woman in Dublin this day."

"But what became of them when they left school?" said I, growing weary of his loquacity.

"Why, James got into the Theatre, and rose to be, what they call a harlequin; and nothing would please her then, till he got her engaged also, as a dancing-girl. He agreed to do it, on condition that she would marry him at once. And in St. Minchin's they were married. He married her, poor foolish boy! to have her all to himself. But, before a fortnight was over, she was living with a captain of dragoons; and flaunting up and down Sackville Street, in silks, and satins, and jewellery; thinking no more of adultery, than if it was a thing to be proud of; 'licking her lips, and saying she had done no harm,' like the women in the Bible."

"And what did Daly do?"

"Oh! he was like a madman. He threatened them with the law, but they laughed at him. He stopped the captain in the street, and tried to thrash him, but he only got a terrible horse-whipping himself. Then the poor fellow quit the Theatre, and went to Marlboro'-street, and joined the godless Board."

"And is the wife alive still?"

"Oh yes, she is performing every night in the Theatre, under some foreign name. You can see her there for yourself, for sixpence, exposing more of her person, than I would let a bairn of mine do for the world. Here, sir, is the register. The fee is a shilling."

There, alas! I read with feelings as miserable as if it were my own death-warrant, the flowing letters "James Daly," and under it, in a vulgar scrawl, "Catherine Magrath." Oh, God! there is a dagger in every line, which pierces my heart. In one short hour the glory has fallen from my head. All my visions and hopes of yesternight are now dust and ashes. Rushing, on the impulse of the moment, to Otiose Lodge, I burst into the presence of the siren sister of the villain. I heaped reproaches on her head as a partner in his wickedness, and upbraided her, as one of the destroyers of a simple country girl; and continued piling fiery indignation upon her head, until she fell upon a sofa, in a flood of tears. Through her sobs, I heard at intervals—"How can you be so cruel? Did I not give you a warning message for James? Indeed, indeed, you are most unjust. I knew nothing of the wedding, till it was over. I would give ten thousand pounds, if it were undone. What could I do?" Then it flashed across my mind, that Julia was absolutely faultless. I remembered the words she alluded to. I thought of all her kindness to myself, and fell on my knees beside her, and was as abject in my apologies, as I had been rude and

intemperate in my attack. After awhile, she granted me forgiveness—commiserated my state—soothed me with rare tact—and won my eternal gratitude.

"It is an awful calamity, Hugh, but do not make it worse : do not go home till you are quite calm. You know, as James was a Catholic, it was scarcely a marriage at all. Why should you destroy their happiness? Come now, think better of it, and stay where you are."

The pain was too sharp. My hatred of the wretch who had dishonoured my sister, was too strong ; or the stream of my life might have run in a very different current from that day. The generous widow did her best to comfort me, and when she drove me to the train the next day, she had won a promise from me, that I would only drive her brother away from Rathcore—and Julia Gradley and Hugh Bryan were to be to each other brother and sister.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

The bell was tolling for the death of some great man, as I entered Lismore. To me, the knell said—"Bury your hopes, your sister is blighted ; her children are nameless ; home you have none." The wind was driving the river in great masses of water, against the stones of the weir. They said to me—"It is all no good, we have been trying for hundreds of years, and not a stone is loosened." The castle frowned at me, and said—"You are not the man to overthrow the race who built such walls as these." The discovery of Daly's villany had blackened all my thoughts. Who was to be trusted? How could I face Nelly? The stroke went so home to my heart, that my twelve hundred men, my brigade of three thousand, could give no comfort. Lily, too, was here. Alas ! is not this another gulf opened at my feet, between my love and me? With this weight on my bosom, I dragged my weary steps up to the little hut, in which my grandmother wore out her life, in loneliness and poverty. I opened the door. First, I saw the crucifix over her snow-white bed, then herself, busy with the needle, at some old dress. She opened her arms, and folded me in a warm embrace of love, which was a strong consolation.

After many a wistful look into my face, she made me sit down, and busied herself in the preparation of an humble meal. "Darling,

I see bad news in your face ; you have come in your trouble, to the old grandmother, for comfort, and maybe she can give it ; for she is more at home with people in grief than in joy. But I won't hear a word from you, till you have eaten this bread, and emptied this tea-pot."

When I had obeyed her in this, she said, with trembling lips, "Is it anything about your father, dear?"

"No, grandmother. I sought him everywhere in Dublin ; but I could not find him. I left a letter, which they promised, he should get."

"What kind of people were his friends, dear?"

"Very decent, civil people ; and they spoke well of him. Only he disappeared sometimes."

"Well, glory be to God for the good, and may He save him entirely yit. And now, is it about the cause ? Are you in danger ?"

"No ; it never was in such a hopeful state. They have given me a commission to raise three thousand men in Rathcore, and nearly half of them are ready. The rest of the country is alive in the same way."

"Well, glory be to God for that, too ! Tell me now, dearest, what it can be that troubles you ?"

"We are all disgraced, grandmother. The father of Nelly's children was married before, and his first wife is alive."

"Oh, my sweet, sweet, darling Nelly ; and so the cross has come upon you, and upon the innocent babes that is so new to the world. It is sore tidings, Hugh ; and we'll all need help from above to bear it. But what do you mean by talking about disgrace ? There is no disgrace in it, thank God, except for the bad man that tuk an innocent girl in ; and, glory be to God, *she* is innocent still."

"Grandmother, I wish I could take it as easily as you do."

"Darling, I'll not deny it is a sore affliction ; but it is God has sent it on you, without any sin of yours ; and He'll help you to bear it. For forty long years, honey, I have never had a taste of earthly joy but what you gave me. Never a day has come, in all that time, that I haven't felt this life a heavy burden to bear. For, when I had no grief of my own, God always sent me some of my neighbours', and made me feel for them near as much as for myself. This very day, I seen a sweet girl that I nursed—not twenty years old—made a desolate widow, with three helpless orphans. Yesterday, I seen the father of nine young children brought home, with his back broken by a cart shaft falling upon him. Last week, it was one of God's children, that had lost her senses, I had to take care of ; the boy she loved was hanged in the wrong. So, dear, you mustn't think me hard, if I don't

shed the salt tears over Nelly's misfortune. Bad enough it is ; but any one of *them* is worse. Oh, sure, what could we do at all if we hadn't Him?"—and she pointed to the crucifix, and bowed her head—"and His Blessed Mother, to help us to bear it, and shew us the good of it?"

"Grandmother, it is very hard to see any good in this blow."

"God sees it, Hugh mavourneen, and *you'll* see it some day yit. Some way or other we needed it ; and it is a blessing it is no worse. Hush, darling, and listen to me. It's foolish enough I talk ; but it is all true. It was only the other day, I went down to Tom Dunne, the carpenter, to get him to repair the door. While I was waiting beside the bench, I sees maybe twenty different kinds of tools, scattered about. 'Tom,' says I, 'what is all these for?' 'Oh, them is my tools, widow,' says he ; 'and there is a power more I ought to have, but I can't afford to buy them. This one is for moulding, and this for jointing, and this for rabbiting, and this for coarse work, and this for fine,' and so on ; and he shewed me planes, and saws, and hammers, and axes, and screws, and augers, till I was bothered to mind them. 'And what do you want all these for, Tom?' says I. 'Why, for different kinds of work, of coorse,' says he. 'One will do for one kind of work, and another for another, according to the timber, and the job I have in hand. It will take nearly the whole of them to make this hall-door for Mr. Cliffe.' And then, thinks I, that is just the way the Almighty works with us. You see there is some people that is aisier dealt with than others ; and some that it takes a turn of nearly every kind of affliction and trouble, to get any good out of them at all. Yes, Hugh dear, some of us have to be crushed, and cut, and sawed, and planed, and filed, and scraped, before we'll take the shape that God wants us to wear through all eternity ; and I am one of that kind. Sometimes, I think, if we took all our trials for good, as they are sent, and got all the good that was in them out of them, there would not be much need for purgatory. But we won't give in to God, and live as he wants us ; and it is a marcy he takes so much pains with us, and sends us trouble to do us good. Hugh dear, strive and take it that way. We Bryans are all apt to be too proud and passionate. All my troubles were sent, I know, to cure me of that ; and this is sent to cure you of it. And, indeed, indeed, it is nothing to the death of one you love. Ochone, to see the eyes closed, that you loved every sparkle of ; and the mouth shut, that spoke the words that were the crame of your life ; and the black coffin carrying your darling from your sight for ever. Och, Hugh, *that is* the grief."

The words brought back my dead mother to my thoughts. I wept copiously, and found relief in tears ; and went to the inn, with a



better spirit for the next day, which was Sunday. When my devotions in the chapel were over, I took my stand opposite the door of the Cathedral, awaiting the exit of her, who, I felt certain, was worshipping within. It seemed an age, since we had met. She had been moving in very different scenes since then. How would she receive me? To describe the hungry looks which I fastened on the door, and the forms which at length issued from it, would exhaust the superlatives of the English language. I knew, almost by instinct, that the tall thin figure, of exquisite proportions—still in black, with the veil down—stealing away from the throng, towards the carriage, which was waiting for her host's family—was the idol, whom I worshipped more than God. She passes me. I breathe "Miss Lily." She turns her face towards me. The veil is thrown back, and both hands are stretched out, for me to clasp. The gentry around look at her with amazement, at me with supercilious curiosity.

"Oh, Hugh, I have been so longing to see you! All papa's friends must be mine now. He spoke of you to the last, and gave me ever so many messages for you. Oh! I am so glad to see you. But they are waiting for me, and I must have a long chat with you for hours. Can you come out to Glenmore to-morrow, at twelve? Ask for me. I shall go with you to the Glen."

"Miss Lily, you may always command my services."

"Thank you, good Hugh. I knew you would not refuse me. And I think you can help me with your advice, for I am in great perplexity."

"Miss Lily, I would die to serve you."

"I know it, Hugh, but we are too remarkable here. Goodbye, till to-morrow."

What was the trouble of last night to me now? The sun had shone out, and the clouds had all vanished. She is the same, as frank, and gloriously true, and fearless as ever. She speaks to me, the drunken baker's son, as her friend. Hope on, good heart, and fear no more. Shall I tell her of my love on the morrow?

"Hugh," said my grandmother, touching my arm, "come over here; I have something to tell you about."

She led me through the graves, to the tombs of both my grand-sires. It was hard to tone down my thoughts, but the solemn gleam of spiritual light upon her face, and the grass-grown graves, made me still and reverent.

"Hugh, I am glad to see, God has sent you comfort in His house this day. He has sent it to me, too. Last night, He sent me such a glorious vision, as I never had. The thought of it niver left me all day. I am sure, it came on your account. There is dark spots in it; but, oh dear, it is so full of joy, that I am a thankful and happy woman

ever since. Would you like to hear it?" and the venerable woman looked up at me with such a smile, as made her sharp features beautiful.

"Certainly, grandmother, if your visions are not true, I do not know where I should look for such."

"Dearest, I believe this one *is* true. It was last night, after you left me, and I had gone to bed, thinking, how like you were to what your grandfather was, when he was your age. Then I fell to wondering what he was like now—and whether he knew of the great work, that was going on now in the land he loved so well—and how glad he would be, to hear you were walking in his steps. I suppose, I fell asleep with such ideas in my head. Anyhow, I thought I was carried into a wonderful light place, that didn't look like this world at all; for there was no sun in it—only a white lightness—the like of it I never seen, and I can't describe it. After a while, there came to me one so bright and dazzling, and beautiful, and pure, that I could not look at him at all, at all, and there came these very words to my ears—'Ellen, you were my wife, and I was your husband, when I was in the world below; and I love you more than ever, now that I'm in a better world. Look up at me, acushla.' My eyes grew strong, and I looked up, and, sure enough, and glory be to God, it was my own Hugh's face—only far more loving, and noble, and royal-like. And he says, 'You will be the same yourself, Ellen machree, after a while, when you have finished your work among the poor children of God below. But now, I'm sent to cheer you; and to show you, what the Almighty intends to do, for our dear native land—and it is far, far better than any of us ever dreamed of, in our blindness and unbelief. Your prayers, Ellen,' says he, 'and your fastings, and your deeds of love, are all wrote down in God's own Book, and your sorrow, too; and the Lord has sent me to tell you, He has heard you, and they will all be answered in the right time.' Then, Hugh, he tuk me by the hand, and brought me to the top of a great mountain, and shewed me all the world spread out, like a sheet of paper before me; and it was a marvellous sight; with the great sea, running in and out, and round the earth, like the edges of a leaf—and this country looked no bigger than your hand. Then, he made me look at a great country, that was full of millions of black people—thicker than midges of a summer's evening—and it was a land of temples, and palaces, and grandeur; and it was Irishmen that was ruling over them, and teaching them how to make roads, and to bring the water through their fields, and doing them all manner of good; and all the blacks were thanking God, that he had sent Irishmen to rule over them. 'Isn't that a glorious thing now, Ellen,' says Hugh, 'to see them poor Indians blessing our own people, as their best friends?' Then he shewed me, a

great city, the biggest in the world, that had nearly as many people in it, as the whole of Ireland. 'That's London,' says he; 'and them judges you see, sitting in their robes, and judging the English, are Irish; and them generals, that are at the head of their armies; and the admirals that are over the ships, are Irish; and the men who are governing the country, they are Irish; and there is more Irish praching to the people, and taching them; and the English love them all, and trate them, like brothers and sisters; and have repinted of all their bad usage of the Irish in days gone by.' After that, darling, he shewed me another great country, a hundred times as big as this—and it was cut up into the finest farms iver you seen—and there was no end to the corn, and wheat, and wine, and oil, and sheep, and cows, and horses. 'That is what the good God has been getting ready for every Irishman, that will sarve him, and go and take it; and there will be neither landlords nor agents, nor rent to pay. Them rich full farmers were once poor Irish boys, that couldn't get eightpence a day at home,' says he. And he shewed me ever so many other countries covered with vines, and beautiful flowers. 'And they are all for the Irish, Ellen,' says he; 'if they will be good and obey Him. There is no end at all to the glory and happiness, before every mother's son of them, if they will be wise.' And then, he made me see the whole of dear Ireland, and it looked like heaven upon earth. The people were all good Christians; and there was not a drop of bad blood in the country at all. And there was beautiful churches everywhere, and they were open night and day; and there was a goold cross on the top of every one of them; and all the people were Catholics, and there was not a heretic in the country—for they all sarved God the right way; and there wasn't one poor man among them—for all had enough, and to spare; and there was no jails, nor police, nor soldiers, for they were not wanted—for Ireland was the Island of Saints again. And, lastly, he shewed me hundreds of missionary priests, and holy men and women; and they were going from this over the whole world, to tache the poor dark haythens the love of God, and the Gospel of the Saviour; and bringing them in by multitudes, into the kingdom of Heaven. 'That is the glory, that God has in store for our dear country, Ellen,' says he, 'and it is sure to come, if they will obey His will. And it is His will, that they should scatter over the world, and occupy the plentiful fields, that's lying waste, for want of men's hands, to take riches out of them. It is not His will, for them to stay, and starve, and spend their lives in foolishness, and sin, and misery, at home—in the land, that is not good enough for them, nor big enough for them. And, Hugh, here now is the dark part of it—he tould me, if they did not go, God would have to drive them out of the country, and sweep them off the face of it, with His besom, whether they liked it or

not. And then I awoke, Hugh, and the sweetness of the vision has not left me. Isn't it a comfortable one, now?"

"It is the most beautiful and cheering vision I have ever heard of, grandmother; but was any time mentioned for its fulfilment?"

"None but God's own time; but it will come, Hugh."

"Amen," said I, with all the devotion I was capable of.

"I wonder," said she, "what 'the besom' means. It will be plain some day. But now, Hugh, I have a favor to ask of you, and you mustn't refuse it."

"Say on, grandmother."

"You must be merciful, my own Hugh, to the man that has injured Nelly. There is good in him, and he has been sorely tempted, and will have to suffer sore for his sin anyway—don't you drive him to despair."

"Grandmother, the wretch is safe enough for me. The service of the country must not suffer for a family wrong. Only he must leave Rathcore."

"Darling, give my dearest love to Nelly. God will hear me always praying for you all. If I could travel, I would go down to comfort her."

"Oh, I shall keep the secret from Nelly as long as possible, grandmother."

"Be merciful to him, as you hope for mercy yourself, Hugh; and don't forget, to ask for God's blessing on your work."

"Yes; we must put our trust in God, *and* our own right hands, to bring the good time, that is so long a-coming."

"Oh, darling, say in God only, and I'll be better pleased."

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Miss Crofton herself opened the door for me, ready dressed for a walk, when I reached Glenmore the next day.

"Mr. Gilmore wished us to have our interview in the drawing-room, Hugh; but we might be disturbed, and I have very serious matters to talk about, and I thought you would like the Glen best."

"Thank you, Miss Lily. The Glen before any room made by mortal hands."

"Oh, yes, I have not forgotten your tastes. Now, Hugh, tell me all about yourself."

"Miss Lily, I have very little to tell, except that I am just returning from Dublin, having failed at the Sizarship examination."

"Oh dear! Hugh, how was that? Surely, it cannot have been papa's work, that prevented you?"

"Quite otherwise. It was my own neglect of the classics, and pursuit of uncollegiate studies."

"What sort of studies do you mean, Hugh? How did you spend your time at all?"

My story was meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme; for I withheld all reference to my rebellious occupations.

"Hugh, there is a great deal more behind. You are not so frank as of old."

"Miss Lily, I cannot deny your charge. The secret is not mine to tell."

"Ha! I understand. The 'King' project is not extinct yet. You are a Young Irishman. I shall keep your secret. I do not know what to think about it, Hugh. My opinion on many things have changed *so much* of late. Perhaps you are not so wrong as I would have thought two years ago. However, I hope you will come out of it, safe and sound; and that your people may get more justice in the future, than ever they had in the past."

"Thank you, Miss Lily, for that. It is a great deal from a Protestant."

"Hugh," said she, "you must prepare yourself for a very strange story. I should not have credited any one, who told me of it two years ago. I am almost a Roman Catholic."

"Now, God be praised for that!" cried I, with a fervour that astonished her. The chief element of it, though, was the selfish feeling, that my love was no longer a wild dream, but passing rapidly into the land of reason and calm good sense. "It is the answer, Miss Lily, to thousands of prayers."

"How so?"

"Why, Bridget said as many Rosaries, and made as many efforts, for your conversion, as for my ordination, and with more success, it seems. And still more, Miss Lily—she brought you to Father Phil, and had you baptised into our Church."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"It is beyond a doubt, Miss Lily."

"Hugh," said she, with deep emotion, crossing herself, "it must have been God's will that I should be a Catholic. Do you know, my greatest stumbling-block in the road to Rome, lay in the necessity of rebaptism. It seemed such an insult to papa. But you have relieved my mind."

"Tell me, Miss Lily, how this most singular change has been brought about."

"By the grace of God, Hugh, I devoutly trust; but the steps of the change I shall tell you, if you have time to listen to a long story. My aunt brought me away to a great town in the North; where huge chimneys filled the air with volumes of smoke all the day—where all

was ugliness, and rudeness, and worldliness, and, as it seemed to me—after dear papa—awful hypocrisy. My uncle was in command of the forces, and saw a great deal of society, and the house was always full of gaiety. My grief was so intense, that nothing could induce me, to appear among strangers for a long time. Aunt wished to send me to a school in England; for she said my education had been entirely neglected. But I satisfied her by taking lessons from a lady in town. After a while, I was obliged to come out, at her great parties. I had no taste for such a life at all. The conversation was so frivolous and wearisome; and the people so proud, and unfeeling, and, as I often thought, not ladies and gentlemen at all. I know, the poor people down here are far more civil and kindly. *They* only seemed to value money, and show, and splendour, and said such bitter things. Perhaps, I was too fastidious. At all events, I became disgusted with everything. And when I sought comfort in religion, it was even worse. No one in the house seemed to care about God, or Heaven. There were no family prayers. The Bible never seemed to be opened. Often, on Sundays, uncle and aunt never went to church. They even remarked upon my strictness, which, my aunt attributed, to her poor brother's strange notions. And the churches were such cold, cheerless, squalid places, and the people seemed to have no reverence for the House of God, and very, very few of them seemed to think about the Holy Communion, which none of papa's people ever thought of turning away from. The ministers, too, either preached about things I did not understand, or else indulged in the coarsest and falsest caricatures of your religion, and of the Southern Roman Catholics. They said, you were all idolators, and could not be saved; and raked up all the horrid stories about Queen Mary, and the Inquisition, and the Popes, and preached them on Sundays, instead of the lovely, simple sermons, about our Saviour, that I had always heard. I got quite angry, when they said, you Roman Catholics were false, and cruel, and treacherous, and could not be depended upon, and only waited for an opportunity, to murder the Protestants. And the horrid Orangemen sat in church, on the Twelfth of July, with their sashes, and went out, and taunted, and abused, and killed ever so many poor Roman Catholics. They seemed to have no religion, but hatred to the Pope, and Popery; and I knew, how good your sweet mother, and many more of your Church, had been, and how much more Christian they were in their lives, than these people. And, besides, Hugh, I met ladies even, who spoke the most horrible things about our Saviour's not being God, and about His death upon the Cross; and they laughed at me, when I showed them texts out of my Greek Testament, and I was altogether at sea, and miserable, and full of doubts, and neither uncle nor aunt cared to understand me. I often

thought then, of what Bridget used to say, of Protestants coming, in the end, to believe nothing at all. How glad I was, when uncle gave up the army, and went to live in such a beautiful village in the South of England! And how different the people and the clergyman were! He is very like dear papa, only far more strict. He almost lives in his church, Hugh. He has spent all his fortune—thousands of pounds—upon it. It is full of the most exquisite pictures, and emblems, and the music and the services, are conducted with such beauty, and solemnity, that to me—sick of the slovenliness, and irreverence of the Northerns—it seemed like Heaven upon earth. Mr. Monkton and I are very intimate. I am one of his Sisters of Mercy. He is such a good, and holy, and learned man! His sermons were very strange to me at first, but they were full of the very passages out of the Fathers, that my father used to make me learn. He was so surprised to find that I knew Latin and Greek. However, his preaching wore on me, and he brought me to see the truth on many points, connected with the Church, which I used to think very little about. I know now, all about the glory, and unity, and infallibility of the Church Catholic, and the necessity of being within her fold. I understand, also, how none but a proper priest can administer the Sacraments, and how vital they are to the soul, and how great is the sin and danger of being in heresy, or schism. He has taught me all this, and a great deal more. He has lent me some works, called ‘Tracts for the Times,’ which have raised doubts in my mind, and he confesses, in his also, as to the Anglican being really a branch of the Catholic Church. I have almost come to see the need there is, of an infallible centre of unity, which can only be found at Rome. Now, Hugh, I know, I can trust you altogether. You have gone very deeply into both sides of the question, and I want you honestly to tell me, what you think I ought to do?”

“Miss Lily, I have never had an instant’s doubt in my life, of the Divine origin and authority of the Roman Pontificate. I *know* that we Roman Catholics are safe on the Rock. I dare not judge Protestants.”

“What do you think, I ought to do?”

“Follow your convictions, without an instant’s hesitation, and trust in God.”

“Hugh, thank you very much; I believe it will come to that, before long.”

“Nothing, Miss Lily, could give me such true pleasure, as to find you safe within the arms of the Holy Mother Church of Christendom.”

“Oh! Hugh, what an annoyance! here are the Gilmores”—and the young ladies, whose acquaintance I had made on a former occasion, approached and severed us. Never but then was I murderously in-

clined, towards the sex. I escorted them to the door, where Lily lingered with me, for a parting word.

"Hugh, I am so sorry I cannot ask you into dinner, as in old times. My friends are very good, and kind to me; but they do not know Hugh Bryan, as well as I do."

"Miss Lily, shall we see you soon in Rathcore?"

"No, Hugh, I dare not go near Mr. Saxé, in my present frame of mind. Goodbye."



## CHAPTER XV.

I had sent word of my return to Rathcore, with a message for Daly to meet me outside the village, alone. My hatred was intense and implacable; now, I could only think of him, as the cold-blooded villain, who had dishonored my sister, at the death-bed of her mother. His whole career had been one long intrigue. He was an incarnate lie. Instances of his duplicity arose before me in legions, rebuking me, for putting a moment's trust in such a man. True, I had participated in much of his deceit and hypocrisy, where ends of my own were concerned—but, for this reason, I loathed him all the more. Had I met him, before the interview with my grandmother and Lily, I should, I think, have killed him, on the spot. Now, the widow's entreaty, and my hopeful love, gained him a reprieve. When we came in view of each other, about two miles from the village, he ran to meet me with a glad halloo. I stood, and awaited him, with folded arms, and a heart of steel. He came to a gradual halt, when he observed the expression of my face; and crept up to me, like a cur. All trace of manhood had passed from his look. The wretch loved his wife and children, as I hated him. "Daly," said I, "I have learned all your infamy. You must leave the house, your presence pollutes, and never look upon my sister again. You must go to-night. For the sake of the cause, I defer my vengeance; I bridle my tongue. I think you will be true to your country, though false as hell to your friend. At all events, you shall work under eyes, keen to detect, and quick to reward, the traitor. Now, go before me—pack up your belongings—take all the money of the League—bid a long farewell to your victims—tell them you are going on an honorable mission; and await my orders, at the Well. For the future, devotion to your



country, shall be the best atonement you can offer to my family." This was my diplomacy. Had I followed the promptings of passion, he should never have gazed upon, or spoken to Nelly more. But she must be spared as long as possible. Let them part in peace. Let her think, she is giving him up to Ireland. Perchance, some early blow may carry him away from our path. Then, she can mourn over him, as a patriot martyr, and never know her shame. He meanwhile was pouring forth apologies, entreaties, expostulations.

"Hugh, as God is above, I do not believe the marriage with Kitty Magrath was a right one. We were both under age ; we had no consent of parents ; the minister was a heretic. As sure as we are here, the marriage would not hold. Nelly is my only wife in the sight of God."

"Hound," shouted I, "do not exasperate me. Try none of your diplomacy upon me."

"Oh, Hugh, do not send me away. Let me lie in the coal-hole, and live on potatoes and salt, to be near her and the children. I'll serve you like a slave, if you do, Hugh."

"Sir, the world is not wide enough to hold me and the ruffian who has shamed my sister. When Ireland is free, either you or I must die."

"Oh, Hugh, you'll drive me mad. I cannot live without Nelly and the children."

"You should have thought of that, before you did the deed. Your misery is your own work ; and, sir, what is it to your victim's misery ?"

"Hugh, I'll die, if you send me away from them."

"Then go and die, and ———. Obey my orders without further delay, sir."

He threw a look of anguish upon me, and rushed away, saying, "Hugh, I will do my best to shew you I am a true man ; but—oh, Lord ! I know he'll drive me mad."

I strolled up and down the fields about the Well for hours. I dared not enter the village, or see the two together. I knew too well how the sight would lash my passion into fury, and provoke a scene, and perhaps kill poor Nelly. So, impatiently enough, I waited for his return, till it was close on midnight, when a car came driving up the road. At my signal it stopped. Daly, in a great coat, leaped over the hedge, made a military salute, and in silence awaited my orders.

"You have made the necessary arrangements for a long absence?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have the money with you ?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are prepared to obey my orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, sir, you shall proceed without delay to the towns marked in this list. Purchase muskets, bayonets, and ammunition of good quality, with as much secrecy and economy as possible. Bring them to some quiet fishing-village, on the opposite coast of Wales. Notify me of the place and time. A hooker shall go over for them, as often as needful. See them safely packed ; proceed at once to Dublin, and await my further orders."

And he went out into the dark, quiet, passive, and uncomplaining. I knew he had bowed his head in submission to my will—had accepted my plan as the best under the circumstances ; and, in the hope of a future reconciliation, had done his best to avoid a *fracas*. I spent the rest of the night under the shelter of the humble roof of Shawn Bawn, and, in the morning, resumed my place among Nelly and the children. Her pale cheeks told of the sorrow of the night before. She bore up like a Spartan, and, without a murmur, met me with the customary smile and kiss.

"Hugh, it was a sore thing that James must go ; but sure I thought of our grandmother, and the way she gave up her heart's pride to ould Ireland ; and I am determined not to be behindhand. But there is no fear of danger for James or you, yet awhile ; sure there is not ?"

"No, dearest ; he has only gone to get all ready for the fight."

"And you'll stay with us, won't you ? That'll be a comfort for the poor childer. Oh, Hugh, I never knew life was so serious and troublesome before. All the work till now seemed only like a piece of divar-sion. But, sure, an' I must be content to take my share of sorrow with the rest. Thank God, it is not so hard as our darling mother had to bear, yet."

"Nelly dearest, I'll do all I can to keep you and the children from missing him for one minute."

And now having brought my domestic relations into as satisfactory a state as could be, I convened my trusty lieutenants—The Duffy, and Captain Rock—to a meeting after mass, on Sunday, that we might form ourselves into a triumvirate, for the organization of the country. They came with alacrity, and heard me with admiration.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I rejoice at being able to report that the Grand Council highly appreciate and commend your services. They have commissioned me, as the best proof of their confidence, to charge you to raise a regiment each, of National Guards. You, Captain Rock, have ample room for extending the cause on your side of Rathcore—as you, General Duffy, have on yours. Of course, any of the Rathcore Fenians who live in your respective districts, will join your standards. I apprehend little difficulty in raising the full complement of three thousand men."

"We can do it before the year is out," said Rock. "Ever since the review, my eyes have not had a minute for winking."

"Bedad," said Duffy, "Bryan gives promotion quicker than any man I ever served under. To be put in command of a regiment after little more than a year's service, beats the Horse Guards hollow."

"We may thank the discrimination of the English for your services, General," said I; "and are not the boys of the right stuff?"

"None better in the world," said he. "They pick up the drill as a duck does swimming."

"You won't know half the good of them, till the fighting comes," said Rock. "No power on earth will be able to hold them in."

"Indeed, I'm afraid not," said Duffy, with an ominous shake of his head.

"What news have you got here, since I left?" said I; "I was obliged to send Daly away in such haste, that I could not find time to hear it."

"Faith, there is not much," said Duffy; "except that they are waiting on Father Phil. The doctors have given him up."

"I knew," said Rock, "the Quaker would kill him. It is my opinion, Tracy never was taken in in his life before."

"How so?" asked I.

"I thought every one knew it. Why, when Colonel O'Flynn was dying, he would trust no one, but the Quaker that he dealt with for years. So he made him give his solemn word—for Jonathan would not swear—that he would sell every stick he died worth, and spend it in masses for his soul. He knew it would take all he could get, to do him any good worth talking about. Broad-brim didn't like the job, and would only take it up, as a regular matter of business, with so much for himself, out of the price of every mass. Well, of course he gave the first offer to Father Phil. The priest had no fear of opposition, and so held out for a long price. The whole property wouldn't have given a hundred masses at the figure. So what does my bould Quaker do, but write over to a friend of his in Spain, where priests are as plenty as blackberries? Faith, and he finds, he can get them said there for a tenth of Father Phil's charges; and he sends over an order for a thousand; and in course of time sends Father Phil the receipt and promise to say a thousand masses, for the soul of Terence O'Flynn. His Reverence took to his bed, and will never leave it on his feet."

"That was very sharp practice. The Quakers are no fools."

"You may say that. The same fellow got a pass, from one of the Rocks, before me, for his goods over our territory, till his next birthday—and when do you think it came? not till the 29th of February, three years after."

"They are a clever family," said Duffy. "I remember at the time of the Rebellion, a story which was abroad of his father. He had buried a large sum of money one night, in the corner of his garden. It was missing the next day, and he knew none but the gardener could have taken it. 'Patrick,' says he to him, 'these are very dangerous times, and I do not like to have so much money in the house. There is a large chest full inside, which I wish to bury to-night. I can trust thee. So come at ten o'clock, and assist me.' At ten o'clock he meets Pat, and makes him dig up the hole once more, and there was the chest he had put away the night before. The Quaker opens it, counts the money, finds it all right, and says—'Friend Patrick, there must be dishonest spirits dwelling in this hole. They made my money disappear to-day. Now, that it has come back, the best thing thou canst do, is just to carry it into the house.'"

"That reminds me, General; is there any fear of espionage from the gentry?" said I.

"Well," said he, "the new coastguard officer had suspicions, but he fell in love with one of my girls, and told her all about it, thinking, no doubt, he could pump her about the midnight meetings of the young men, which, he was almost sure, were for drilling purposes. Faith, Teresa told him, it was the doing of the new priest, who was very pious, and had got up confraternities of the young men, and that one of the rules was, that he was to preach to them on the mountains once-a-week. She wanted him to go and hear Father O'Shea, but he said, he had got a surfeit of revival meetings, when he was a boy in Wales."

"Does the Squire suspect nothing," said I.

"Not he, good man, he is in raptures with the change in the manners and habits of the young men. He gives all the credit of their sobriety, quietness, and good-conduct, to his pet school. He is the best man I ever met, Bryan."

"Pshaw," said Rock, "what have we to fear? I am not sure that one of their d—d laws could touch us, for taking our bit of sport in the moonlight. At the worst, they would only laugh at us, for a pack of impident fools, for thinking we could fight the British Grannydears. I have a great mind, to review my regiment, on Christmas Day, in the Market Square. If Daly sends us the guns, I would not be afraid of all the peelers in the county."

"Oh, no," said I, "you must not think of such a thing. It might ruin us. It would certainly bring thousands of fresh troops into the country."

"Well, and wouldn't that be the hoighth of divarsion? The more the merrier, says Captain Rock. Let them come, I'll engage to bring

over half of every regiment to our side, and haven't we a hundred regiments and more, of our own National Guards to meet them. — it all, man, I would not give a traneeen for a fight with an army, only half our size. I'd rather meet them man to man. Who is afraid of the ould plundering Lion?"

"But you must make allowance for their cavalry and artillery," said Duffy.

"So I will. I'll give them the best of accommodation in all the biggest bogs in Ireland."

"Yes," said Duffy, "we must choose our battle-fields in the bogs this time, and not on the hills."

"Is there any fear of treachery among our own men?" said I; "the Government says, they can buy us all up at any time."

"It is like the rest of their lies," said Rock; "have not they made my head worth its weight in gold, this many a day? and am I not going about the country, among hundreds that know me, with a dale less fear than the Lord Liftinint? Look here now, I'd know the face of a *stag*, or a traitor, at the very first look. I have inspected every man in our ranks, and I will do it for both of you into the bargain, and if a traitor passes me, you may call me an Englishman, and hang me, and I'll thank you for doing it. I'm a born physionomist, and it has saved my life before now."

"I agree with you," said I; "and none of the boys can give any information that would damage us. I purpose to examine the whole country for ten miles round, during the next six months, and to study the art of fortification in the meantime. With our three thousand men, I think we could hold out in this corner for months."

"Well," said Duffy, "all is clear ahead now, and with another year's work like the last, if the fellows work half as well everywhere else, the days of English rule in Ireland won't be many."

"Amen," said I fervently.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Father Phil did not long survive. His death was a decided gain to the cause. He had been all his life—as a loyal disciple of O'Connell—opposed to the physical-force argument. The young priest who had assisted, and now succeeded him, was a patriot of the purest water. We had no doubt that, when the day for action came, he would risk everything, and take his place in our midst. Till then, we knew he would in nowise impede us. The school was closed till August, for vacation. Mr. Saxe was deeply chagrined at Daly's sudden departure. But, when he learnt, that he had been summoned in haste, to enter upon the duties of a most important post in a great Dublin house, he at once relented, and forgave him; and acknowledged that he was much too good a man, for the position he had occupied in Rathcore. Annoying as it was, I had to take charge of a most eulogistic certificate of his character, whom I knew to be an impostor and a villain. The Squire found great difficulty, in procuring a fit person for the vacant seat. Nelly and I abode in the schoolmaster's house, till a change was unavoidable.

But the Squire soon had business of a far more serious nature to task his mind. The potatoes were rotting over the whole country. By every roadside the stench of their decay poisoned the life of the peasantry. Gloom sat on every face, as day after day developed the awful fact more certainly. Potatoes were the only food of the poor—and they were six millions—and the potatoes were a stinking mass of loathsome putridity, that even the swine refused to look at. The Squire and the new Rector sent away their families; gathered in all the funds that were available; and converted their cash into meal and flour. They set apart their flocks and herds as sacred, against the day of calamity, which they saw coming on with terrible rapidity.

"Hugh," said Mr. Saxe to me, "you must take charge of the school, out of charity to us all. Nelly must set to work, and have a good meal for the children every morning. That will help to keep them alive;" and he sent down bags of meal and flour, to carry out his wish.

This work kept my sister from fretting—and gave her such occupation as she loved. Then, Mr. Saxe erected a huge soup-boiler, and turned one of his outhouses into a meal store; and set himself with all his might, to do battle with the famine. And he was not one hour too soon. There were, before August was out, ten thousand hungry mouths

to be fed, in the parish of Rathcore. Duffy, in humble imitation of the Squire, had erected his boiler, and used his men, as did Rock likewise, to empty the stores of every meal, and flour, and grain-dealer or hoarder, in the country. I expostulated in vain. "It will be the making of the dealers," was their reply, "they can recover all their losses from the county."

Rock defied want for his men, so long as there was a pound of meal, or an ounce of beef in the country. So, the autumn passed away; and the Government at length heard the cry of the starving Irish; and voted fifty thousand pounds to our relief. Which meant that our paternal rulers gave us, twopence a head to feed our hungry mouths, till the next harvest came round. This Bill gave us five hundred recruits. But now, the roads to and from the soup-boiler, and the meal store, were dotted with the bodies of men, whose bags or cans, as they were full or empty, told whether the bearers were coming for, or returning with, food to the starving ones at home. These sad finger-posts mostly died, where they fell; and their friends were so reduced by want, that they could not go to them; and they were buried where they lay. And now, the cry was, "Better die of a shot, or by a rope, than of hunger in a ditch, after seeing wife and childer starve before our eyes. Oh! when will they be ready in Dublin?" At length the Government did awaken. They ordered vast works to be opened in every district, to employ the poor. Every able-bodied man could earn sixpence a-day. And so, wherever there was a bye-path, that half a dozen carts might use in a twelvemonth, they cut out a road; wherever there was a brook, that could only be crossed by stepping-stones, in the Lammas flood, they built a bridge; wherever there was a reef, that fishers drew their boats alongside, when the wind blew from the one quarter, which it visited for three days in the year, they set about making a pier. And thus the people had money. Perhaps in a large family, there might be a shilling a-day of earnings. But now, it was discovered, there was no grain in the country. Oatmeal had been devoured. Indian meal had gone up to £20 a ton, which meant threepence a pound, by retail—and presently, even *it* could not be got, for love or money. And the paternal Government said, "You Irish are a most impracticable people. We have given you money. What more can you want?" At last they opened the ports, and said, "Wait for a few months, till the tide of supply flows into this new channel, and you shall have oceans of grain." Meanwhile, a million had perished; and the harvest was eight months off; and commerce had not found the open ports. The Squire's foresight, and liberality, had tided us over the months, till the end of November, with fewer deaths from starvation, than any place near us could boast of. The Rector was by this time writing the most piteous and imploring

letters to papers everywhere ; and money was coming in fast enough in reply.

"Hugh," said the Squire, a fortnight before Christmas, with blanched lips, "I must reduce the rations. Only with the greatest economy can we hold out till Christmas Day. Then the last morsel shall be eaten. God grant the foreign meal may have come then !"

And now, the faces waxed wan and corpselike, and the limbs were like pipe stems ; and the people were despairing ; and the funerals never left the streets ; and the dogs prowled about the church-yard ; and there was no more green grass there, for the surface was red, as a ploughed field. And the Squire watched the post ; and we walked along the beach for hours, with the awful fact of a starving nation always before us.

"*Damn him,*" said he, one morning, as he opened a letter in my presence. I looked in amazement at him, dreading insanity. "Ha ! did I really swear ? It was very wrong. I am very sorry for it. But, read that, before you judge me harshly."

And I read—"Sir Percy Rigby presents his compliments to Mr. Saxe, and declines to subscribe to the relief of distress, which he believes to be fictitious."

"Well," said the Squire, "he is coming over, I hear, for his rents next month. That visit will teach him, that fact is stronger than fiction."

At length the fatal day was only twenty-four hours off, and all knew, there was no more food in Rathcore. And the Squire and I walk along the cliffs, and I tell him the vision of the widow, whereat he wonders.

"Sure enough, this is the besom of the Almighty, Hugh. But it is too late for most of them to go now ; it is most miserable."

"And we, sir," said I, "have come off much better, than our neighbours. Elsewhere there has been no thoughtful, large-hearted Squire, to cater for the poor."

"Ah ! I have done my best—but in vain. I wish now, I had sent them all into the Poor-houses."

"Sir, do not blame yourself. They would not have gone, in any case, to die ten miles from home. The death-rate, in the nearest work-house, is two hundred a-week. We have not reached anything half so bad."

"No, Hugh ; but it is the future that appals me. Only to think, that over there, sixty miles off, is the richest, fullest, most prosperous, charitable, Christian country, on earth," and he pointed to the east, "and we are perishing, for lack of food."

"Did not one of them, sir, propose, as the best remedy for the ills



of Ireland, to put us four-and-twenty hours under water? If there are many like him, we need expect little help."

"Oh, Hugh, do not condemn a nation, for the cruel speech of one bad man. They have not yet realized our want. Oh, Lord! Lord! will none of those ships, that are passing there all day, ever come in to help us?"

"Yes, sir; there is a vessel," said I, "that looks as if she meant to come in."

He raised his telescope, and surveyed the trim schooner, that came sailing down the bay. "The *Grace of Boston*," says he. "What on earth brings her here?"

Now she has cast anchor. They have launched the boat. A crowd has gathered along the beach.

"There is a curious-looking figure in the bows, Hugh," said the Squire. "Look at him;" and he handed me his telescope.

"Now, thanks be to God, Mr. Saxe, as I am a living sinner, it is no other than my uncle, Timothy Mahony. Boys, will one of you run and tell my sister to come and welcome her uncle and aunt, from Armagh."

The crowd raised a poor, thin, feeble, but heart-stirring shout of joy; for they jumped at the conclusion, that the ship had come from America with 'male' for them, and that the queer figure in the white necktie can and will save them from starvation. Soon Nance had me in her arms, and, after a loving embrace, charged me to help Tim; and devoted herself to Nelly and the children.

"Mr. Saxe," said I, "allow me to introduce my uncle, Mr. Mahony, to you."

"Right welcome you are, Mr. Mahony. You are not the man, I am sure, to come to us at such a time with empty hands."

"It is the Lord, sir, that gave me the means, and the will, and the male, too."

"Have you meal, then, Mr. Mahony?"

"Aye, glory be to God! there is two hundred tons of the best yellow Indian meal in that vessel."

"Glory be to God, indeed! Boys, if you have any breath left in you at all," said the Squire, "give the good man 'Cead mille failtha.'" And really there came a burst that was like the old times.

"How did you happen to come to us in the nick of time?" said the Squire.

"It was this boy's letters that came between me and my rest, sir. He said, if help did not come by Christmas Day, ye would be all dead men. So I thanked God for the opportunity of coming back, and being welcome among the ould stock."

And now the cargo was being brought ashore, as fast as twenty boats could traverse the hundred yards and back. There was no mention of swaddler, or turncoat, or heretic then. The quaint couple were as angels from heaven. If kisses carried away an infinitesimal portion of the human frame, nothing would have been left to us that night of Tim and Nance.

"How did you get such a quantity of meal, Mr. Mahony? My agents could not find a pound to buy."

"It was the Lord sent it to me, sir," said he. "When I got to Liverpool, the first place I went to was the Methodist chapel. And I stands up, and tells the brethren what brought me there; and I reads some of Hugh's letters; and I asks them how I am to get meal. One of them, as manly a looking man as you would see in a day's walk,—Mr. Vernon was his name,—goes round, and gathers in subscriptions. And says he, 'You had better go down the river, and board the vessels as they come up; and when you find one will suit you, just buy the cargo, and go straight down to the place you spoke of.' Next day I took his advice; and yon was the very first vessel I went aboard of; and the captain was a Methodist, and he owned ship and cargo and all; and he gave it to me for the money I had. And we came straight off; and got here, glory be to God, before Christmas Day. Now, sir, wasn't it the Lord's doing? If I had waited till he had landed, the brokers would have whipped up the meal in a jiffy."

"I thank God from my heart, Mr. Mahony, and you also," said the Squire. "This supply will carry us well into February. Surely, by that time, the Government will give us substantial relief. Come up, Mr. Mahony, you and your good lady, to my house. I shall be proud to entertain you. Never had I more welcome guests."

"Thank your honour kindly. It is a great condescension; but the ould woman wouldn't be happy away from the childer, nor I from her; and we'd be more at home with Hugh and Nelly. But will you give me lodging for the male till it goes home down them hungry-looking mouths?"

"That I will, Mr. Mahony; and gladly bear a share in the purchase-money of it."

"No! no! your honour, it is a gift I have made to the Lord. Don't rob me of the satisfaction of giving to the poor."

"At least, you and Mrs. Mahony, and all the family, must eat your Christmas dinner with me to-morrow. To you, all the pleasure of it will be due."

"You may depend on our being punctual, sir. Now, Hugh, let us look alive, and get the male, in some way or other, up to Mr. Saxe's."

The sacks were borne triumphantly up the street to the tremulous

notes of our only surviving and faithful piper—whose last public display this was. The poor hungry souls waited patiently, for the hour of distribution. They knew, all would get their fair share out of the god-send. When we arrived in the yard, we found the cook had recklessly thrown all her remaining stock into the boiler ; and the crowds viewed the foreign sacks, and inhaled the fragrance of the stew, and gloried in the prospect of a decent Christmas dinner. Tim looked on all around with a shining face, and said, "Hugh dear, it is a sweet thing to hear the fine ould tongue alive still ; and a pleasure to see the kindly faces, pale, and starved, and pinched, as they are. But there is just one thing troubling me. I have a notion, we ought to ask a blessing, upon the male, and say a word of thanks to Him that sent it. Would they stand it, do you think?"

"I see Father O'Shea over there, will I ask him?"

"Do, honey."

The good man assented in an instant ; and sent me back, to assure Tim, they would listen to him, as they ought, with most respectful attention.

"It's good news, Hugh. I'll sing the Hundredth Psalm, first. You must sing your best, as Nance is not here, to second me." The crowd came in a wondering mass to the horse-block, from which Tim gave out line after line of David's hymn. But when he went on his knees, and poured out a fervent prayer, with the most mellow of voices, in the sweetest of Irish, priest and all of us dropt on our knees. Encouraged thereby, he lifted up his voice, and gave us a stirring exhortation, about the hunger of our souls, and Him who brought the bread of heaven down to feed them. When he spoke of the sea of anguish, agony, and blood through which the Saviour went for man's salvation, in tears himself, he drew tears from the congregation.

"Oh, Hugh," said he, "thank God, for this day. It is worth all the money and trouble, and twice as much more."

Then the Squire, Tim, the priest, and I took our part among the boys ; and measured out the staff of life to the waiting crowds, and the morning of Christmas Day was on us, before we had stored away our precious treasure in the granaries of Rathcore House.

Next day, as Tim and Nance were returning from the church, where our new Rector won their hearts by a real Methodist sermon, who should bolt out of the chapel-yard as they passed, but Aunt Bridget, old, withered, and miserable? She clasped Nance in her arms, to the latter's surprise. She could not recognise in the shabby creature her own twin-sister. When she did, the flood-gates were opened ; and the outpouring of the affection of the long-parted sisters swept away all thoughts of dress and look, and was beheld with exclamations of

sympathy, and rapture, by a vast crowd. After some difficulty, Tim and I bore them within the house, where they gradually calmed down, to thoughts of the present time. But, until we started for the House, every five minutes found them running at each other, and making up for lost time, by kisses and words of endearment. Nance, with her own hands, washed away the marks of Flanagan's ill-usage; and attired Bridget in one of her own gowns; and led her to the table of the hospitable Squire who made us all at our ease in a second. That dinner-party proved how affliction brings all men together. Side by side sat priest and parson, doctor and coastguard officer—before at variance—Squire and servant.

Our host apologized for the plainness of his fare—which apology Tim declared to be needless. "For in my eyes, your honour, this is a magnificent collation."

"It is the remains of my last sheep," said the Squire. "But what would it be without the Indian meal?" Which was served to us, in half-a-dozen different forms.

"It is plain," said Tim, "your honour never dined on fried rushes."

"No, I can't say, I ever heard of such diet. I suppose, they are like limestone soup, which is composed of a pound of beef, and a quart of water, to every ounce of limestone."

"Oh, well, your honour not exactly; but, one of our brethren—a Methodist, I mean—over in England, took it into his head, we Irish Methodists didn't go the right way to work; or you Catholics, Father O'Shea, would have come over to us long ago. So what does he do, but come over himself? He chose Connemara, as the most likely ground he could find, for there wasn't a Protestant in the whole of it. But he soon discovered, that he could not even get John the Baptist's diet there; and he was near starved. One day he came to a house a trifle dacent than the rest, and got lodging for the night in it. He wasn't long in, when he sees the good woman put on a frying-pan, and fill it with grease, and steep rushes in it. Thinks he, it is my supper she is getting ready, and 'Ma'am,' says he, 'you needn't mind cooking that dish for me. I am sure, fried rushes wouldn't agree with my stomach.' You must know, he had never seen a rushlight before."

"Thank you, Mr. Mahony, for your story. I should think, fried rushes were a specific against too hot a zeal. But, gentlemen and ladies, fill your glasses, and drink with all the honors, the health and happiness, of these truly noble guests of ours, who have shown, in our sight, more than the love of Joseph for his brethren."

Father O'Shea seconded the toast with all his heart, declaring, that if ever he spoke against Methodists in all his life, he hoped, his lips would be blistered.

Tim said in reply—"Mr. Saxe, and you, honorable gentlemen, I can't say, I am unaccustomed to public speaking ; for few men in the world have given more exercise to their tongue for the last twenty years, than I have done. But my heart is so full, that, if I gave way to my feelings, I must sing a hymn. Indeed, and indeed, I am not desaring of one word of praise from one of you. It was out of pure selfishness I came down here, as I can shew you. This boy here," and he laid his hand on my shoulder, "made me miserable, in all my wealth and comfort, by the awful accounts he sent me up, of the miseries of my own flesh and blood. He drove sleep away from my eyes ; and I'm sure, I would never have got it back, as long as I stayed in the North. Then this old woman," and he saluted Nance, "worried, and badgered the life out of me, with her longings to see her own people. She was threatened with a decline from home-sickness ; and I can't bear to lose her yet awhile. And, you see, I have given a power of money from first to last, to do good to the black and red Indians ; and, sure, I couldn't have people saying, I would do less for my own kith and kin. And ever since the Orange riots, the Northerns were very cold to me, and shut my mouth, and froze my lips ; and I can't live without praching the Gospel. And I was sure, if I brought plenty of male with me, the naybors would forgive me, for being a Methodist. Not that I'm ashamed of it. I thank God for it all day and daily. I wish you were all, Father O'Shea and every one of you, good Methodists. It is all you want, to make you the happiest men alive—even if you were to starve the day after. But, it is not fair to give you a sermon after dinner, and I'll let the male-bags preach, and say, Timothy Mahony loves every mother's son and daughter of you all, and prays God to send His blessing upon you."

On our return to the school-house, we formed a pleasant and cheery family-party, and sat far into the night, hearing and receiving news. Tim's last oration had been too strong for Northern taste. Welsh had been ordained, and had brought Tim and Nance in his wake to Church. Bridget diversified the conversation by frequent invectives against Tim, as the wicked apostate, and seducer of her sister's soul, which a glance at her garments changed into cascades of awkward praise, which she poured on the same individual, as the best friend the country ever had. The motley tissue of blessings and cursings continued till we sought repose. Tim and I in one bed ; while in another, in the further corner of the room, parted from us by a decent curtain, the twins turned in to sleep, but did not. For hours they contended over their creeds, with mutual volleys of affectionate controversy. The Catholic fired off rounds of her saintly lore ; adroit references to the old faith of their forefathers ; and terrible visions of the doom of the wilful heretic. The Protestant replied with texts, experi-

ences, assurances, counter visions, and hymns *galore*. Tim threw in a weighty sentence, as occasion served, which called my forces into action, until Bridget overpowered us all with the sulphurous fumes of bigotry. Tim then betook himself to his favourite exercise of wrestling for friends and kindred—Methodists and Orangemen—Celts and Saxons—the Christian and the Heathen world. This was the first controversy in which, I felt, my side was worsted ; and that, more by the tone and spirit, than the logic of the combatants. Meanwhile, the twins, tired of the fruitless conflict, slept calmly in each other's arms, as they had done forty years before—which was also provocative of thought.

My uncle's coming began a new era in Rathcore. His business habits were of the greatest service, in the orderly distribution of the food. The organisation of my force enabled me to guide the supplies into every destitute corner. Before Tim's supply was exhausted, the Rector's appeals had brought us succour from the charitable all over the kingdom. America was pouring in a deluge of grain, at every point where a vessel could touch ; and, with money and grain at our command, we bade defiance to the famine. Laughter and jokes were heard, as frequent as ever, in our streets ; and all the men were Fenians ; and all the Fenians adored their Head, whose money—as Tim persisted in declaring—had saved their lives.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

Now that the famine was driven out for a time, and the public works gave plenty of money to every one who would idle upon the roads, and the store supplied meal at a nominal price to all comers, the public taste veered round and became dainty, and men loathed their daily food. This "yalla male" was "jist like saw-dust,"—a poor thing to set before a hungry man. It never gave the comfortable feeling of satiety that the Celtic frame derived from a bellyful of potatoes. The very look of it half cooked—as was their mode of preparing it—was disgusting. And now Tim's frequent exhortations met with cool acceptance. Father O'Shea,—like the Quaker who would neither *stone* nor *strike* the dog that barked at him, but only call it "mad"—by a judicious use of the words, "heresy," "turncoat," "swaddler," "souper," thinned the audience to the narrowest dimensions.

"Oh, Hugh," said my uncle one day, "this is terrible. These people are tempting Providence sorely. It is just the way the Jews acted about the manna. And God smote *them* for it. And there was Bridget, and that good-for-nothing man of hers, cursed Nance and me to our faces, for devil's servants; and wished, our master would carry us off, with our tracts and Bibles. And worse than all, they have burned the Blessed Book itself, in more houses than one. There is worse coming, I fear. Nance and myself are wishing to be back among the Northerns again. Bad as they are, they love the sound of the Gospel up there, and they have some fear of God."

Far more swiftly and terribly than he anticipated, came the blow.

The very next day, on entering the school, cries from every side met me—"Father O'Shea is down in the fever"—"And so is Maurice Power, and his wife"—"And so is Shawn Bawn, and *his* wife"—"And Tim Donovan has broke his leg, going after a sale"—"And Jerry Ryan got a stroke, last night"—"And we'll all be dead before Aister, Biddy Flanagan says, sir, for listening to heresy."

Before nightfall, from twenty different quarters, authentic intelligence reached us, that the fever, which had been smouldering all through the famine, had burst into a devouring plague. The doctor's house was besieged by hundreds, fighting for the first visit from the man of healing. Tim, and I, went through the village, fetching such comforts and cordials, as the Rectory, or The House, could supply. In almost every dwelling we found more than one prostrate; and the filth of the cabins, and their inhabitants, filled us with dismay for the future. In the country, the prospect was far more appalling. Corpses lying among families, stricken every one of them, and deserted by the sound, were frequent sights. Infants clinging to the breasts of dead mothers, we saw more than once. One young girl, on the brink of the grave herself, we found, who had buried all her kindred in their own garden. But the saddest sight of all, to me, was Shawn Bawn, lying, wan, and helpless, and sinking, on a pallet of straw, while beside him, tossed the bright, happy bride, of a year ago, in the raving stage of the fever, clutching to her bosom, the flaxen-haired boy, who shrieked to us, to save him from his mother.

Poor Shawn was quite sensible—"Oh, Hugh, alanna, but it is a glad sight your face is to me. This is what they have brought the last of the Linahans to. But sure it is God's will, and I dare not complain. Oh, give me water—water—water. Oh, but that wine is good. God in Heaven bless you, Mr. Mahony! you are the first humans I have seen, since the night before last. I would have been dead in an hour, only for you. Oh, Hugh, honey, look at my darling Kitty, that was the pride of the country. Hugh, for God's sake, shut the door tight,

for *I am afraid of the dogs*," and he pointed, with a shudder, to his wife, who had fallen back exhausted. "And, won't you be back soon?"

"Uncle," said I, when we stood outside, "he cannot be left alone. I must go for food, and come back, and stay with him."

"Listen to me, Hugh," said he; "I have only five hundred pounds in the world now, and I may thank the Methodists in Liverpool, for having so much—and *that* is more yours, than mine—but, Hugh, could you keep it with a quiet conscience, with all these poor craytures staring us in the face?"

"Uncle, it is yours, every farthing of it. God knows, I would sell myself to do them good."

"Well, darling, look here. I have been thinking this week past, that if we got timber enough to build a fine roomy shed, in some snug, airy corner, and fit it up with iron beds, or fill it with straw, for that matter, that it would save many a life, to bring them out of these dirty holes into it. Then, the doctor could see them every day, and God might open their hearts to hear the Word. Now that the priest is down, and the curates with their hands as full as they can hold, no one would say a word agin it."

"Well, uncle, if you are so punctilious, as to think my consent needful; I say, the sooner you start for town, and turn your notion into a fact, the better."

"That's right, Hugh. You can come back here with soup; and I'm off for Youghal at once."

"What an invaluable officer of health you would make, uncle."

"It is only trying to be a sort of a Christian I am," said he.

In less than a week, Tim's idea stood over the village, embodied in a long range of whitewashed sheds. Every healthy man in the place, from the Squire down, had helped in the work. More than a hundred patients lay in it, on clean mattresses, inhaling the sea-breeze—tempered by numerous fires within. They were fed by Tim and Nance and myself, on the regulation diet; and as happy as the ailing ever are. At once, the death-rate of the village fell. Only one out of twenty, was our tribute to the King of Terrors. Shawn Bawn was one of the victims, and his child another. The widow survived, to become an admirable nurse and sister to us all. And now, it was a reviving sight, to look at Tim's shining face, as he moved at all hours, through the beds.

"Oh, Hugh, God is so good to me, that I can't help bursting out into songs of joy. Then I stop, and say to myself, 'Tim Mahony, you villain, isn't it a shame for you to be so merry, and light-hearted, with all them sick folks, and widows, and orphans about you? It is not a heart you have got at all, but only a whinstone.' But then, my dear,



they drink in the Gospel now, like new-milk. The very same words that wouldn't move a Northern's eyelids, drives them into despair. So I have to speak very soft, and tender, and comforting to them; they are so tender-hearted, and conscientised themselves. That is what makes me so joyful. Glory be to God! that iver I came down, and that I didn't go away. He has given me souls for my hire. I niver felt such liberty in all my days. I can tell them of the love of the Lord, flowing out to poor sinners, so fresh, and free, and full, and gracious, and glorious, for hours, and never feel weary. Surely, this is the House of God—the gate of heaven—and many a soul will look back from glory; and say, 'I was born of God within them wooden walls of Tim Mahony's at Rathcore.' Oh, Hugh, I tell you, if we could get rid of the priests, and the Orangemen, and have Ireland to ourselves, for six months, there would not be a Papist left in it."

"There would be one at all events, uncle."

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh," said he, in tones of sorrow and distress. "When I think of you seeing Rory, and so many here, dying in all the triumph of faith, and you still as hard as iver, I can't help thinkin' of the missionary that said of his sphere of work, 'O Rock, Rock, when, when will you open?' There is something past common keeping the Lord out of your heart."

"Why, uncle, what have you to teach us, that we do not all believe already."

"Oh, man alive, but you *are* stubborn! Can't you see the differ, between putting the Lord first, and last, and in the middle, and everywhere, in His own work—and bringing your priests, and your rosaries, and your penances, and your nonsense, between the sinner and Him."

"What say you to that? How does it tally with your charges against the Catholic Church?" said I, pointing to man beside us, who was devoutly kissing his crucifix. "What does he put first, uncle?"

"Wait till we see," said he, going over to the sick man's bed. "Pat, tell us why do you kiss that?"

"Oh, sure, Mr. Mahony, it is the best thing I can do for myself. Didn't my mother—dacent woman—do it often, and often; and rear me up to do it, whenever I was in trouble?"

"And that is your whole reason, Pat?"

"To be sure, what else?"

"Listen, then," said Tim; and he sat down; and told Pat of the Crucified, and His love to man, so sweetly, that every head turned towards him; and every face glistened; and every eye was wet.

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Pat, when he ceased. "Now, I'll kiss it from this out twenty times as much, when I know the whole raison. No wonder the good woman was so fond of it."

"Well, Hugh?"

"Oh, uncle, he knew it all before."

"Maybe so; but never the right way, I'm thinking. It is just like the priests. They put the crucifix in your hands; but they put the Virgin, or the saints, or themselves, in your heads and your hearts, if they can."

From that time, however, he always used the crucifix, to give emphasis and assurance to his preaching; and with wonderful effect. The curates, who came from time to time to administer the last rites to the dying, remarked this, and the good man's immeasurable charity, and never put any hindrance in his way. No more doubt had he of the salvation of those who died after his form of faith, than of the salvation of the penitent thief. Timothy Mahony, as he was then, was the happiest man whom I have ever known.

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That evening I saw, lying in the bay, a strange craft—one of the largest St. Ives boats. What can bring her here at this season of the year? Not for fishing, certainly. Can it be that Daly has sent over the arms in her?—has even come over with them himself? That thought drove me up the beach to our house. Aye, there the hateful wretch sat by the fireside, and Nelly with the babe in her arms on one knee, and my little nameless namesake crowing on the other; and the villain looking at home and happy. My blood rushed to my head at the sight. He rose, and a cloud of care settled on his face, as he glanced at my eyes.

"General," said he, in an humble tone, "your orders have been all obeyed to the letter. The boat is ours, and manned by true men."

Without a word, I smote him to the earth. Nelly threw herself upon him with wild sobs and cries of misery.

"Sister, leave that man. You are not his wife. His wife is a bad woman in Dublin."

She looked at him and me with a scared look of ghastly, woeful questioning. "James—Hugh—what is this? Oh Holy Vargin! James will not speak. Oh, Hugh, unsay that."

The wretched man rose up, and passed out from among us, with a wild light in his eyes. I left Nelly in the arms of her aunt, who, from an inner room had heard the *fracas*, and I followed Daly outside.

"Bryan," said he, with set teeth and black countenance, "you have raised the devil in me at last. By God, I will have vengeance upon you."

"Sir," said I, seizing his arm, "you are under arrest. Come with me, or I'll kill you on this spot."

I brought him up to Phil Donovan, who was smoking tranquilly, with his legs hanging over the storm-wall.

"Phil," said I, "gather ten of your best men at once. Bring the cargo of that vessel to the cave directly. Daly will go with you, and obey your orders. And, Phil, look well to him; he is your prisoner."

"Why, Hugh, what is wrong?"

"He has disobeyed my orders, and lost his temper, and threatened me. He must be tried by court-martial. Keep him confined in the cave till Duffy and Driscoll come over."

"Blood alive, Hugh, don't be in such a rage. The Master has always been our best man, next to yourself."

"He is right, Phil," said Daly, who had recovered his calmness, and saw, I suppose, that perfect submission was his best policy. "I'll go with you as quiet as a lamb. Let me speak to the General for a minute, Phil. All I ask, Hugh, is leave to sit an hour or two with Nelly and the children, now and again. That is not much."

I also had now cooled down, and prudence bade me not exasperate such an ally beyond endurance.

"All depends on your future conduct, sir," said I. "For the present, consider yourself under arrest, and do not stir from the cave till further orders."

He saluted, and returned to Phil. They went out together to the hooker, which a little after sailed away round the Head, in the direction of the cave. When I returned to the school-house, Nelly was raving. The fever had seized her. Now it was, that the sorrows of death began to encompass me on every side. Now, too, I learned the value of such a friend as the young Widow Linahan. She filled Nelly's place to the children and all of us. The next of my kindred who was smitten was Bridget. She had abandoned Tim and Nance as excommunicate. But when the fever came, and her husband forsook her, the poor soul, whose very failing was a virtue, turned naturally to her twin sister. Soon as her brief message, "Biddy is down," reached Tim's ears, he sped in the Squire's spring-cart to her relief. Nelly and she lay side by side for a fortnight, in the upper room of the school-house, nursed by Nance. My sister was as in a trance—deaf and dumb—for all that time. Scarcely any nourishment passed her lips. Bridget, on the other hand, had frequent intervals of good sense; and greedily partook of everything. We could not give her medicine enough for her taste. We thought *her* in no danger. Yet when the crisis passed, the doctor said there was no hope of her recovery; while for Nelly he had little fear. Poor Bridget heard the dread news, and was stricken with terror. At her entreaty, I went in hot haste for the priest. He stayed with her for a very long time, hearing her confession, giving absolution, the *viaticum*, and extreme unction. She preserved the

most rigid silence for hours ; and still the stroke came not. At length she spoke to me :

"Hugh dear, why did you go for to disappoint me, and not be a priest? Why can't you comfort me, in such a time as this?"

"Aunt dear, I had no vocation."

"I'm afeard I threw you too much in the way of temptation. You fell in love with Miss Lily, and no wonder. Give the darling my love and a blessing, and tell her I hope to see her in glory ; for I got her baptized, and sure St. Bridget will not leave her outside."

"Aunt dear, I told Miss Lily, you had got her baptized ; and she is very thankful for it."

"Now, glory be to God ! I can die aisy. She is coming right at last."

She fell into a doze. On awaking, she looked at Nance, and said, "Darling, I am getting lower and lower. Are them the rale words of the Blessed Saviour Himself, and no one else, that Tim and you are always repating?"

"His own true words, Bridget, and none other. It's as sure as that we are sisters."

"Then, Nance, it can do me no harm to hear them, But mind, honey, and don't say anything to raise my temper ; for a sin now would ruin me entirely, for ever and ever."

"Come unto Me all ye that are weary, and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Oh, dear, that is most beautiful. Who said that?"

"The Blessed Jesus ; the same that died for us on the cross."

"Oh dear, then He knows that I am weary of toiling and slaving for Phil Flanagan ; and weary of penances and rosaries and stations ; and weary of life and waiting for death—will He give *me* rest, do you think, Nance?"

"He says *all*, Biddy, and sure he would not go back on His word?"

"That *is* comforting, Nance. Do you know, I think I could see Tim, if he'll keep quiet, without a sin."

When Tim came to her bedside, she clasped his hand, and kissed it, and said, "Maybe, there is some chance for you after all, Tim. I can't see how it *can* be ; but I have hopes you'll come right after all. You see, God is great, and His love and mercy is wonderful."

We sat around the bed, sad enough, each busy with our own thoughts ; till she sprang up with a scream, and cried, "Oh, hold me up. Death has took a grip of my heart. Tim, Tim Mahony, is there any hope for such a miserable wretch as I am?"

He lifted the crucifix before her eyes, and said, "He that hung on

that, said, 'Look unto *Me* all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved.' He put the emblem between her hands. She pressed it to her lips, and held it fast, while strength was hers.

When we had returned from the funeral, Tim took his seat on the bed that had been Bridget's, and drew Nance into a discourse, on the ways of the Almighty. "I never was so happy in my life, Nance, as in the last month. I have been walking in light all the time. I have seen God face to face. Never in the greatest revival times have I witnessed such a work of the Spirit. Isn't it a mighty honour for such worms of the dust, Nance, to be employed this way?"

"Yes, Tim; I have been very happy, too. Yes, I can dry my weeping eyes, Tim, glory be to God! and thank Him for bringing us here, if it was only to close Bridget's eyes."

"He is holding you up, darling?"

"Yes, Tim."

"Can you follow Him, sister, into deeper waters, if He calls you?"

"Isn't His grace sufficient, Tim? Isn't there a Comforter?"

"Can you kiss the rod, Nance?"

"With His help, Tim. He gave; He has the right to take away."

"Then, acushla, you'll need His arms now. The faver is on me; and something tells me, I'll never rise from this bed. Hugh, my son, here is the keys of the house above. You'll find my will in the middle drawer of the sideboard. The house and business are worth a dale of money. Take care of Nance. Won't you be a son to her?"

"Oh, uncle dear, do not drive us to despair. We cannot lose you."

"Hugh dear, I'll never see Armagh more. I'm going to the New Jerusalem. Now, wife, help me to shake off my clothes, and the cares of the world, and to fall asleep in Jesus."

When next I could bear to visit that chamber, he was tossing in the paroxysms of a most malignant fever. His ravings were full of the most touching appeals to all sorts and conditions of men; of the most abject confessions of his own vileness, and withal, of the most rapturous confidence in the love of the Deity. His words kept Nance in a state of sublime resignation. She never stirred from the room, where Nelly also lay still unconscious. The sixth day, was Tim's last on earth. He too had a lucid interval, according to his prayer. He employed the most of it in a pointed address to me.

"Oh, darling, if ever you loved me, read a chapter in the Bible every day; go and see James Welsh, and give him Tim Mahony's dying love and blessing; and never forsake Nance, who loves you as her own son. Oh, Hugh, darling, give up treason, give up the world, or it will sting you to the heart yet."

Then he and Nance spent their last moments of union, in singing one of Wesley's most spirit-stirring hymns.

The sound of their voices pierced me through and through. Here was a triumph of faith indeed—a seal to the Gospel he preached. He, who felt earth sinking under his feet, she, who saw her blackest woe close upon her, parted, praising God, in a hymn of joy. Surely as noble a pair of martyrs, as any who ever ran to meet the lions in the amphitheatre! What would I not have given in that hour, to have been able to share in their faith?

But not yet was my tale of woe exhausted. The cholera came swooping upon us, in the rear of the fever, and its first victim was the patient, cheerful Nance. Then, Kitty Linahan found another nurse for the children, and took her place in Nelly's chamber.

Nance's sufferings were frightful, almost intolerable, to the beholders. But in every lull she would say, "Hugh darling, don't think, I'm complaining—glory be to God! He is enough: don't think I'm afraid, or have any doubt about the Gospel; or that my religion fails me. It is all the wakeness of the flesh. Hugh darling, give up rebel work; it can come to no good end. Hugh darling, He says, 'Come unto me,' and I'm going; and my blessing be on you, for ever, and ever."

An hour after her death, I was summoned once more to that chamber of horror, to witness my sister's departure. She only smiled at me with lack-lustre eyes, and said, "Hugh, I'm dead. I am in heaven with mother," and sunk back in my arms. When all was over, I tottered down the stairs, and fled from that Golgotha, and ran along the beach, clapping my hands, and tearing my hair, and shrieking out my agony to the winds and waves. Not until midnight, did I stagger up stairs, to resume my place at the side of all that was left on earth, of those who had loved me so well. As I entered the room, a figure dropped from the window. I knew it was Daly. I had no bitterness against him then. I could have mingled my tears with his, and felt comfort in his brotherhood. But my passion had prevented this. Her trunk lay open. He has been taking some little relic. Poor fellow, let him have his rag of comfort. He suffers, too.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

I sat from early morning, when we buried Nance and Nelly, till past mid-day, upon my mother's grave ; my mind driving to and fro over the expanse of misery which had opened before me. The tower threw a cold shadow over us all, mocking the feeble transitory things that passed away, after all their hopes, and loves, and passions ; while it stood in flinty majesty, scornful of time and man. Those red graves were more like home now, than any other spot of earth. Mother, sister, aunts, uncle, Crofton, little Eddie, all are here. The true hearts that loved me well to the last throb, are here, cold, and pulseless now for ever. The faithful bosoms that sheltered me from storm and stress of weather, are only dust and ashes. Only my father is left, whom of all I would have missed least. Yet, while *he* lives, life has duties. He must be sought at once. And Lily, too, is left ; and she is at Glenmore now. She must receive Bridget's blessing. When last we met, it was she who sought comfort and counsel of me. Now she must give it in turn. And she will, if only as a sister. The widow, too, has faith. From her I may get hope of another world than this. And there are the infants, poor waifs and strays, thrown on such a world. I must live for them. Daly—ha ! the softness has gone. I hate him still. Is he not a murderer now ? But for him, Nelly would be at my side, and not — Perhaps, I may forgive him long years hence. But we must be kept apart. And the Cause, is not it worth living for ? Ah me ! why did they not give the word six months ago ? Then we should have known no famine. Already, more men have perished, than in a dozen Waterloos. We must waste no more time, or our troops shall have vanished. But I am shattered, my heart is withered with this grief, my energies are palsied, my hopes are dead, ambition cannot quicken my pulse one beat. I can hardly think—only weep, like a woman, or a child. Well, action is the only cure. I must go hence for a month. First to Lismore. There the widow and Lily shall bind up my wounds, and pour in the wine and oil. Then to Dublin. There, I must link my father's arm once more to mine, and tell him of his pet's sad end ; and stir the Council up to instant action. Kitty Linahan will be a mother to the children, till our end is gained, and then, my name and home will shield the poor nameless orphans. Having my course thus planned, I arose from my dreary vigil, eager to leave that Golgotha behind.

Scarcely had I stood upright, when Phil Donovan, my trusty *aide-de-camp*, seized my arm, and said—"Hugh, you are wanted sore this very night. The boys wouldn't believe that it was your orders Daly brought. Faith, only for the flag, not a foot they would have stirred without yourself at their head. And I knew, if there was fighting to be done, you would not be the hindmost. They won't do much, without the young hero at their head. So I stayed for the funeral, and now I'm ready to start with you."

"Good God! what do you mean, Phil Donovan? what fresh devilry of Daly's is this? I gave no order. This is not the time for fighting."

"So I said, Hugh; but Daly swore the boys in Dublin were at it, hammer and tongs, and had took the Castle, and a place he called the Pigeon House; and that word had come to you, and Captain Rock, and Duffy, to join the army of the Fenians, at Vinegar Hill. He said, you had given him orders, to march the boys to Cappoquin, and that you would meet them there, this evening. I was to wait for you, and bring you straight from the funeral."

"And did you all believe him without a sign?"

"Why were we to doubt him? And he held up the flag, and said, we all knew that was the sign; and he axed them, would they let him go off alone, and tell the Wexford men, that the boys of Rathcore hid their heads, when there was a word of a fight. He swore, he would obey his orders, if every man of us was cowards. So they are off to Cappoquin, and they are to meet the Tip'rary boys at Ballyduff."

"Why did you not tell me this before, Phil?"

"Hugh dear, I was hanging about you all day—but the heart-sick look was in your face—and when I spoke to you, you looked straight before you, and never answered me, or noticed me at all. Troth, I was afeard, a blast might come on me, if I disturbed you. 'The good people is talking to him,' thinks I. But, it is time enough yet. Daly didn't think, you would bury till two o'clock; and he said, it would be soon enough, if you got to Cappoquin by seven o'clock. They won't attack the barracks till then."

"Attack the barracks at Cappoquin, Phil?"

"Oh, aye; that is where our part of the work begins. Duffy's boys are to clear Rathcore this night, and follow us. He said, you didn't like to have to fight the Squire—you were such friends. Our work begins at Cappoquin. We are to clear all the peelers and gentry out of the country, between that and Vinegar Hill; and ever so many regiments are to meet us by the way. Rock's boys have charge of Dungarvan, and that side."

"And when did our boys start?"



"The Squire's clock struck three, as they passed. They make pretence, that they have ten corpses that died of the fever, that they are going to bury in the ould church-yard of Aglish. But the coffins is full of guns, and powder, and ball."

"And what were they to do all day?"

"They were to camp in the woods all day; and get their guns in order, and be ready to meet the Cappelquin boys, at six o'clock, on the bridge; and then, with you at their head, carry the polis' barracks."

"And how many went, Phil?"

"More than two hundred. There is more than that number down in the fever, or dead of it, and the hunger—and a power of others not able to march. But most of them is wild with delight at the news."

Now I had the clue to Daly's conduct. Nelly's death has maddened him. He has determined to revenge himself on me at any cost. He means to blow up all my hopes, and bury myself in the ruins. Surely a royal revenge!

"Phil, we must be off. It is now almost two o'clock. It won't be dark, for three hours more. We must catch them, before they leave the woods. Go at once, and get Lannigan's car, and be at the school in ten minutes. Tell old Tom, we'll drive ourselves."

"But, Hugh dear, isn't it all true?"

"Not a word of it, Phil. It is the blackest lie ever came from the bottomless pit."

"And we're to have no fighting the night? Blood alive, but that is too bad. That Daly must be the devil himself."

"Oh, Phil, if you had only kept him a close prisoner in the cave; or blown his brains out?"

"Sure, Hugh, I thought you and he had made it all up. And who could have thought, he would go and destroy us? If I had had a notion there was treachery in his brains, it's not long I would have left them in his head."

"Well, Phil, hurry now. All's up, if we do not catch them, before they leave the woods."

"Kitty," said I, having caught up Lily's abstract of her father's work, and looked to my pistols, and thrown on a cloak. "I am going on a very doubtful journey, and I may never come back. Will you promise to be a mother to these children, if anything should happen me?"

"The Lord preserve us! Hugh astore, what new trouble is down upon you now, darling."

"Daly has brought the boys into a trap; and if I don't catch him at Cappelquin, before six o'clock, hundreds will be killed or ruined."

"The villain; hannah mon diaoul! Make haste, Hugh. There

is no need of a promise, sure. The Almighty has sent me in place of them that is gone ; an' I'll never desert them as I hope for Heaven."

"Well, Kitty mavourneen, there is a good deal of money in that press. It, and the furniture of the house, and everything about, is yours and theirs. Do the best you can for them."

"That I will. Oh, Hugh acushla, this is worse than all that went afore. Kiss the darling, desolate orphans, before you go—and myself, too. May all the saints in heaven bless you, and curse Daly—the villain."

Phil was at the door with the car, but the owner, a cautious Protestant, sat in the driver's seat.

"Mr. Bryan, your honour," said he, "I'm not going for to doubt yer word, or Phil's ayther ; but they say there's bad work going on above—and the horse and car is all my living—and I think I had better drive yez myself."

"Tom," said I, "how much is the whole affair worth ?"

"It is well worth twenty pounds," said he.

I went to the press for the money, and handed it to him. "Kitty, mind he gives you that back—barring the price of any damage—when he gets his horse and car again."

"I'll give it to her, fair and honest," said he.

"Don't be afeard, Hugh ; I'll get it from him," said the trusty widow.

"Drive aisy up the hills, and mind the right wheel," were the last words I heard in my birth-place. We drove for an hour at a miserable rate, with such a jingling of the old rattle-trap, that we could not exchange a word. Then, we dismounted at the foot of a great hill, and simultaneously assailed each other with a volley of questions.

"And there'll be no fighting, Hugh ?"

"Not if I can help it, Phil ; except between Daly and myself. One of us will lie on the sod. Curses on him for a villain ! He has destroyed us all. The boys are lost, if we do not catch them in time."

"Oh, *milia murther* ! and they will be kilt, like fishes in a net ;" and curses innumerable fell on Daly's name, and a storm of blows on the poor horse.

"Did Daly say anything about the quality, Phil ?"

"Oh, aye : they were to be all made prisoners ; and to march before us with halters round their necks."

"Phil, drive on like mad. Even if we kill the poor brute, we must catch them, or he will bring hundreds of decent boys to the gallows."

There was no need to goad him. The energy, with which he swore at horse, car, Lannigan, Daly, everything, was fearful. And so we sped along past the ruins of feudal castles, and velvet lawns, and

squalid huts, whence skeletons of men and women peered at us in faint wonder, and feeble children cheered us with reedy halloos, and their thin curs whined at our sorely-tasked animal. The night fell before we reached the ferry, which was on our route.

"Oh, Hugh, it's terrible late; we'll never be in time."

"We have a good hour yet, Phil, and not more than three miles to go."

"—— this darkness; only for it, we should be all right."

"It will keep the ferryman from knowing us. You will be safe, at any rate, Phil. For myself, I don't care, if the river was carrying me out to sea."

But thoughts rose too thickly in my mind, to heed my companion's reply. What would Lily say, if she heard I had drowned myself? She is most likely a Catholic now. Would she say a prayer for my soul! Tush! have I a soul? Can there be a God, who cares for man, and suffers penal laws, and evictions, and starvation, and fever, and villany, to blight the aspirations of all noble souls? Oh, poor, poor Ireland! must thou always bleed? Oh, poor, poor country! must all thy sons perish, who wish to do thee good? At last, we were in the woods. The gamekeepers must have thought some most noisy curlews had come far in shore that night. Light glimmering through the trees brought us to a huge fire, around which lay bottles and bones, and among them one stupid wretch, whom we could scarcely raise from a drunken slumber.

"Sure, and it is Bill Corry," said Phil.

"Find out all you can from him."

"Daly is the prime boy—he doesn't spare the liquor. We are to have a big house apiece, and a hundred acres of land, rent free for ever. Tare-an'-ouns, they are off without me. Sure, an' I wouldn't miss the spree for all the whiskey in Ireland. Aren't we to get a goold medal as big as a plate for this night's work?" Such was the substance of his remarks.

Oh, Phil, Phil! it is past six o'clock. They have got the start of us. There will be murder. We must leave the car to take care of itself. Run off to the boat-house we passed a minute ago. Break the chain, and fetch the cot up. It is the only chance left now. We must paddle over as best we can."

He shot off like a deer, and came sculling up the river, which lay between us and Cappoquin, in an incredibly short time. And now the lights of the town became visible, and everything seemed quiet. But on the road, at the other side of the river leading to the bridge, we can discern the light of waving torches; and even hear the dull thud of footsteps. It is possible that we may reach the town before them

yet. How still the river is! Only the rippling of the water, the leap of a fish, the noise of Phil's paddle. Is it only the lull before a storm? Blast it! we are caught, in the stakes of a weir. It consumes fifteen minutes to get clear. There are lights waving on the bridge now; house doors are open—figures are flitting to and fro—the noise of shouts is distinct and clear. I sink down in the cot, and weep in impotent anguish. I know the crisis is past, and that I am ruined, hopelessly ruined. "Why not end all at once! One leap and you are free from this coil." The temptation was strong. Thank God, another voice said—"I shall save my men—or share their doom. *Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*" It seemed a whole lifetime of misery, till we were aground. Then we plunge into the ooze, and through slime, and sedge, and osier beds, reach the shore, a mass of mud. I rush forward into the town—only some hundred yards distant—and never pause, for breath, till I stand, panting, on the outskirts of a mob of men, women, and children. The town is up, and no mistake. Every soul in it must be here; and the cries—"Erin go bragh"—"Down with the Sassenach"—"Death to the peelers"—"Hurrah for the Fenians"—are enough to prove their hearty adoption of the national cause. They are gathering in front of the police-barrack. The grim stone block stands out, in clear relief, in the light of a hundred torches. The windows barred with iron—the door thickly knobbed with iron, and the iron-spiked paling before it—defy the boldest man in the crowd, to strike the first blow. As I elbow my way through the crowd, towards the green flag, which is the vivid centre of a ring of musketeers, I can hear Daly's hateful voice—

"Who fears to die for Ireland, boys? Isn't it better to die, like a man, in a minute, by a shot, than to rot of hunger, or murrain, like a dog?"

The women will not let me pass. A window opens in the front of the barrack: the sergeant, calm as on duty—pitiful as one who has wife and children—resolute as for life and death—stands forward, and waves his hand, appealing to the mob for silence. He speaks coolly, in the stern distinct accents of a Northern—

"Good people, for God's sake, disperse to your homes at once. We do not want to have any misguided man's blood on our hands. You cannot take the barracks. There are thirty of us within here. We can take a life at every shot. Hundreds are on the road to help us."

Just then I had forced my way, up to the flag. Daly's voice sings out behind my ear—

"Boys, the Captain has come at last. Hugh Bryan is in time, to fire the first shot against England."

A tongue of flame passes over my shoulder. The manly form of

the sergeant drops out of the window, a black mass at my feet. Daly's face sneers at me triumphantly—"There is my revenge, Bryan. You'll have the gallows for your throne," and, before I can level my pistol at him, he has vanished in the crowd. A volley flashes out from every window. One bullet whizzes through my hair, the sting of another pricks the flesh of my left arm. Several men drop around me. All the time, I am crying, with spent voice, "boys, you are betrayed, scatter and save yourselves." The mob howls with disappointment, and despair, and, in a twinkling, has vanished. Before I can realize the fact, I am alone with dead and writhing bodies round me; now, faithful Phil is screaming, "Hugh dear, you must be off yourself. They are opening the door. There they are." He drags me away over the road—through a hedge—down a garden—into the osiers. The cold water is grateful. The exertion of swimming though with one arm, is a relief. Stroke for stroke, Phil keeps by my side, till our knees touch the mud of the other bank. We walk, speechless and disconsolate, for perhaps a mile, till we come to our car, and the horse browsing calmly by the wayside. The moon had just risen, and sheds around us a sad, sickly light. We can see the cows on the other side of the hedge—the spire of the church beyond—the placid river. Almost in a whisper, I say to Phil, "Goodbye, Phil. Go back quietly. They know nothing against you. Forgive me, brother. I have brought you all into this danger, and have done nothing but harm to you all. Be a friend to the children." He wrung my hand—both of us in tears—and obedient to the last, mounted the car, and drove off. With what a mournful soul I listened, till the last echo of the lumbering vehicle died away! It was as the wail of the Banshee over my dead youth.

## PART V.

*"Post tenebras lux."*

## CHAPTER I.

WHEN the sound of the car had died away, I went off the road, and sat down among the sedge by the river side ; and gave way to utter despair. For weeks, I had not got one hour of sound sleep ; and now the body took its revenge, and filled the mind with horrid fancies. The dark river was the Styx. I was a dead man, waiting in the gloom, for Charon to come and ferry me over, to the judgment-seat. Anon, I stand before the Awful Presence, and hear my doom. I had set my soul upon one stake—the game was played—and I have lost, and am henceforth an outcast. A moment's glimpse have I of Paradise. The placid faces of mother, sister, uncle, aunt, Crofton, Rory, pass and look at me, without a trace of recognition ; they know me not ; perhaps cannot even see me. A voice says, "Here you also might have been ; but now it is too late. Go forth and dwell among the tombs." I strive to stammer out, "and is it for ever ?" but my tongue declines to move. Then I must have fallen asleep—for I remember only the start and shiver, with which I awoke, and found the moon streaming full upon my face ; and heard voices only a yard or two behind me.

"Captain," said the quick, sharp voice of a gentleman—a magistrate, I infer at once—"here are the signs of a car ; see, the grass has been eaten all round here by a horse. That Bryan, who shot Jeffers, was, you may rely upon it, Saxe's *prolège*. He has come from Rathcore by this route."

"Sir," said a voice, almost at my ear, "the cot has been stolen from Mr. Ussher's, and here are the marks of it in the bank."

That was a policeman. I saw him. I could have touched him with my hand. The lantern in his hand made the carbine shine ; its muzzle touched the reeds which separated us. I was in the toils. The thought that I was hunted, made life very precious. I resolved to make the chase a long and exciting one. The voice of the magistrate rose again.

"Captain Brooke, had we not better follow the car at once ? If it came up to-night, the horse must be dead beat, and they cannot have more than half-an-hour's start."

"Yes, that is our surest course. Orderly, go up to Mr. Ussher's, and get a horse for Mr. Jackson; I shall ride yours. Head-Constable, make your men scatter, and beat the plantations on both sides of the road, and keep a sharp look-out along the edge of the river. Some of them may be lurking there. Begin a hundred yards up the road, at the head of this belt of osiers."

The sound of the men's tread as they marched off, was music to me. On the instant, I slipped swiftly and silently up the stream, and swam under the shadow of a dense grove, up the river. I could hear the men beating the bushes. They were so intent on that work, that they never threw a glance at the stream. I swam on, till I was quite exhausted, and then, landing, found the high road, which, in an hour, brought me to Lismore. But not yet was I safe. A mounted patrol, with jingling sabres, rode up and down the bridge. Again, a friendly hedge sheltered me till they were past. Before they turned, I was safe at the other side, scaling, with weary limbs, the hill on which the widow dwells. When I reached her door, the clock struck eleven. Now that I had gained my destination, I shrank from entering. Why worry the poor old woman? Will she not learn soon enough what a failure the clever grandson has been? Aye, Hugh Bryan, you have achieved distinction at last. To-night your name is flying through all the country. To-morrow your description will be on every wall, and every road in Ireland will be watched for you. A price will be set upon your head. Will they think you worth a thousand pounds? And you have only made yourself and your country ridiculous. Nay, there is worse than that. There is an irrefragable chain of proof, that Hugh Bryan is a cold-blooded murderer. Not a link is wanting. Every one will believe, that *you* slew that honest, manly, sergeant. Yes, Daly, you have had your revenge! You have woven a halter for me; and I shall be cleverer than Emmett, or the Sheareses, if I do not mount a gibbet before the month is out. Poor old widow! this is worse than all. Yet, I must save her from the horrid thought of being next of kin to a murderer. Alas! that poor policeman. Of course, he has left a widow and orphans. Is not this a miserable world?—out of joint, indeed. He is dead, I am counted his slayer, and that heap of dead and wounded men before the barrack! And this poor recluse, who has watched, and fasted, and prayed so long, for me and the cause! Bah! who has ever gained aught by prayer? I tapped at the casement. A match was struck inside, a candle lit, her figure, tall and solemn, came to the door, and threw it open, and said, as she looked out—"Come in, whoever you are, in the name of God, and welcome. If you are hungry, tell me, and you shall share my store. Ellen Bryan owes too much to the poor, to refuse what

she can give to any one." I moved forward, and stood within the circle of light—a wild, haggard, muddy, blood-stained creature. She crossed herself. "God protect us! has the grave give up it's dead? Are you Hugh Bryan, that I found lying at Arklow? Are you not in glory, darling? Holy Vargin pray for us miserable sinners, now, and at the hour of death."

"Grandmother, Hugh Bryan's grandson, in a worse plight than his grandsire, has come to you this night, for comfort, refuge, and your blessing."

"Oh, darling, is it yourself? Come in this minute. You are more welcome in trouble, than in joy. Sure and my heart misgave me sore, that something was coming upon us this night. Nothing but black thoughts would come into my head this whole day. I couldn't get your father's face, the night he came from Glenmore, away from me, and my own Hugh's, as he lay stretched in his coffin, with the dint of the swoord in his marble forehead, and my uncle Michael's, as I seen him on the ground with the mark of the horse hoof, right between his eyes. And sure, it was bekase *your* cross was coming this night on you—and it is a heavy one, my dear, I know by your eyes—and the swoord has gone through your heart. Tell me it all, alanna, it will do you good; and grief and me shook hands long ago, and are fast friends ever since. And He," said she, as she rose, and took down the crucifix, and pressed her lips upon the imaged feet, and handed it to me, "will send me and you strength for all our need, both now and for ever." Keeping her eyes fixed upon that most sacred emblem of victory through defeat, she beckoned to me to tell my story. She heard all the details of my quarrel with Daly—the labours of Tim and Nance—their deaths, and Bridget's, and Nelly's, and the crowning catastrophe at Cappoquin, with calmness, only broken by a prayer for the soul of each of the departed, as she heard of their end. "Bitter days you have had indeed, achora machree, and what you tell me about Tim Mahony, and his wife's end—she was always a good child—is the only drop of comfort in it all. I don't believe, He that suffered so much for us all," and she reverently bowed her head, "will have the heart to turn His back upon them that worked so hard for His sake. And, Hugh, never fear, in spite of all that is past and gone, God has the best of good luck in store for ould Ireland yit, and for all of us; only we must let Him bring it about in His own way. It isn't His will to have rivers of blood, of precious Irish blood, flowing on Irish ground any more. It's true for you, more men have died of famine, and the fever, in the last quarter, than ever was killed by the swoord at any time; but, darling, they died in pace, and love, by their own fireside, by the Good Hand of the Almighty; and that's far better, nor having their sowl's driven out, full of anger, and hatred,



and cruelty, like devils. Aye, it is hard for you to look up, or to see any light now—sure it's meself knows the feel well—and, honey, I'm afeard there was murder, and onmarciffulness in your heart, against that poor mad schoolmaster. God help him ! Hugh, he has suffered worse, and sinned worse, than you have yet ; and sure you wouldn't change places with him this minute, to have the country free from end to end. Yes, darling, and you'll be thankful to God, the longest day you live, that you have no stain of blood upon your sowl. Oh, but *that* is the marcy of God, and the rest is aisy to bear, or will be so after awhile. Oh, glory be to Him that you are free from blood. Sure an' what can any one say, astore, but that you were desaved, and betrayed ? and so has many's the good man been, and got over it, after all, as you'll do yit, plase God. You thought you would save your desolate country, and sarve your True Church, and deliver us from the bitter enemies of both ; and sure, darling, there was no harm nor sin in that ? But, then, the Lord saw it could only be done through says of blood, and moun-tains of sin, upon many a sowl ; and He won't have it that way. Now I'm sure my vision will come true, and God will bring it all about in His own way. I've found out in these terrible times, when He is sweep-ing the country with the besom of destruction, that the quollity and the parsons is not near so bad, as we thought they wor. They have been as kindly to the poor distressed craytures, as any Christians could be. Many a one has sold their carriages, and grand furniture, and silver dishes, and spoons, to get male for the poor ; and He," with another lowly reverence to the crucifix ; "will not reject them that do the like of that for His poor. He will reward them for it. And maybe that is the rayson, He puts a stop to your fighting so soon. But sure, darling, I was forgetting, that you are in danger—and that they are sure to be here in the morning, to look for you. And *there* is blood on your clothes."

"Oh, its nothing, grandmother—a bullet must have grazed my shoulder ; but it cannot have done any mischief, for I can move my arm as freely as ever—and there is scarcely any pain."

"Well, darling, I must wash it, and put a rag on it anyway. Let me do that much, before you go away from me, Hugh." She dressed the trifling wound, with many kisses—and during the operation she wept a little. It brought the past back to her too vividly. But for my sake—I felt it—she crushed down all signs of weakness, and took my part-ing charges, with marvellous equanimity.

"Go down, grandmother, for the children without delay. Kitty Linahan and Phil Donovan will get all the money that is coming to them ; and give it to you, and send this book," and I gave her Lily's abstract, "by the hand of some trusty little boy, or girl, to Miss Crof-ton, at Glenmore, the first thing in the morning ; and bid the child say

to herself, 'would you give me a penny, my lady, to buy nuts?' Don't forget that, I implore of you."

"Never fear, darling, your message will be done, as safe and sure, as if it came from my own darling, that's gone. Is that the young lady that came here last summer to talk to me, about us Catholics? Oh, Hugh, she is a precious jewel; and she is fond of you. Maybe God will give *her* to you yet to comfort you. I am sure He will bring you into daylight again. And I'll fetch the childer, and the widow up here, and make them live aside me. They will cheer me in my latter end. See, darling, how the Almighty can bring good out of the worst of times. Ohone, ohone, wirrasthru, and must you go? Live close to Him, darling, and throw away revenge and rebellion, and leave everything in His hands. He knows best. Oh, what would we do if we hadn't faith in Him?"

She drove me out, as the clock struck two; and before daylight I was safe in the Rapparee's cave, in Glenmore, so weary, and worn out by the events of the past four-and-twenty hours, that I could only stagger into the remotest corner, and draw my cloak about me, before I was buried in the most profound slumber.

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I lay idly wondering what had brought me into such a strange bed chamber, where I had enjoyed such refreshing sleep; and striving to gather up the fragments of that hideous dream, in which the murder of a man, a swim in the river, a long, and weary, and dangerous tramp, were the leading features; when a figure came between the sunlight and me; and the next moment my one love stood beside me, in the cave. She was attired in the simplest fashion, in a garb of some dark stuff, of which the only ornament was a plain gold cross. Her features, more than ever, bore the seal of a pure, noble, utterly unselfish spirit, passing through waters deeper even than mine. My heart stood still, as that clear grey eye pierced, with awful sadness, into the core of my heart. Then I knew the dream was a terrible reality. *I was* a hunted fugitive and outlaw, and she had come to redeem her childish pledge. But there was that in her look, which told me, she felt that an insurmountable barrier had grown up between us.

"Can it be, Hugh Bryan," said she, holding my hand in hers, without the faintest pressure, "that this hand, which has saved my life, and the life of others, is the hand of a murderer?"

"Thank God, Miss Crofton, it is free from blood as your own."

"Oh! I do thank Him for those words. Now, I can clasp it," and she sat down beside me, as frankly as in childhood. "Oh, Hugh," said she, "how little I thought those idle, frivolous words of mine should ever have such terrible fulfilment. And now, your life is really in great

danger, and the whole country is alive, seeking for your place of refuge. They spoke of nothing else at breakfast ; and my heart told me you were here, before I got your message. And Mr. Gilmore knows this cave too well ; and I am sure they will search it to-night. Oh, Hugh ! you must fly—indeed you must. Have you money ?”

“Only a very few shillings, Miss Lily.”

“Oh ! I am so glad of that. I can really help you. Here is my purse. Do not look into it now. I have far more money than I can use. And it is I who am in your debt. How sorry was I to hear of poor dear Nelly !”

When I told her briefly, and without reserve, of Daly’s villany, and the consequent ruin of our scheme, she said, through tears—“Oh, then, it was in mercy she was taken from the evil to come. She was safe in the bosom of the True Church, and now is safe in the bosom of her God. Would that I could believe the same of all who have been taken ! And so all your friends have left you. No, not all ; you have one left. Hugh, remember that. But I must not detain you. There is danger here ; and we must part, Hugh—and, perhaps, for ever.”

“Oh, Miss Lily, do not leave me. For God’s sake—for the sake of those that are gone, stay with me for an hour or two. You know, I dare not travel by daylight.”

“Indeed, indeed, Hugh, my absence from Glenmore may bring some of them after me ; and they would find you.”

“Oh, Miss Lily, I beseech you, stay beside me. Wherever else I turn, I see woe and death. Give me one little gleam, before I go into outer darkness. You cannot think how your presence fills me with strength and hope.” I could hold out no longer. I sank down and kissed the hem of her garment, entreating her to stay.

“Hugh dear, there is no need of such supplication. I shall be as glad, as you can be, to stay and talk with you. It is now past one o’clock. If you run the risk, I shall stay with you till four. But I am sure you are hungry. Here now”—and she laid a basket at my feet—“make a good breakfast, and then make yourself fit for a lady’s visit to your bower ; and I shall come back to you in an hour. By that time I shall have prepared them for my absence from the house.”

Hungry as I was, the generous thoughtfulness of Lily gave me more pleasure, than the sight of the food which she had brought. When I had satisfied my appetite, I became conscious that my personal appearance was hideous. I could only take a bath in the pool below, and remove the outer coat of mud from my raiment. Long before her return, all the resources of my toilet were exhausted ; and with a heart light and bounding, I met her at the outer verge of the wood.

"Oh, Hugh, you are very rash. How could you venture?"

"It must have been the wine you brought me, Miss Lily."

"Wine? I brought you no wine. I knew you were a teetotaler. There was only a bottle of milk in the basket."

"Nectar it was to me."

"Oh, Hugh, how *can* you jest? But I am nearly sure, no one will disturb us for the next two hours. And I have so much to say to you. Where shall we sit down?"

"The cave, Miss Lily, is too much like a trap. I shall, as soon as it is dark, be off over the mountains. Perhaps you would come with me to the head of the Glen. It ought to be the best post for observation and escape."

"Very well, Hugh; I shall do anything to save you. Oh, is not this a world of awful misery, Hugh? Who could have believed such gulfs of woe were yawning at our feet two years ago?"

"Miss Lily, I trust you have no fresh trouble of your own to mourn over."

"That I have—an excruciating woe, Hugh; worse, far worse than this of yours. For, Hugh, I have lost my old faith in the happiness to come, that dear, dear papa taught me to believe."

"Tell me all, Miss Lily. I have seen much, and thought much, of our religions since we were here last. I have seen both sides tested very closely; and, though only a spectator and critic, alas for me! the man on the ditch, you know, often sees more of the game, than the hurlers; and I can testify of those, who were as nearly right, as any ever can have been."

Without a shred of reserve, she opened her soul to me as a brother, and I knew all her spiritual struggles. The sight of that pure spirit, driving over the black waters of a midnight sea, without one star of hope above, and with hideous phantasms taking the place of angel friends, quenched my last spark of faith in a living God, and hardened me against religion. And yet the grand sublime unselfishness of Lily, shone out all the more gloriously for the contrast. Never did I love her more, than when I was ashamed to think of love.

"I told you, how much I was shocked by the kind of people I met in the North; and how their irreverence, and profanity, and uncharitableness, and blasphemy, horrified me; how little honor they paid to the Holy Eucharist—how little respect they paid to the commands of the Blessed Lord." Here she crossed herself, as Catholics do. "I told you, too, of the great relief, and comfort, and instruction, that I received from the teachings of the good clergyman in England. He explained to me many doctrines which I had never thought of before, in their truelight, and which, I am sure, dear papa never had properly presented to his

mind. Yet sometimes I think he had glimpses of them, and would have followed them up, if he had seen their importance. When I went back from this to my aunt, the last time, Hugh, I was more than ever alarmed at the state of the Church of England. Good Mr. Monkton had been reconciled to the Holy Roman Church; and his successor was a man of an opposite school altogether. He denied all the grace and need of sacraments; tore down all the godly decorations; and divided the House of God into pews, for which people had to pay so much a-year. The Presence of our Blessed Lord in the Eucharist he ridiculed and denounced; and indeed his teaching was crude, and fanatical, and even heretical. These things troubled me very much; and I could not help asking myself continually, 'Can this be really the Holy Catholic Church—the spouse of Christ—the joy of the world—the crown of the works of God on earth—the type of the kingdom of Heaven?' Then I went at last, and sought help from Mr. Monkton. He had gone through just the same trials, only far deeper and bitterer. His conscience did not permit him to remain in a Church, that was daily receding farther and farther from Catholic purity and antiquity. He had found perfect peace in the bosom of your Church. His arguments, and the sight of the Protestant sects quarrelling everywhere around me, and boasting, each of them of the purest faith, while living in the plain sins of schism and uncharitableness, and shewing no reverence whatever for the things of God, made me follow him. So, Hugh, you see, you and I are one now, and good Bridget's faithful work has been blessed of God. I have found certainty, and steadfastness, and abundance of devotion and reverence, and many most precious helps to constant communion with God, among you; and all the remonstrances and petty persecutions of my friends have only confirmed me in a faith which is bright as the sun at noonday; while theirs is only the pale, ineffectual moonbeam."

"How then, Miss Lily, has the sorrow came upon you?"

"Ah, me! Hugh, can you not see it? It is of my own dearest papa. What has become of him? That ghastly thought is always before me, and I cannot, dare not, shake it off, or stifle it. The more I pray, and feel the blessedness of being a Catholic indeed, the more awful does his state appear. He spent his life, as you know, Hugh, opposing the true Church with all his might: alas! alas! he lived, and he died, a wilful and determined heretic, and a priest—oh, I dare not say, of what; and for such the Church knows no doom, but irredeemable, unextinguishable torment. Oh darling, darling, darling papa!"

Here tears flowed in streams down her face, and her voice quivered with anguish. She hushed me, and proceeded, as if talking to her-

self—"Then I went to the wisest of the Church's priests, and doctors, and bishops ; but they could give me no real comfort at all, at all. They can talk, and talk, and talk ; and write, and write, and write; but no definite answer, no satisfaction came from any. At last, they sent a full statement of the facts to Rome ; and now they have given me hope, that after myriads of years, I may see him again. They think it probable, that his heresy was produced by the very inadequate form in which Catholic truth was presented to his mind ; and that the prejudices and errors instilled into his soul in infancy, were confirmed by the wicked and ungodly lives of the Irish priests, who used the Church too much as an engine of politics or worldly gain. And they give me leave to hope, that his soul is in purgatory ; and may be aided by the frequent oblation of the Holy Eucharist. So, Hugh, I shall spend my whole life in trying to gain repose for him. When I come of age, I shall spend all my fortune for his dear sake. I have come here now to say goodbye to my old friends, before I go to France, and enter a convent there. Oh, Hugh, Hugh ! the misery of thinking that he is now in such fearful torments, who loved me so well—who would have lost his soul to save mine, is sometimes intolerable ; but the Holy Catholic Church must be right—for she is built upon the Rock, and all truth belongs to her."

"Miss Lily, if an angel, or an archangel, or a spirit, saying it was your father's, appeared to me, and told me that his pure soul was in misery, or was not at rest, I should call him a liar. I could not, and I would not, believe in a God, who would damn one who only lived to do, what he firmly believed, after long thought and prayer, to be His will. No, Miss Crofton ; as surely as you and I have souls, has Jesus Christ owned and accepted your revered father, as one of His truest servants. *Mea anima sit cum Edvardo Crofton.*"

"Hugh, Hugh, do you think such mad thoughts as those have not often come into my mind ? They have, and they do ; but I know they are profane ; they are the very words of the proud spirit, who would not submit to God. He wishes to keep that dear soul from my prayers ; and the comfort of the Blessed Sacrifice. But I have put myself, and my cause, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. She shall aid me. Do not, dear Hugh, give way to such wicked, blasphemous doubts. I fear, your faith has been sadly adulterated by worldly ambition, and too intimate acquaintance with heretics ; oh, cherish it above all things."

"No, Miss Lily ; the honor of the dead, and duty to my benefactor, make me speak to you, his daughter, and reject, and abhor, and pronounce unchristian and devilish, that article of the Roman Church, which pronounces him accursed who is most blessed. Sooner

would I doubt the love of Him, who bled upon the Cross, than believe in the perdition of one who loved Him, as your father did, to the last. You have done more, Miss Lily, to shake my faith, than all the volumes or controversies of heretics I have ever met with."

"Oh, Hugh dear, it is very wrong to speak or listen to such words. You have not studied the question, as I have done. He taught me Latin and Greek, and opened my mind to the value of the Fathers of the Church; and I have gone far deeper than you can have done; and what are your prejudices to mine, Hugh? I know your motives are good; but, Hugh—'*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*'"

"Miss Lily, that high-sounding phrase—if it means anything—would make us all pagans; and it is only a very few days—it seems centuries ago—since I watched by the deathbeds, and heard the dying testimonies, of two Christians—if ever there were such on earth. They—heretics, apostates, excommunicate—gave up their lives for the brethren; and went hence, in the full assurance that, in an instant, they would be in Paradise. I never can believe that the God of Love, whose Sacrifice—I say it humbly, but firmly—they imitated, would suffer such worshippers to perish everlastingly, for a most reasonable change of opinion."

"Hugh, dear friend, beware of the temptation of trusting to your private judgment. That is the fount from which all heresy has flowed—the rock on which so many noble souls have perished."

"Miss Lily, I cannot believe in the misery of such a holy man as Mr. Crofton, without disbelieving in the existence of a God of Truth and Love and Justice. You have brought me to this point, against my will."

"Hugh, Hugh, you frighten me. Indeed I know the Catholic Church must be right."

"Well, Miss Lily, I am sure you are making your own misery. May God guide you right, and me, too; for, until I heard you, I believed I was the most miserable wretch in the world. I know how unfit I am to speak a word on religion, to such as you."

"Hugh, dear, your eyes have been blinded by your worldly lust of power. Oh, dear friend, take care, and submit in time; lest you are given over to a high mind, and a reprobate will, and so make shipwreck of the precious deposit of your faith; and I should lose you, too, for ever and ever; and never see you again, or have such days as in the sweet old time."

"Miss Lily, whatever my lot may be, I shall never forget the happiness your presence, and kindness, and generosity have given to me and mine, ever and always, down to this crowning day of noble confidence in an outlaw."

"Hugh dear, we must part at last. And this is another sore trial. But life is a road of crosses. '*Miserere mei, Mater Dolorosa.*' Hugh, had not you, too, better renounce the world?"

"Miss Lily, in anything else, your wish would be imperative. But, though the world has renounced me, I am not fit for that."

"Let us then agree to say a 'Hail Mary' for each other, at this hour every day."

"I dare not promise, Miss Lily, to worship a creature, in any way whatever. But I shall say 'The Lord's Prayer.'"

"Hugh! Hugh! we are parting in spirit, no less than in body."

"Nay, Miss Lily, my heart is always yours."

"Oh, Hugh! give it to God, as I strive to do. But our time is up. Take this book back again"—and she handed me the abstract; and, "Hugh—Adieu—Adieu!"

We cast on each other a gaze, as if we two were going to the guillotine. I kissed her hand. She pressed mine to her heart; and turned and fled away. A moment more, and I was rushing madly up the bed of the stream, on my way to the mountain-top above.

The night grew wild and tempestuous, to my great relief. I wandered on, over the mountains, keeping to the north always, for, as it seemed, eight or nine hours. Then I sat down, overcome with fatigue, wet, and thoroughly miserable. After a little rest, I descried a faint light, not far a-head of me. As I approached, I found it came from a wretched shieling, in which a lonely gamekeeper kept watch. Lily's basket had given me food enough. I was dying for want of a smoke. The filthy habit I had learnt, to accommodate myself to my boys, and it had grown into a ruling vice. A light I was determined to have, even at a little risk; and a man who has a light burning at this hour, must be somewhat of an irregular himself. On pushing open the crazy door, "right forninst me"—and Captain Rock's words flashed upon my memory—stood an American clock, with the patron saint, tower, wolf-dog, crosier, and all, in their right place. Detestable as a work of art, the finest of Raphael's cartoons could, at the moment, have given me no such joy as this daub.

"You are a friend, anyway," said I to a surly man, who rose, as I entered, with anything but welcome in his face; "and I am a friend of Mr. O'Driscoll."

"Man alive, but it's Lanty Rock is glad to see his General," said my fellow-outlaw himself, emerging from behind a pile of turf, with a pistol in his hand. "Curses on that blackguard Daly. I know all about it. One of your boys came my way last night, and gave me all the information. Bad luck to him! he spoiled the natest piece of machinery ever was invented, before it was ready to be patented



and published, for the demolishing of tyranny. And Duffy has sould the pass. He was with Saxe before five o'clock this morning ; and the pair made sure they would catch your humble servant asleep. So, friend Bryan, all's U P now, and I am on my way to Sligo, to find a passage to the Stars and Stripes again. 'Farewell to all my greatness,' as the playhouse-fellow says. Will ye come along with me?"

"No, thank you. I must see my father, and a friend in the far North first," said I. "Besides, it is safer for both to travel alone."

"Maybe so ; and I'm thinking there will be something like a hunt after us. They want you for the peeler, and me for the baronet."

"Why, what of him?"

"Faith, my hearty, I have finished that job. The dishonorable baronet is lying a mile on this side of Dungarvan, since eleven o'clock last night, with a hole nately drilled by this beauty in his superfine waistcoat, over the exact spot where the thing he called a heart used to go up and down. That's *the rent and arrears* he has got in full at last."

The light and easy tone in which he spoke of this deed of blood, that his hand had wrought five hours before, made me recoil from him. He remarked it with a shrug, and said with a degree of fierceness :

"You know, Mr. Bryan, I only joined you, because you shewed what I thought then was the surest way of doing justice on a murderer that English law wouldn't touch ; and to save other poor girls from the likes of that eternal villain. You and your plan failed ; and do you think I was going to lave him behind me in his glory, gallivanting about the country ? No, siree ; I *sentenced* him to death, when I stood at Rose's grave, for a black murderer ; and I *executed* him last night, on his way home from a dinner-party. He had no pity for my darling, and I had no pity for him ; and I don't feel the smallest grain of guilt, or remorse, as they call it, any more than if I was a hangman. Faith, they would have hanged him long ago in the States. I tell you I'm aisier in my mind this night, than I have been for the last five years. I did feel a taste sorry for Hannigan ; for he was only a tool after all ; but the baronet—I squelched him, sir, as I would a serpent. They'll hang me if they catch me, of course—and I'll deserve it if I let them ; and they'll call me a moonlight assassin—as if I was afeard of him ; and say I was a graceless wretch, who went into eternity with a hardened heart. But didn't Moses—that you talk about so often—kill an Egyptian for hurting one of his brethren ; and was I to see the pulse of my heart defiled, and brought to shame and the grave, by a ruffian, and to have no feelings ? Oh, no ; you can't bear me ; for I am a man of blood, and you are a good Christian. Well, hang it all,

Bryan, I always liked you, and we'll part good friends, whatever happens ; and if you want money, I'll share with you ; and I hope you'll get into sunshine again, and never see the woman you loved above ten thousand worlds, polluted and murdered. We have dissolved partnership, and John Bull may grow till he bursts for me ; but give me your hand, and let us say 'good luck' to each other before we separate."

"Here it is, O'Driscoll," said I ; "I am not your judge. Your random words went home to my conscience. It is not for want of a will that Daly's blood is not on my hands now. But what you said about your love, and what I feel about mine, makes me able to forgive him, and pity him. Thanks for your money ; I don't want it. Tell me the best way of reaching Dublin, and where I can stop by the way."

He did so, and we parted ; and with him I left treason and bloodshed and hatred behind me for ever, as I trust.

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## CHAPTER II.

It was very early in the morning a fortnight after, when I emerged from the Wicklow mountains, on the road from Bray to Dublin. So far, my journey had been without much risk. Travelling by night, and spending the day in some humble, but patriotic sheiling, I had been cheered by many a proof of the good faith, and fellowship, of my own people. Now, I was bent on finding my father. He was my only living relative ; and the desire to see my own flesh and blood was keen. Mrs. Gradley's house lay on my *route*, and I had made up my mind, to seek a shelter with the fair widow. Therefore, I advanced cautiously along the great road to the capital ; till a lamp shining brightly, over an open gate, revealed to me, the letters OTIOSE LODGE. Frequent carriages sweeping out, told me, that my charming friend had overcome her grief, and had been seeing company that night. I stole up to the house ; and, concealing myself in the shrubbery, which came up to the windows of the drawing-room, saw the lady herself dismissing the last of her guests, with infinite grace. The contrast between that luxurious apartment, and the hovels I had lain hid in for weeks, and still more, between the lovely woman's dress flashing with diamonds, and my own rags, was strangely impressive. Now she is alone, and

comes over to close the shutters, with her own hands, like a prudent matron. On the instant, I throw myself within the illuminated space, upon my knees, and lift my hands in entreaty to her. With the courage and presence of mind that I reckoned on, she opens the window, and looks at me.

"Dear Mrs. Gradley, do not raise an alarm. An old friend throws himself upon your mercy." I approach, and raise my face to hers.

"I declare," said she, "it is Hugh Bryan. You foolish man, what in the world brings you here, with such a price upon your head? I was sure, you were on your way to America."

"Dearest madam, I could not resist the temptation, of testing the value of your friendship. I am a poor waif and stray, tossed up by the tide at your feet. You will not destroy me. You will pity me as of old?"

"Well, wait a little, till I send the servants off to bed." She goes away, and leaves me far from certain, that she will not send them out to seize me. Is she not James's sister? I stand upon my guard, prepared to fight or fly. But I was wrong. She returns presently; opens the window again; beckons me up; and I am again by her side, in the gilded saloon. She places abundance of dainty food before me: makes me sit by the fire; and captivates me, by her kind and generous manner. After a long survey of my face, and dress, and figure, she says, "Sad work it is, all this plotting and treason! James was here a week ago; and he, I fear, has lost his senses. And, now here *you* are, ruined for life, almost before you are a man—and a murderer, they say."

"No, no; thank God, I have never fired a shot in anger in my life. Did James not tell you that charge was false?"

"Poor fellow, he told me nothing. He only asked for money to go away, and hide himself, until he died. But I am rejoiced to hear, that you are not guilty. It would be so terribly disagreeable, to have to do with a murderer, who might be hanged, you know. And you *might* have been so well off, young man! But the tide does not flow twice for you, or any other man. 'Pon my word, this is quite a romantic end, for the first party I have given, since dear Tom's death. Hugh! you have come to try whether I can be trusted. Well, I will save you. Yes, Julia Gradley has a heart, though the world does not believe it; and will not see a fine young man, her friend, worried to death by horrid counsellors, and jailors, and a wretch, who shall be nameless." She opened the door of a large closet, which was at the further end of the apartment. "This is where I keep all my superfluous linen, and carpets, and curtains. I am sure you can easily make a good bed out of them, and sleep soundly in there. I shall lock you in and keep the key. You shall be my prisoner, sir."

"Such a jail will be delicious; and I shall never seek to escape."

"Oh, no more nonsense, Hugh. Do not be alarmed, if you hear the servants, cleaning up this room, in the morning ; and you will have need of patience. It may be one or two o'clock, before I have everything ready for you to come out. Now, good night, you must be tired," and she locked me in.

I coiled myself up in the piles of snugness, and strove to sleep, but could not. It was a miserable night. I was worried by legions of horred thoughts and fancies ; and was glad, when the noise of servants, in the outer room, chattering about Lord Somebody, and his attentions to their mistress, and the cunning game, which she was playing with him, roused me from a dream, in which the said mistress had spurned me from her foot, and given me up to the police sergeant, who had been shot at Cappelquin, who had just handcuffed me. Every word of their miserable gossip, refreshed to my mind, shivering from the assaults of shadowy phantoms in the pitchy gloom. I was sorry when they went away ; but after that I fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till I heard the key turn, and the voice of my hostess calling me forth in the light.

"Hugh, you are a sad figure—and every wall in Dublin is covered with your name. I might be a richer woman, if I told some of the gentlemen who supped here last night, that you were in my house. But it is charming for once, to sacrifice money to friendship ; and we women like a spice of danger ; and I have the least morsel of an Irish-woman somewhere in my heart. I have been very busy for you all morning, though, I suppose, you were growling like a bear at me, for keeping you shut up so long. See now what I have got. Here is the full attire of a Methodist preacher—huge white cravat—long coat—clumsy trowsers—boots, umbrella, and all. Look at this fright of a wig. I could not get a pair of whiskers anywhere ; and such lies as I have told for you this morning ! And here is a pair of blue spectacles, to show that you are, for a wonder, a studious swaddler. Here is one of dear Tom's razors, soap, and a napkin. In that vase, you will find plenty of water. When you have become the Reverend Ebenezer Jenkins, slip ever so quietly out of this window—come round to the hall door, and ask for me. They all know, I am dissatisfied with Popery, and have a leaning towards the Methodists. I shall have tea and toast, in quantities, ready for you. Preachers are supposed to be always thirsting, for the beverage that cheers, but not inebriates. Good-bye now, Hugh Bryan. I never want to see *him* more. Let him leave his slough in the closet, and lock the door carefully after him."

She sailed out of the room, with a merry twinkle in her eye. At that hour I could have done anything for that glorious woman. But, kind as she was, I knew there was no chance for me. I followed her directions literally ; and a glance at myself in the mirror, was enough

to give me courage to go anywhere, in such a perfect disguise. The servants received me, as an expected guest, with the most profound respect ; and ushered me into a charming parlour ; where the widow hailed my visit, as the greatest earthly favour, she could receive.

"Oh, it is so very good of you, Mr. Jenkins, to come to me. John, is Mr. Jenkins' room quite ready?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Perhaps you would wish to see it, Mr. Jenkins, before we enter upon the very important matters, which I seek light upon."

I strove to muster enough of the jargon, to reply to her appropriately; but could not bring mind or tongue to the work of hypocrisy ; and therefore made a simple bow ; and followed the servant to the very room, I had occupied before. Thence, having completed my ablutions, I returned to the parlour.

When we were alone again—"Good gracious, Hugh," said she, "how that odious dress does spoil a man's appearance? Why! it is possible, some of them would be good-looking enough, in another costume. But the wig and spectacles have quite destroyed my old beau, Hugh Bryan. Now, Mr. Jenkins, you really must take some more of this omelet. Remember you have promised, to make this house your home for a few days; and to give me spiritual advice. We shall presently take a drive in my new *barouche*. We shall astonish Sackville Street, your reverence."

Up and down that fine street we drove several times—she giving me demure instructions, how to act and look. Here, however, my large acquaintance with Methodism saved her much trouble. Just then, she told me, the capital was wild after Dissenters of every kind. Methodism was for the nonce, fashionable in the highest circles; and pet preachers had driven the officers out of the field. About five o'clock, to my horror, she said, we must get out, and I must be her cavalier in the promenade. With indescribable grace, the sweet widow hung upon my arm ; looked up at my face ; and received my oracular utterances with meek and lowly admiration. Many a glance, now curious, now hostile, fell on my long unworldly garb, supporting the airy creature of highest fashion. We heard mutterings of wonder, from gay mustachioed swells, who asked each other, "What — is Judy up to now?" Her look of rapt attention and reverence grew quite a picture, as an elderly swain approached ; and begged just one passing word of recognition, from his charming Mrs. Gradley. How difficult it seemed for her to withdraw her gaze and thoughts from the gifted preacher, even for a peer, as her very few words told me he was ! He glared at me with jealous eyes, and persisted in his attentions ; till the widow resolutely said, "Really, my lord, I am deriving such immense benefit from the

conversation of my reverend friend, and *pastor*, upon matters, that I have neglected too long, that, you must pardon me, if I cannot bring down my mind to the trifles of this transitory world."

He bowed to her politely—threw a savage frown at me—beckoned up a groom, and rode away from Sackville Street, in hot haste.

"Heigho, Hugh," said she, "the old fellow has been persecuting me the last month. He only buried the last countess six months ago. He is in great want of cash; and, between ourselves, he has good taste, and knows a handsome woman when he sees one; and would not be very hard to manage. You see, I must marry some time; and I have a great desire to shine at a real court, and to live in London; and to look down on all these German-silver quality. It would be so nice to be a real countess. Heigho! three months ago I was not nearly so worldly."

When we got back to Otiose Lodge, the servant informed us that Lord — was waiting in the drawing-room, and had charged him to tell his mistress, immediately on her return, that he had a most important communication to make to Mrs. Gradley. She threw a smile of triumph at me, and majestically marched into the drawing-room. When I came down to dinner, the nobleman was there; and from the look of satisfaction which he turned ever and anon upon the blushing hostess, and the many snubs he gave me, it needed no further communication to tell me that the late Julia Daly, of Cole's Lane, now Mrs. Gradley, of Otiose Lodge, would soon ascend a step higher, and be mistress of a castle, and a peeress of the realm. It was evident that my further stay would be neither convenient nor desirable; so, after dinner, I went forth, thankful, but chagrined.

That night I found my father, in the bake-house of the thriving tradesman who had begun life under the auspices of my grandfather, Darby O'Connor. Much were they all amazed, to hear Hugh Bryan inquired for by a Methody preacher. He did not look one day older than when he left us. City life had improved him wonderfully. He was smart, and merry, and social; with a good-natured look upon his face, that made me greet him with most impressive fervour. But a tinge of the old surliness supervened, when the swaddler presumed to inquire into the state of his morals, which drove the onlookers away.

He was just a little frightened, when his censor gave proof of a minute acquaintance with all his history; and at last said, "What the — do you want with me? Is it Tim Mahony has sent you here to play tricks upon me? It is a dangerous game, I can tell you."

"Timothy Mahony is dead."

"Oh, it is Nance, then, has sent you? Has he left me a legacy?"

"Nance is dead."

"What brings you to me, then? Bridget can't have turned, and sent you, I am sure?"

"Bridget is dead."

"Man alive, speak out, and don't kill me by inches. I suppose Hugh is taken; and you are the gaol chaplain. Is that your news?"

"Father dear, Hugh is here."

He gazed at me with admiration.

"Be the powers, me boy, you are a match for ould Nick. Your mother wouldn't know you. But, Hugh, tell me, how did you leave Nelly? Of coorse her husband is in the same boat as yourself?"

"Father dear, Nelly has gone to her mother."

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh, don't say that. I can't bear it. And I was going down to see her this very Aister."

We sat down upon the bench, and mingled our tears together; and he flung his arms around me, and sobbed upon my bosom.

"Father," said I, at length, "can you bring me to your lodgings I must leave Dublin before daybreak; and I have much to say to you before then."

"Yes, yes," said he. "I'll tell Pat that I can work no more to-night after the bad, bad news; and, God knows, that is true."

He led me out across the city, into the suburbs; and there, in a neat little house, brought me into his own apartment. The landlady, a comely, active woman, was no little astonished at seeing her lodger led home in tears by a swaddler. But when I explained to her that I had brought him tidings of the death of his daughter, she repressed her curiosity, and lost no time in bringing us up tea. He was so crushed by the loss of his cherished pet, whom absence had only made him fonder of, that I had great difficulty in drawing him into other topics. However, by degrees, I led him to speak of his own life since he came to Dublin.

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"How did you get over the love of the drink, father?"

"Well, you see, I had to work or starve here, Hugh; and Pat gave me plain warning, that, if I didn't keep sober, at least five nights in the week, I might go to the poor-house; and I fell in with a very decent comrade—this is his house we are in now. He took me up, and brought me among very pleasant people, that shewed me I could enjoy myself, without getting drunk; and then, there is the Theatre, and Conciliation Hall, and the Strawberry Beds, and something new nighhand every day. So I grew out of the habit by degrees; and now, I never touch it—barring a Sunday, or a holy-day, and then, only a glass or two."

"Your mother will rejoice to receive such a good account of you, father."

"Aye, I meant to tell it all to her at Aister; but, oh, my son! I was thinking more than anything, of the joy it would give Nelly, to see her father, sober and decent, and with money in his pocket, to make her a present, and now, I am alone in the world."

"No, no, father, you have a son left."

"That is true, Hugh, and I am fond of you, too—but some way, Nelly was like a part of myself."

"Well, father, if the Bible is true, she'll know all about it some time; and if you go on this way, you'll see her."

"Oh, Hugh, heaven is a long journey off for such as me."

"Well, but, father, I want you to do a job, that will be profitable for both of us, and there is not a minute to spare. Tim, when he was dying, gave me his keys, and told me, his will was in the top drawer of his mahogany press. Now, of course, the law will take everything of mine, that it can lay hands on. But, if you go down at once, you can gather up all that is to be had, of Tim's goods and chattels, and once you get into the house, they may have trouble to put you out. Can you start by the train for Armagh, to-morrow?"

"To be sure, if there is any need; and I'll be glad of the chance—and no one has any right to Tim's things, but ourselves. Faith, I think the law couldn't take them from me. Anyway, it is a fine opportunity. But what are you to do yourself?"

"I will go down as quickly as I can on foot. It is a dangerous expedition; but I have a longing to see the old house, and to get some little treasures of the old couple, as a keepsake. I hope to be there, three days from this, or nights rather. If you can get down, you may expect me next Thursday morning, about one o'clock. Have you money enough, father?"

"Oh, aye, I have a wheen of pounds that I saved, for a journey home. Ohone, ohone, I don't want it now. I'll be glad of the chance of a bit of sport, to drive away melancholy."

"Now, father, as we understand each other so far, I want to be off. Can you give me a suit of clothes, in exchange for this horrid toggery?"

"Man alive, don't be a fool. You are as safe in that, as if you had an invisible jacket. What for would you change it?"

"I can't bear it, father. I feel like a living lie in it, and a lie of the very worst kind. I'd rather run any risk than see myself in a looking-glass."

"Well, you are foolish; but there is my Sunday suit, and you may do as you like."

I lost no time in shaking off the character which I shrunk from assuming.



"What on earth will you do about the wig?" said he. "You seem to have shaved your head. Troth, my boy, I can't help thinking, you are not unfit for the asylum."

"Oh, father, in my travels through the cabins, my hair got into such a state of animation, that I was glad of the chance of getting rid of it. But, I can give inquisitive folks a hint, that I have just recovered from a bad fever; and that will make them keep a civil distance."

"Well, it is a comfort, Hugh, to see there is brains in it yet. But Hugh, ma bouchal, who would have thought, you and me would have lived to change places? It's *you* that has to hide your head now—and *I* have the good character."

"Father, there is nothing in the world has ever given me such sincere gratification."

"Well, darling, the good time will come for yourself yet, if you follow in your father's steps."

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### CHAPTER III.

My journey northwards was more expensive, and commonplace—but less dangerous—than the midnight tramp from Rathcore to Dublin. On the morning I had named to my father, soon after midnight, I stole through the suburbs of Armagh; and passed into the precincts of the Cathedral, without meeting a soul. I was on the point of descending, from the wall upon the roof of Tim's arbour; cheered by light in the back of the house, with the hope of replenishing Lily's empty purse; I had even my foot on the arbour, dangling among the roses, when from beneath came shouts which made me leap back from the wall, as if it were red hot. And not an instant too soon; as a pistol-shot rung out on my startled ears. "Boys, there is the bloody Papish at last!"—"He is in the yard!"—"We must not let him out!"—were the salutations, with which my Orange foes sped my flying steps. Madly I ran across the church-yard—a race of some two hundred yards—to that part of the wall, which looks down upon the Precentor's yard. Most unfortunately for me, it was a clear starry night, and as I looked for a second, from the top of Mr. Elliott's wall, I saw the line of figures, hurrying over the space between. To my joy, the window of the Precentor's study was open; I hurled myself through—shut the window—closed the shutters—

and threw myself before the stern man, who had risen from his book, and was gravely contemplating my impudence.

"Mr. Elliott, save me, for God's sake. The Orangemen are at my heels."

He pointed to the sofa, and says, "Attainted rebel and murderer—your case is a black one. I promise nothing. I shall hear your defence presently; and only give you up to the proper authorities."

At this time the bell and knocker were pealing out my possible death-knell. He stalked forth, to meet my foes, and his terrible voice echoed back hope to me.

"Who are you, sirs, to break in upon my meditations with your unmannerly violence, and abominable execrations? Your noise and blasphemy are intolerable, and unpardonable. You have come here, you say, in search of a traitor? Do you know who *I* am? He came through the Cathedral yard, you say? Then go and search *it*. You think, you saw his figure scaling my wall? Swear that before a magistrate, and send the proper officers here; and they can search my house from roof to cellar. Begone, and leave the policemen to do their own business. I abhor intrusion."

I could have thanked him on my knees, when he came back, but his manner to me was quite cool and forbidding.

"Now, rebel," said he, "they have gone to the magistrates. The police will be here in half-an-hour. If they find you here, nothing can save you from the gallows. What have you to say?"

"Mr. Elliott, as I hope for salvation, my hand is as free from blood as yours. A man, mad with passion and revenge, has brought this false charge upon my name. If you only heard me, you would save me."

"Say you so? I have a prejudice in favour of your truthfulness. I shall hear you; but there is not time now. The blood-hounds will soon be here. Come with me, and I shall provide for your temporary safety. Remember, you must produce strong reasons, before I let you free. But, in case you can satisfy me, of your innocence of murder, I shall save the law, from butchering you." He led me by his own door, back into the Cathedral grounds; brought me to the east end; and there opening the low door of the vaults, bade me go into a vast pit of darkness. "Go in, there, sir, for a season, and find safety and good thoughts among the Prelates. None of the Pharaohs shall have a more venerable lodging, till this storm be over past."

He locked me in with the coffins and bones of the patriarchs of Ireland's Church as my neighbours, and monitors. Gradually the genius of the place prevailed over thoughts of present danger, and turned my mind into the channel of religion. Ever since Lily had disclosed her spiritual conflict to me, I had been drifting away

from all the old landmarks of faith, into the sea of blank negativeism. What was the truth after all? Was there any way of finding it? Either there is no God, in the sense men speak of one, as an Almighty Deified Man; or there is no way of approaching Him; or it makes no matter how men worship Him; or whether they worship Him at all, or not. Else we Irish would not be the prey of the godless English. Either men perish utterly, or we know or can know nothing of their hereafter; and it is absurd to think, their creed can have anything to do with that future. Here, about me, lie the relics of the wisest, purest, holiest souls, that ever breathed Irish air; or such was their reputation. Yet they were wide as the poles asunder in their creeds. The occupant of this coffin was a Calvinist of the most rigid type—the prodigy of learning in his day. Here, beside him, is the most astute of doctors, who hailed the sun of Rome as the only spiritual luminary on earth. Underfoot, most likely, is the dust of the great Arch-Druid of the West, whose conscience bade *him* worship the Supreme, through the medium of His most glorious creature. On the whole, they must have been on a par in virtue, goodness, sincerity. Bah! the creed is only the mask. Take it away—all are alike, wretched bipeds, cheated and cheating, hunting different-coloured shadows all their lives. Away with them all alike. Be honest, manly, simple, kindly, and let the *morrow* take care of itself. But, after all, are you sure the Catholic Church is wrong? Have you answered all those arguments which used to be so irrefragable? Is it more likely, you or the Church is infallible! Bah! It makes that sweet innocent girl the victim of greedy heartless priests, without a word of pity; bids her go pray, and fast, and slave, and macerate, and excruciate herself, all her life long; and scarce throws her a morsel of hope and comfort. And why? Because her father, a man of as rare a type of excellence, as any of their saints, committed the unpardonable sin of calling them, what their lives often proved them, the ministers of Satan. This thought, of her I loved, wounded through her affections by the ruffianly priests of Rome, made me loathe that Church. But what of the faith of Crofton, and my uncle, and Welsh? When I turned hitherward, I was unable to fix my thoughts to the point. I called up all the most affecting and terrible objects before my mind; and actually I had no power to think of the future, of a state after death, of the possibility of illimitable and intolerable anguish. I strove in the vault, the first time for months, to pray, but I had not the power of fashioning one petition. The words of the Lord's Prayer passed through my lips, with no more appreciation of their meaning, than if they were algebraic symbols. I was pondering curiously this singular mental state, when the key turned, and the moonlight shone upon the passionless face of the Precentor, entering the chamber of the dead.

He came in, and sat down beside me, and said—"Bryan, I have stooped to equivocate for you ; I trust your story will acquit my conscience of blame. Let us rest here a little. The air of this chamber is a wonderful sedative. It acts as a spiritual bath-room for me. Whenever the fever fit comes on, I sit here."

"You do not run much risk of disturbance, I should think, sir."

"No ; the poor fools shrink from their best friend, inevitable Mors. I seize every occasion of improving the acquaintance."

"It is a singular fancy, sir."

"Fancy? It is my only serious occupation ; and if it be a fancy—what is geology, and astronomy, and political economy, and poetry, and entomology, and novelology? *They*, forsooth, are humane and noble studies? Eternity—realise that word for an instant, and it will revolutionize your thoughts."

"I cannot, sir. The thought of any future beyond the grave baffles me."

"It is the common lot of man, and hence their universal craze. But, seek for faith, good youth, and it *shall* come. I too, for years walked in a vain shadow, and thought, I believed in a future, till the shock came, and revealed me to myself, a dreamer. Now, the other world is the only real one to me. All I care for is beyond. Did you ever hear of one Swedenborg, Bryan?"

"I have only heard of him, sir."

"He is a credible witness. He saw the other world, conversed with its inhabitants, even lived in it at times, like Moses on the Mount."

"Have you ever been cognizant of the like, sir?" said I, with an involuntary spasm of awe.

"No ; would that I had ! *He* spoke with malefactors, whose bodies were hanging on the scaffold. I have sought by all means to gain one scrap of tidings for myself, of one there ; but I have failed, and I have learnt now, to wait patiently. Come, let us be going. We may return without any danger, I think." He brought me back to his study, and with his own hands spread the materials of an ample repast before me.

"When you have satisfied nature," said he, "I shall hear the history of your attempt, and failure. May it justify my conduct this night !"

I was very hungry, and made great havoc. His only remark was—"What would not the Bishop of —— give for such an appetite."

He heard all my plots, and schemes, and sorrows, and ruin, with great patience.

"Yes, my mind is at ease," said he, when it was over ; "your execution would be an unjust one. It is a supreme satisfaction to my mind, to prevent injustice. And it was a very pretty plot indeed, only you forgot—as all boys do—to make allowance for human weakness

and passion. Some such hitch was sure to occur, and upset you. Never leave friction out of your calculations again. But it is well that you were crushed so soon, before you were inextricably involved, or hopelessly debased. Now for the violin, as of old. Let us converse by music. Listen to my version of your life."

A moment more, and my senses were wrapt in delicious melody. The face of the Precentor beamed upon me, full of the inspiration of sympathy and friendship. The full tide of the feeling of a great nature, surged and rose around me. Words were too gross a channel to convey his warm emotions. My whole life was interpreted to me by those eloquent sounds. The sweet dawn of youth rose again, with high, and pure, and noble thoughts. The golden fount of love sprung up anew in the far-off hills of memory. The thirst for liberty and equality, and the hunger of a most ambitious soul, vexed me again. Then glorious hopes rose and fell, and gathered strength, and crystallized into a mighty effort. Anon, the clouds gathered, and the storm fell, and the whole fabric of my early life, crashed in ruin on my head. Then, the changes and chances of my flight sank into the tranquil calm of safety, and the air swelled prophetically in the pulses of a fuller, stronger, grander, more satisfying life. When he ceased, I was gazing on him with boundless gratitude, for such sympathy, so nobly expressed.

After awhile he spoke to me again, "Young man, you have been brought very low, and now are lying without a hope on the ground. Your life is blighted in its prime, in mercy; because all your ends and motives were of the earth, earthy. For this you shall hereafter be thankful. There are souls far more agonized than yours, in this world—souls that have been suffered to fasten themselves so long and so inextricably to earth, that when the shock came, they could never rise again. Mark the story I tell you now, for it is true. A youth grew up in a quiet English village. His father was the organist of a noble church there. From him the youth inherited a passion for music. Before he was seventeen, he had gained the fame of a rising musician. A great nobleman lived in that parish. His daughter was a child of heaven, and so fed her soul on music. The youth and she loved as few on earth ever have done. He went forth determined to win a position in life, which would entitle him to seek a bride in any family. Therefore he gained high eminence at the University. Therefore, while a young man, he accepted high preferment in a falling church. Not for its emolument, but as a step to that rank, which he coveted. He was a man of learning, energy, ability, among a herd of feeble mediocrities. He had powerful friends. 'In a very few years, when only five-and-thirty,' he said, 'the object of my life is in my grasp.' God, whose altar he was profaning—Whom the wretch was using, as a

servant—fetched the angel, His creature, home, and saved her from the hireling. So, his heart was withered like grass, and he fell, never to rise again on earth. Now, he lives a cripple : seeing the good, and loving it ; and powerless to aid its progress ; life, a long penance—death, his eager wish. You, Bryan, are very young. You shall rise, all the stronger for defeat ; and use your powers, with a strong and obedient will in some cause, when work will be its own reward ; and life here shall yet give you ample joy, of which death shall not rob you. Now it is four o'clock. Your friend Welsh is seventy miles away. You must reach him without delay. There you will be safe. I'll drive you twenty miles of the journey myself. Come down, and get the car ready. This is one of the advantages of eccentricity, that a man can do as he chooses, without exciting suspicion."

Before daybreak we were away beyond the reach of my Orange foes. Mr. Elliott kindly promised to convey a letter to my father, in which I informed him, of my narrow escape ; and requested him to write to me, through the Precentor, and know me henceforward, as Hugh Welsh.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

"Hugh, I see no reason why you should not stay here, as long as you please," said Welsh to me, as we sat together in his lodgings, in the extreme north-west corner of Europe. "I shall be glad to hail you, as a brother, in every sense of the word. For many reasons I rejoice, at the ruin of your hopes—not least, because it has delivered you into my hands."

"You will have no scruples of conscience, then, James, about harbouring a criminal?"

"Not the slightest. It is a Christian duty, to screen the innocent from injustice."

"Shall I be quite safe here, James?"

"Who would think of looking for the southern rebel in the cabin of a clergyman of the Established Church, in the farthest North? But are you willing to make yourself useful?"

"I should be miserable, if I had nothing to do. What kind of work can you give me? I am ready for anything."

"Our school has been vacant for several months. The last master ran away ; the place was so lonely, he wrote to say, it would drive him melancholy-mad. Will you take it? It will be a good work."

"With all my heart, James, but what about religious instruction?"

"Oh, I keep that altogether in my own hands. But you need not be uneasy about your Romanism, Hugh. They all know, I was a Romanist, and, I think, will endure even a Papist brother for my sake."

"You need not be uneasy about my Romanism, James ; it is defunct."

"Now, God be praised for that, Hugh ! Tim's work, of course, by which, being dead, he yet speaketh?"

"I am afraid, James, you will see small cause for joy—I see none—when I tell you, that in losing my faith in the Catholic Church, I have lost all faith. I am an infidel."

"This is fearful, indeed, Hugh, but it is only for a season ; you will soon emerge, with a purer faith than ever."

"No, James, I see no hope of it. Transubstantiation—the eternal perdition of heretics—the infallible authority of the Church—these all rest upon the Scriptures, James. I can believe none of them. Therefore, the Scriptures themselves have gone overboard. I have neither star nor compass."

"This is very sad, Hugh ; but surely you are not content in it?"

"I seem to be in a state of torpor, as to religion, James ; I cannot feel any interest in it."

"Will you submit to me?"

"Perhaps."

"Come to Church—read the Lessons for me—join the prayers regularly."

"If my corporal presence contents you, yes ; more I cannot promise. But, tell me of the way in which Elliott and you came together. That man is my Sphinx."

"Yes, he is a puzzling development of human nature. He is like Swift : prefers to be thought far worse than he is ; the reverse of many of my old friends. Our interviews were very short and pithy. A few days after you left Armagh, I was strolling along the road, of an evening, when he overtook me ; and after walking by my side several minutes, without speaking, at last lifted his voice, and said—'You are the person Bryan spoke of, I should think. I am disposed to think well of his friends. He is genuine, though strangely full of Celtic superstition and wild-fire. Would you, sir, I wonder, take me as an angel of Satan, if I asked you, would you take holy orders in the Church? You are a gentleman, at all events, and will not talk about the offer, as most of your sort would be glad to have a chance of doing.' 'Frankly, Mr.

Elliott,' said I, 'I should regard the opportunity with the utmost favor. My position among the Methodists has become so uncomfortable, that I have resigned my position as a preacher. My views of doctrine have also changed of late, into almost perfect conformity with the Prayer Book. To receive ordination from the hands of the holy and apostolic Primate, is at present my choice ambition.' 'Sir, I admire your honest avowal of a change of mind. Will you come to me after Prayers, in the Cathedral, to-morrow, and submit to my examination?' I went—and though there was not a soul there, but ourselves and a section of the choir, I found a marvellous blessing in the prayers. They satisfied me to the full. For the first time I thoroughly appreciated the wisdom and loyalty of the Church which, day by day, read forth the Words of Life, whether men would hear or forbear; which prayed, without ceasing, in the vulgar tongue, for the Queen and Council—for all Christians—and for all sorts and conditions of men. From that day, Hugh, I was an out-and-out Churchman. After prayers, he brought me over to his own study, and sounded my knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Theology. He did not conceal his astonishment, and at once said he would procure me ordination, and a curacy. 'Not too near,' said he; 'for the dons would be very supercilious to one, who can preach without notes, or MSS., and make people see that he has faith in what he says. Even the curates would take the cue, and hesitate not *naso suspendere adunco* the literate, who roused people by his sermons.' He marked the effect which the line from Horace had upon me; saw that I understood it. 'Not so bad for a literate,' said he. 'Very few of the college men could have passed such an examination.' In a short time he procured me this curacy; and I have never since ceased to be thankful, that I did not disobey, what I believe to have been, the voice of God. To you, Hugh, I owe all this—my independence from the foolish meddling of well-meaning, narrow-minded men; this ease and liberty in the service of my Master. I have here no keen-eared local preacher, scenting for false doctrine; or worrying me, for not giving his special 'doxy' an undue prominence. Here I am never distracted by complaints about the worldliness of Mrs. This, or the tobacco-smoking of Brother That. Now, I work to raise and inform the souls of the whole mass of my flock; instead of racking my poor wits, for fresh fuel to feed an unwholesome excitement."

"I can't say much for your comfort, James. This is, I suppose, your best room; and it has a smack of South-Sea-island savageness about it."

"It is not much to boast of, Hugh. I had to build an addition to the bedroom to accommodate my long legs. But it is the best room for ten miles round."



"It is a glorious country for scenery ; but those flinty mountainsides and miles of bog are not pleasant for a hungry man to contemplate. The houses, too, are the most miserable I have ever seen. Have you any Protestants at all?"

"Oh yes, hundreds. A colony was planted here, some sixty years ago, Protestants to a man. But the Parish Church was ten miles off ; and they sunk into poverty, and intermarried with the natives ; and, but for the efforts of a lady here, who sent out, I'm afraid to say how many, tens of thousands of begging letters, and built our church, and endowed it, and sent a clergyman, there would not be a Protestant here now."

"Had you much trouble in bringing them round, James?"

"Oh, at first, it was up-hill work ; but the Methodist fire, and the zeal of a young Churchman, carried me through. Now, I have every drop of Protestant blood on my side ; and I do not despair of making inroads on Father Hinchey's fold."

"What sort of a character is he?"

"Very bad, I am sorry to say. He encourages the manufacture of poteen by example, persuasion, and consumption. He smuggles, and hunts, and curses, and castigates his people. He strove to impede me at first, by miracles and apparitions ; but now he has given up the contest, and laughs at us all."

"How many children may I hope for?"

"Oh, we shall get you a good school. I have some money, and we give the children a breakfast in the school-room."

"Isn't that souperism, James?"

"Call it what you like, Hugh. The famine has touched us here also, and the poor things are sadly in want. Our Lord Himself, you know, fed the multitudes who heard His sermons."

"All right, James, I am your man, till you get tired of me ; or till the Bishop finds out your merit, and transfers you to some town where I dare not go."

"So be it, Hugh. We'll soon fill up the *vacuum* in your heart."

On this footing our intimacy was settled. The school was really full of interest ; and Welsh threw such spirit into everything he did, that, in that wretched spot, there was plenty of life and happiness. The money came—I found out—from a legacy, which the old lady who had befriended him in Armagh had bequeathed him. Ungrudgingly it went in tea, and sugar, and bread, and little books, for the delectation of his little ones. His fondness for them, and a squad of old men and women, who were always at his heels, when he prayed, or preached, or lectured, seemed to me very absurd. Every morning they filed in to the school, to hear his catechising. Every evening they thronged the Church, or

the schoolhouse, or the cabin, in which he gathered his flock about him.

"Why, James," said I, taking him to task, "do you give up your time to those old fogies and young imps? You ought to stay with me some evenings, and read, or have some music."

"Hugh, my happiest hours are spent with them."

"Well, all I can say is, it seems a shocking waste to have a man like you at such work. It is a razor cutting blocks; a racehorse at the plough; an oak in a flower pot. You ought to have a Cathedral for such sermons as you preach. They cannot understand you, I am sure."

"Try them, Hugh; some preach down to their flocks. My plan has been, to preach them *up*. The truth is, my friend, you judge by the eye of the flesh. I am not half good enough, in any sense, for my work here. And these souls are just as precious, and far more impressible, than any fashionable audience. Remember, the King of preachers gave Himself up to twelve fishermen. I have more than three hundred souls—no less than three hundred and twenty seven—and, thank God, they all love me; and accept me, as their pastor. I want nothing more on earth."

"James, you have shut me up. I cannot follow you in such sublime and transcendental arguments. I only wish you had such an audience, as you are worthy of."

"Hugh, I assure you, that is nonsense. These children are a better audience for working purposes, than any men of the world, whose heads are filled with layers of argument, and criticism, and self-conceit. Impress a child for good, and the effect is everlasting. With a townsman, it is only one voice more, at the best; a favorable puff of air. And the old people are most venerable in my eyes. There is old Bella Chapman; ninety-seven years of change and chance has she seen. One hundred and thirty men, and women, and children, in all parts of the earth, call her mother, grandmother, or great grandmother; and every one of them is prayed for by her daily. Some of her offspring may be President of the United States, or Governor of India, before she dies. That is only one instance. Again, you despise their understandings. Let me tell you, I learn more from them, than from all the books I read. Only yesterday, Kitty Wilson, who seems half-witted, told me a fable of her own, which is as good of its kind, as I have ever heard."

"What was it, James?"

"She said, there was once a very wicked man, who was rolling in wealth, that he had made by dishonesty. A while before he died, he was powerfully convinced of sin; and went out of this world, in sore trouble about his soul. One of the neighbours that night, saw, in a

dream, the angels carrying his soul up to heaven ; and the devil, looking after him, with a very disappointed face. 'Nick,' say he, 'I am almost sorry for you. You were so sure you had him. The loss must be geyan provoking. I suppose it was all the meenisters, he got to pray for him, that tuk him out of your hands.' 'Hould your tongue, you gomeril,' says the devil. 'You know nothing about it. Their prayers, indeed ! They are not worth a bawbee a thousand. They are only blethers. I don't care a snap of my fingers for one of *them*. But there was a villain of an ould woman, that the vagabond gave a ha'penny a week to, for charity ; and she is always in my way. I can't stand her prayers at all ; she is so much in airnost. Every one of them hits me like a cannon ball.'

"A very plain spoken ould lady she must be, James ; and a pleasant fable, for the meemister to listen to."

"It was ewer true, I am afraid. Anyhow, it did me great good. So, don't despise my ould women any more. Nathan could scarcely have spoken more to the point."

The path of this man was as the shining light. Under his labors, this bleak and howling wilderness, tenanted by rude and uncouth barbarians, was changing into a settlement of clean, thrifty, pious ootagers. How they wondered at—and then revered—and then listened to—and then obeyed this angel of the Church ; whose conversation was more in heaven than on earth ! How plain it was, that his history and example had won their hearts, and given a fresh zeal to life and toil ! Sometimes, I felt that I was the only person whom his glorious words, and more glorious life, did not warm into love for his Master. . But I was steeled against every form of religious influence. The long and hopeless degradation of my country, and my wretched failure in the attempt to deliver her—my love blighted by the priests of the only form of Christianity which was credible to me—the downfall of my ambition in life, to a poor country school—these were stumbling-blocks, which Welsh could not remove. I could not believe that such a God ruled, as he taught. Else, why give up the Irish so long to the oppressors ? I could not listen with calmness to the sophisms, by which he explained away the texts, that made for Rome. So, I read the Lessons for him in Church, and heard his sermons on Sundays, and taught the children, for the sake of friendship, and to give occupation to my miserable mind ; but no gleam of faith in the unseen world ever visited me—nor did I even wish for it.

"Hugh," said he, the week before Christmas, "the legacy has shrunk to fifty pounds. I have made up my mind, to give a whole week of services in the Church—as the rubric contemplates—and to have a treat for the children and old folk, every day. Just think, not one of

them ever saw a plum-pudding in their lives. Won't it be great fun to watch their faces, when they see a dozen sirloins of roast-beef, and a hundred weight of plum-pudding?"

So, from Derry came the materials for such a merry-making, as was never known there, in the memory of man. I took charge of the culinary department; and, for the week, was as busy as any club-cook. He, for the same period, almost lived in the Church, round which and the school-house, morning and evening, the tide of holiday keepers ebbed and flowed, full of joy and happiness. He was determined to make it a memorable festival, and he succeeded. He read, and sang, and preached—and then, told stories, and played the harp; and exhibited the marvels of a magic-lantern; and when all was over, on New Year's night, we separated, as members of one large family. Next morning, he was very late in rising, and it was noon when our breakfast was over. For a wonder, Welsh was gloomy and querulous.

"After all," said he, "now, that the money has gone—it was very foolish to spend it so. I ought—I see now—to have given it in good books, among them; or to have spent it in coals or blankets. Why did you not stop me, Hugh?"

"Don't torture yourself, man. The memory of the last seven days will be the most precious tradition in the parish. The very thought of it will warm those children, if they live a hundred years, and go to the North Pole." But he was not to be jested into good spirits. He sat shivering, moody, and wretched, over the fire; answering me by curt monosyllables; till I suggested a walk. "Come out into the sunshine. You are exhausted. The breeze will blow away the cobwebs." It was a sharp keen day; and we ran along to keep the cold out. We rushed up to the summit of the glorious Head, whence we saw the ocean spreading wide before us—a sheet of molten silver—and the outline of the whole north coast of Ireland; while, behind us, rose, pile upon pile of solemn mountains, white and glistening. Welsh had quite regained his good humour, and reached the top before me. We sat down to enjoy the glorious panorama; each wrapt in his own thoughts. A little after, when I looked at him, he was white and shivering.

"James," said I, "I hope you have enough of the legacy left to buy a great coat?"

"I shall not want it, dear Hugh," said he, with a solemn voice, which alarmed me.

"What do you mean, James dear," said I.

"Look at this," said he; and he showed me his handkerchief, stained with great goutts of blood. "That is the seal of my sentence of death, Hugh," said he.

"Come home at once," said I. "I shall go for the doctor."

"Oh, no, Hugh; he can do nothing. I have had this before in Armagh. It was stayed then; now it is fatal."

Before we reached home, the blood flowed again; and when I left him, in his arm-chair, he could scarcely speak. The doctor confirmed his words. The constitution was terribly undermined. Only removal to a warm climate could keep him three months on earth. That was impossible. That night, he was his own sweet self again. He turned the conversation to the glorious prospect from the Head.

"Great souls have gone to heaven from this, Hugh. The noble old saints who resisted the inroads of Rome to the last, took refuge here. Columba was trained for his work in this place. God send, others may follow in his steps, and restore the glory of the Island of Saints, and bless the world in the warfare of Christ against evil!"

"Come, then, James, and let us go forth together. Elliott will lend me money, I am sure. You are killing yourself here."

"Nay, nay, it may not be: my working days are over; and my prayer always has been, that I might cease at once to work and live. But you, Hugh—you shall go forth, in the name of the Lord."

"No, James, neither the will, nor the power, nor the faith, is mine."

"All things are of God. And is there no sign of life in your soul yet, brother?"

"None, James. Prayers, and sermons, and Scriptures are words, and nothing more to me; grand words, but they wake no echo—leave no trace. The spiritual instinct, capacity, organ—whatever you may call it—is dead in me. I am a reprobate—past feeling, with neither hope nor care for my soul."

"That is sad, sad, very sad; but there is One who can make even the dead hear. Does Romanism ever re-assert its hold over you?"

"Oh, frequently. In fact, I see no choice between it and infidelity. Your own Bible, James, says, 'Hear the Church'—'Thou art Peter, and on this Rock, I build my Church'—and '*This* is my body.' I was too well grounded in the faith to dream of any alternative."

"Hugh, I assure you, you are mistaken. Not one of those texts would bear the interpretation you give them."

"Oh, James, who can interpret without some medium? My early prejudices were all Catholic. Your strongest ones all Methodist."

"Hugh, hear me now. My early prejudices were as intensely Popish as anything could be. Later on, I saw the truth; no doubt, too much through John Wesley's spectacles. But, now, I see, I trust, with a straight and simple eye, Him who is invisible. At all events I have the advantage, of knowing both sides better than you do."

"James, I wish you would tell me the story of your early life. I can hardly think you were trained as strictly as I was."

"Hugh," said he, "I am glad you asked me. I am thankful, you have been sent to be with me to the last. The people here love me with a mighty love ; but somehow the alien race affects one strangely. Their ways are not our ways. Even the voice and accent at times sting my Celtish nature. Their manners are reserved and awkward, even when most deeply moved, and do not quite attune with ours. You and I are brethren, in all but the one thing needful, Hugh, and perhaps more nearly akin in that than we wot of. Yet a little while, and you shall hear His voice, when I am gone. Yes, at last, I know I am going the way of all flesh ; and I say it with reverence, Hugh, but with a deep conviction of its truth ; it is expedient for you that I go away. Perhaps my death may teach you more than my words in life have done. Perhaps, God knows, in the other state I may be privileged to see the stone, that keeps your soul in the grave of unbelief.

I should not like to go hence, and leave you ignorant of the history of my conversion. My birth-place was amid the loveliest scenery on earth : on the shore of the lower lake of Killarney. Muckruss Abbey was my daily place of prayer for fifteen years. My parents were the most bigoted Romanists I have ever known or heard of. My youth was trained by them in the most implicit obedience to the priest. I was as sure of the infallible authority of the Pope in the spiritual world, as I am of the light of the sun in this world. The sight of a priest, or a friar, or a nun, or a chapel, or a cross, or a string of beads filled me with awe and reverence. The bishop was my mother's uncle, and had taken charge of my education for the priesthood. The very dust that fell from his feet, was sacred in my sight. The touch of his hand seemed to bring grace upon my soul. Even the most wicked and degraded—if they were ordained—were robed with a part of the Divinity. Did they not make a little paste of flour and water into the very and adorable God? Had they not power to open and shut the gates of Heaven, for whom they chose? To be fit for the priesthood, I fasted often to the verge of death. I read, and prayed, and studied, like an anchorite, till I was eighteen. I had never known a doubt till then. And yet there was much to have tried my faith—priests, whose lives, and words, would have shipwrecked any soul, but that of an Irish devotee—men, who lived for nothing but cards, and drunkenness, and infamy. Our own parish priest quartered a pack of hounds on his poor villagers. Every morning, I saw him stand at the top of the street ; at his whistle every house sent forth its dog, and, if it were not well fed, his whip would know the reason why.

All his doings could not make me doubt for a second. But, one day, I saw an old grey-haired man, stand under a tree, at the entrance of the town of Killarney. He gave out a hymn in Irish,

and sang it vigorously himself, while we were mocking him. In the same tongue he preached to us, never heeding the sneers and scoffing of the crowd, who called him 'swaddler,' 'heretic,' and 'hell-hound.' Not a word he spoke, but of the Saviour, and His love; and His sufferings and His atonement; and the need of the work of the Spirit on the heart. Yet his words, and his boldness in presuming to speak to us on religion, drove me to madness, and I called on the mob to drive him out of the town. I was the first to throw a stone at him, Hugh. It struck the old man full on the eye, and was followed by a gush of blood. He could not repress a shriek of pain. But an instant after, a glory came over his face; he raised his hands to heaven, and said so meekly, that all violence was stayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do! Lord Jesus, lay not this sin to their charge.' We let him pass to the hotel. His bleeding eyebrow smote me with shame and pity. His stumbling pace reproached me bitterly. After all, he had not said one word of sharpness, or disdain against us, and we were reviling him and his continually. The words of his prayer stuck fast in my conscience. Somehow, they were strangely familiar. Where had I heard them? Surely, it must have been at the mission of the preaching friars, when they acted the Passion of Christ. At last, I asked the bishop if he knew where those words occurred. I shivered to the marrow of my bones, when I knew they were, in English, the words used by the Redeemer, of his murderers; and by the great proto-martyr, of his. Oh! then, I had sinned like them. The old man was meek, and gentle, and sweet-tempered as a lamb, and only sought our good, and I had shed his blood. When next I saw him, in the street, the sight of that eye was gone. I could not help falling on my knees before him, and asking, could he really pardon me. From that day, I followed him everywhere. For this, my father and mother cursed me, and turned me out of doors, and the bishop excommunicated me. The good man was more than all to me. He was my spiritual father. He adopted me, and treated me in all things as his son. He was of high rank, and of great talents, yet, he had given up everything to preach the Gospel to the Irish, in their own tongue. He taught me first to care for souls till we lived for nothing else. To win souls—to be a herald of salvation—to have many seals to my ministry—to be always on the Lord's side—these were the seeds of ambition which he sowed, and cherished in my mind, Hugh. The soldier's thirst for glory—the poet's burning desire for immortality—the trader's itch for more and more—pshaw! these are cold, compared to the zeal of the early Irish Methodists. That was a happy time, Hugh, when I formed one of that band, till my health failed. Then, Mr. Ouseley got me the post of tutor in Mr.

Saxe's. Then *our* acquaintance commenced—to be resumed in Armagh. May it be so hereafter, likewise, Hugh! Then came the greatest joy and sorrow of my life: Well, the sorrow is nearly over, and then comes the joy for evermore. Since I have been ordained, deep and continual peace has been mine. If the old fervour has abated, the fits of gloom, and despondency, and anxiety, have been strangers also. In the Communion of the Church, Hugh, I have found all, and more than all, that I ever dreamed of in Rome. If my labours have sunk below the standard of my Methodist days, mine be the blame. Now, Hugh, you know James Welsh, from the first, almost to the last. Were my opportunities, for knowing the Romish side, as good as yours or no?"

"James dear," said I, "would that I had such faith as yours! You stand as on a pinnacle, whence you can see the sun. For me, I cannot climb, and can scarce conceive there is a sun."

"Hugh, it is only a trance. Your nature has been paralysed by an awful shock. You have resisted past convictions, and you may have terrible experiences to pass through; but *there will be light at eventide.*"

"James, I would give my right hand cheerfully—yes, submit to have every limb hewed off, to have such faith as yours. But I *cannot* believe."

"Hugh dear, trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding."

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A few days after, came the Rector to receive my friend's dying wishes. "I always told you, Welsh," said the easy-going gentleman, "you worked too hard. I knew it could not last. Either your enthusiasm must die out, or it must kill you. What are we to do about the services on Sunday?"

"If possible, sir, I shall take them. Nothing could give me greater satisfaction."

"Oh, my dear fellow, that is out of the question. But it is most unfortunate. I was just about to start on a preaching tour for the Irish Church Missions. However, I shall come and give them one service myself. By the way, I suppose, you heard how Sir James settled my controversy with Father Mullins?"

"No, sir," said Welsh, "I suppose, you allude to the subject you lectured on—that St. Patrick was a Protestant."

"Yes, just so; you know, Mullins gave a caricature of a lecture in reply, attempting to prove, the saint was a Papist. Of course he hadn't a leg to stand upon, as every one saw. But he was raising such a spirit of turbulence in the parish, that Sir James brought us together at dinner, last week. Very awkward it was, but I could not refuse—and, ab-



surdly enough, he settled, that there were two St. Patricks, one a Papist, and the other a Protestant. Mullins accepted it at once, but I treated it as a good joke. However, it has gone abroad—and, I fear, people will connect my name with it.”

“Would you be kind enough to witness my gift of all my wordly goods to my brother? It will save trouble hereafter. Hugh, everything I have is yours, from this instant. I must have the loan of this suit of clothes though, a little longer. And, sir, I am a little anxious about any tombstone my good friends here may think of erecting. It is my earnest wish that there should be nothing inscribed upon it, but, ‘In peace—James Welsh—whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.’”

“Would it not look better in Latin?”

“It might, sir—but I wish the poor to know my grave.”

“I shall take a note of it, Mr. Welsh. Really, I must say, before we part, that I have never had such a curate as you have proved yourself. The change you have brought about is marvellous, and most gratifying. I shall feel your loss immensely, and can never hope for another such. And do you know, I engaged you, with great timidity? But we must bow to the will of the Lord. He is about to promote you, good servant, higher than Bishops could, or would.”

“Your testimony, sir, is a great comfort. I trust you will not leave my dear people long without a shepherd.”

“There may be some difficulty in getting a clergyman, for such a wild and remote cure. But, rely upon it, I shall do my best;” and the great man rode off placidly to his Glebe, ten miles away.

“That,” said I, when he vanished, “is a pillar of your model church, James. Not a very attractive one, by any means. He seems an icicle.”

“Do not judge him harshly. He is a good man, stunted by prosperity. Who could stand a thousand a year, and a Glebe like a palace, and a peer for his wife’s uncle? Yet, if he was stripped of these, he would be a hard-working clergyman. You see, dear Hugh, death has become a common thing to him, for he visits his sick diligently; and a change of curates is a frequent annoyance. We really knew very little of each other. We lived too far apart, and I could not keep a steed.”

“What kind of sermons does he preach?”

“Oh, such as I would not like you to hear; full of hard hits against Popery. But he has a fund of quiet drollery for occasions. His definition of a miracle was the most *sensible* one I ever heard. He had been preaching on the subject, and was a little provoked by one of his hearers coming to him with a request to know—‘After all, what is a miracle, sir?’ ‘You don’t understand yet, eh? Well, go on before

me there.' He gave the stupid man such a shock from behind, that he turned in anger upon his assaulter. 'Did you feel *that*, my man?' 'Feel it! I'm not made of cast iron. Of course I did.' 'Well, then, it would have been *a miracle*, if you hadn't.'"

"James, it is no wonder your Church does not progress."

"No, Hugh, it is a wonder, that it exists. Swift compared its Bishops in his day to highwaymen—in fact, he said they *were* highwaymen, who had stolen the credentials, and robes of the men really appointed. They are better now, but without public spirit. They and the Orangemen, and controversial sermons, have kept us back for ages. Would you believe it? The Bible was not printed in Irish till this century; and there is a law, which empowers us to say the prayers in Latin, where English is not understood."

"Why, James, they cannot have wished, to make us Irish, Protestants."

"It looks very like it. But, there are good days coming. When the Irish Church is thrown on her Head for support, she shall prosper."

"I don't think so, James. Nothing will turn the Irish away from Rome."

"It will not be the work of one generation—but the truth will prevail. Now, if Mr. Crofton had lived through the pestilence, and worked as he *would* have done, would his sermons have been despised as before?"

"I cannot say, James; if he had lived, and I had not been a rebel, I think he would have converted me."

"Hugh dear, God will bring it about in His own way. He will have all the glory. Only wait, I say, upon Him."

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Too soon for me, and for his mourning flock, the last day came. He awoke from a restless slumber about mid-day, and said, "I shall die this night, Hugh." The doleful news spread through the village. The school-children and his aged friends lingered in groups about the house, throwing many a sad and wistful glance upon the window, through which he was taking his last look at the sun. After a little he fell into delirium, and my heart melted under the warm utterances of his soul. Words of mine are too coarse to pourtray the ecstatic visions that flooded that upper room. He was, as the nurse said, more than half in Paradise. The incense of love, and joy, and gratitude, and worship, rose in higher waves around, until the wasted figure was forgotten, and we could only think of the immortal spirit swinging at anchor—already feeling the gales from the sunny land.

"Sir, isn't it like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, that

he preached about last himself?" was the simple-minded woman's comment.

My name often rose upon his lips. He went through every link of the controversy between Rome on the one hand, and Infidelity on the other; and adjured me to see the weakness of my position. Tim and Nance he spoke to, as if he saw them face to face. His dear old master was there with eyes sparkling like stars; and he was near the Lord. His love, too, came to meet him, with the unfading crown in her hands, for his brow. Those of his flock who had gone before, hovered around his spirit; but all his fancies and hopes and joys circled round his Great Master and his God. At sunset he became conscious again, and answered my look with a beaming smile.

"You are there, good Hugh. I am yet on this side of Time. Forgive me Lord; I long to be away. And you, brother, shall come, too. And many souls in your train. Yet a little, and you shall be taught, one soul brought to Christ is better than the realm of Ireland. Lower still you must be brought; and then better things than ever you dreamt of are yours. Hugh, hear my dying testimony," and he rallied all his strength, and raised himself upon his arm, and fixed his eye on mine. "I am dying; I know it. I have not one doubt or fear. Christ is mine, and I am His. Farewell." He fell back, and I thought that he was gone. But terrible spasms of pain racked him from head to foot. "Oh, when shall He come? Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly. Oh, Hugh, there is life in these limbs yet. No, thank God," said he, putting his hand to his brow, "there is the death-sweat. Hugh, lift me up." The western sky was purple yet. One star had come out, and hung just over the spire of his little church. "Oh, thank God. May the Star of Beth-le-hem always shine over that dear house of God. Oh, Hugh—joy. I shall see Him—and now; I shall behold Him—and nigh." It was a dead body I laid down upon the bed. I durst not weep, nor grieve then. I went to the window, and pointed upwards, and bowed my head. One long, shrill wail went up from those outside. An old man stood forward, and gave out Welsh's favourite hymn, which they sung over his deathbed. Then grief arose within, like a giant, and overthrew me, from whom my last friend was torn, when I had learned to know his worth.

## CHAPTER V.

The impression made by Welsh's death hung about me, till the summer came. Then, the old torpor fell upon me again ; and I could take no interest in anything religious. The other world was only dreamland : all faiths about it were only a tissue of fancies ; bright or sombre, as was the mind which wore them. No curate could be found for such a wretched hole as our district. The church was shut up ; the flock was left, as they complained, in the wilderness. Welsh's work was falling to pieces. They strove to induce me to carry on some kind of weekly service. Great was their horror, when I confessed that, if anything, I was a Roman Catholic ; which thinned my school, and drove me to seek human fellowship among the wild and daring fishermen. With them, I spent the summer in continual excitement ; and the autumn, in learning the secrets of illicit distillation.

The poteen became sweet to my taste ; and my character sank lower and lower. As the winter deepened, I fell into a region of blackest gloom. To banish thought I drank fiercely, and studied geology. At length, I was brought to a stand-still by a note from the Rector, intimating his regret to learn, that I was a wholly improper person to be trusted with the education of children ; and warning me, that I must depart in three months. Had I then fallen so low ? What was to be done ? Of money I had only a very few pounds left. They would not take me to America. What had I to live for ? Lily was in a convent. Why not end all at once ? I had been getting nervous, hypochondriacal, sickly, of late. Better rid the world of a wretch, and myself of the world, at once. What of all this cant about suicide ? Yes ; my little boat shall carry me out to sea, some stormy night, and the friendly tempest will dash us to pieces against some cliff, and none will hear of my end. Nor was it long till a night, wild and savage enough, was given to me. I listened to the fury of the distant waves with sombre joy ; and walked out into the rain and storm, with haughty pride ; and hauled down my flimsy coracle to the margin of the sea. But to launch it in that surf was impossible. I took it on my back, and staggered along the beach to a place, where a strong mountain stream rushed down into the ocean. There I knew, when the tide began to ebb, the current would befriend me, and carry me out through the breakers to my grave. When I reached the point, the tide was almost full. Waiting for the turn, I laid down the boat and sheltered myself under its side, for I was very cold. *Now, said I, before morning I shall have*

*the key of all the creeds.* I grew drowsy, but was thoroughly startled by a great clap of thunder. Sheet after sheet of lightning flashed about me. My mind leaped back to that other night, when Welsh gave comfort to my mother. They both seemed to stand beside me ; and a colloquy arose within my soul. "*Poor foolish child! are you so sure that we and all the best, and wisest, and purest, and noblest souls were wrong, and that you are right?*" "*Have you proved to a certainty, that there is no soul—no hell—no God—that you rush so blindly into the gulf?*" "*Say, there is but one chance in a million, that this act of yours may involve you in endless, irremediable woe, is it wise to run that risk?*" I cowered down in the sand, and hid my face in my cloak, and shuddered at the thought. "Is there a God, then, after all?" "Why doubt it? Do you not already love one, *whom you cannot see—who may be dead?*" "*There is a God. Rise up—go home—and seek His face; and thank Him for this deliverance.*"

That night I spent in reviewing the arguments of Mr. Crofton's in Lily's abstract. Before morning I had no longer any doubt of the Sovereignty of an Almighty Creator and Ruler of the World. It was a glorious discovery, and filled me with sublime thoughts. But wonder gave place to fear. If Welsh, and Crofton, and Tim, were right, this King Immortal and Irresistible was my enemy. I had nothing to hope, all things to fear, from Him. Now began my torments. The thought of His wrath grew, and swelled, and pressed upon me, till life was a terrific burden, and death a nameless terror. Then, I knew there was a hell. Had I not the worm, and the fire, and the sting within? Did I not loathe and hate myself? Must not the All-pure, All-holy hate me still more? With all my efforts at amendment, I sunk daily lower and lower; and felt nothing but sin—sin—sin. My whole soul was only a loathsome mass of evil. I could not cure myself. Oh, who shall heal me? Did not Elliott say, "Zeus is not God—nor Fate—nor Revenge; but Jesus is God!" Ah! if He be God, then all may yet be well. But how can that be? Yet see: He asserts that He is The Life; that whoso hath seen Him hath seen the Father. Oh, that I might see Him—hear Him—kind Him—lay hold upon Him! *He* could understand me and pity me, and, yes!—oh, yes!—*He* could save me. *Yea, Thou couldst resolve my doubts—shew me the secrets of the dread hereafter—and deliver me from this load of guilt; this fear of death. Wouldst that I could find Thee.* Then there came, in the stillness of the night, to me, as I sat in the room where Welsh had entered into his rest—from within or from without, I know not, and I care not—a Voice, which said—

"I AM HERE!"

I fell on my knees ; opened the Bible and read—and the words, came to me with power—"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye believe in God, believe also in *Me*." That was the bridal hour of my soul ; the dawning of a light, which has shone out ever since. I felt that I was one with Him who is the Truth, and one with His dear saints whom I had known on earth. There was joy in Heaven that night,

Now that my feet were on the Rock, my joy was boundless. Once again the school resounded with the hymns of the children ; and the old people clustered round us, as we sang the dear familiar strains. Emboldened by the loving sympathy with which the tale of my conversion was received, I read prayers on the next Sunday in the school-house ; and spoke from my heart, words that gladdened them and me. Their simple praise filled me with a longing for Orders in the Church. Now, I could appreciate the services. Rome, and its system, vanished before the brightness of my new faith. To preach the Gospel—to bring the glad tidings among my own people—to tell them of the perfect freedom of Christ—of the heavenly kingdom—was my sole ambition. But how could I, an outlaw and penniless, gain an entrance to the ministry ? I knew not ; yet after praying that so it might be, and that I might follow in the steps of Welsh and Crofton, I slept in peace, and hope, that so it would be. And when I saw the Rector riding up to the school the next morning, I knew he came to announce that my prayer was heard.

"Here, Welsh," said he, "is a letter for you from Mr. Elliott. What is this I hear about your presumption in holding services on Sunday in the school-house ?"

"Sir, the Lord has opened my lips ; and when the people asked me to read prayers, I durst not refuse."

"Ha ! well, I think you had better leave this. By the way, do you happen to know anything of a young man, called Bryan, in these parts ? The police-officer in Letterkenny is on the look-out for him. If he turns up here, I rely upon your giving me information."

He rode away, and left me speechless, with the letter in my hand. When I opened it, and caught its meaning ; the intelligence banished all thought of danger for the nonce. The Precentor had enclosed an epistle of my father's. It ran as follows :—

"MY DEAR HUGH,

"I suppose you thought your good-for-nothing father had forgot you. It's little good he has ever done you or any connected with him. Small thanks you owe him for anything but bringing you into the world. And you have had your own share of bad

luck as well as myself. And Tim's goods and chattels are in Chancery ; and we may leave them there. But better late than never ; and let bygones be bygones. For the tide has turned, and the wind is set fair ; and there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught. Good luck has come to your father, my boy ; and he is not the man to grudge his bould Hugh a share of his fortune. For it is a rich man I am this day ; and the way it came about is as good as a play, as I am going to tell you. You see, I was drinking one night about Christmas, after my comrade's death, with young Lantigan, the attorney's clerk, in Cavanagh's Gin Palace—that's what they call the public houses now in this place. We were talking about Tim's affairs ; but, when the drop was in, I begun to brag about the old time, when I was hand in glove with the quality, and nigh-hand having an estate of my own. Says he, 'You are only talking nonsense.' So I tells him the whole story about Huntley and Glencrew, or nearly the whole. He is very clever at law, and, says he, 'Why didn't you go to law, man ? You could have got every farthing back again. But,' says he, 'the lady that owns Glencrew now, is a niece of ould Jack's ; and a mighty pious, good woman she is entirely ; and not over well pleased with the doings of her uncle.' She was a client of his master's, your see. 'And,' says he, 'if you can prove the truth of your story to her satisfaction, she'll drop the money as if it was red hot coals ; for she would not keep a penny that was not honestly come by ; and besides, she is as rich as a Jew.' By good luck, she was in town at the time, and so was Mr. Foley ; and he knew all about it, and spoke up for me. Without more ado, my darling, what does she do, but write me a very humble letter, asking my forgiveness for the grievous wrong she had unconsciously done me ; and send me three thousand pounds, by way of interest, you know. So I had more ready money in my hands than any of the name since the bloody English came in ; and, as I was afeard of myself, I have sent a thousand pounds for your share to Mr. Elliott ; and another thousand to Mr. Saxe to the childer ; and I am going to Amerrikey with the rest, where I advise you to come and join your affectionate father till death.

"P.S.—I am going to marry my comrade's widow. She gave us tea that night, and is a Fitzgerald to her own name."

Mr. Elliott had only written a line or two, to say that £1,000 had been placed in his hands, and that he would be glad to send it to me, when and where I chose.

This news reached me early in the morning. Not a moment did I lose, in bidding farewell to the children, gathering a few books and loaves in my cloak, and committing myself, in the coracle, to the mercy

of Him who rules the waves. The day was a lovely one ; and before I had paddled out into the track of the American vessels, I saw a gallant ship rising out of the waters. By nightfall, I stood upon her deck, and found in the Yankee captain a friend. Sick of deceit, I told him that I was a rebel escaping from the police ; and he made me welcome, and landed me in Liverpool. Thence I wrote to Mr. Elliott, confiding to him my altered mind and wishes. His reply brought me the money, and an introduction to a friend of his, the Rector of a large parish in the North of England. With him I spent three years as a pupil and lay-helper ; and, at the end of that time, was ordained as a Missionary Curate to the Irish in London.

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#### CHAPTER VI.

One morning not long ago, when I came down to breakfast, I found my faithful ally, and Bible-woman—Mrs. O'Hagan—waiting for me. "Sure, an' your riverence, it's a poor young man, in the last stage of decline, wants to unbosom himself to an Irish minister. He's been a singer in the saloons and taverns, till he has no more breath left. Well for him, there is a good lady in town, knowed him in the ould country ; and came to him like an angel, when he sent for her ; and has kept him clane and comfortable for the last month. Oh, dear ! but she has done a power of good. He was all wild, and skeered, and wouldn't hear a word about his soul, when I seen him first. Now, she has him as mild as a lamb ; and he says he can't die in peace, till he has made a full confession of some terrible crime he done at home. He can't bear the name of a priest—like myself—and so says I to myself, 'Mr. Welsh is the very man for him. He is of the rale ould stock, and spakes in our own tongue, better nor any book.' Won't you come, your reverence ?"

"Have we time, Katy, to take a morsel of breakfast ?"

"Oh, surely, any time through the day will do."

"Well, Katy, sit down, and make tea for me, and tell me all about your work."

"Musha, an' it is a pity you haven't a wife to do that same. And there is plenty of fine ladies would be glad to get you, and bring lash-



ins with them. Glory be to God ! this is a fine full country, for them that's willing to work."

"I'm afraid, Katy, it would be hard to get an English wife, who could bear with all my Irish ways, and the multitude of my Irish friends."

"That wouldn't do at all. We can't afford to give you up, to any of them fashionable folks."

"Come along, Katy. Let us be visiting your sick friend."

"The lady that was so good to him, your reverence, is the very identical wife you want. She is one of ourselves, and she is never happy, except when she is among the poor Irish. Oh, may the Lord bring you together."

"Katy, that is a prayer, for a very doubtful blessing."

Through filthy lanes into a squalid court, up flight after flight of rickety stairs, into a room clean, and tidy, and comfortable, up to a snow-white bed, I followed Katy, and before me lay the living skeleton of James Daly. He was dozing when we approached, but opened his eyes with such a weary look, which passed into wonder, love, and joy. He wept over my hand. "Oh, Hugh, Hugh, Hugh dear, is it yourself? Thank God—thank God, for this. Then I didn't ruin you after all."

"No, James, God has overruled all things for good—great and blessed good."

"Oh, Hugh, tell me now. Can you forgive me everything? Indeed, indeed, when I heard Nelly was dead, and saw her in her shroud, I went mad. Oh, Lord ! you know, I was out of my senses. Can you forgive me, Hugh ; and do you think He can forgive me?"

"James dear, I forgave you fully, the night after I saw you last. Take my forgiveness as the pledge of God's forgiveness. Jesus Christ is able and willing to save to the uttermost, all that come to God, through Him."

"I know, Hugh ; another old friend has told me all that. May the Lord bless her. If I am saved, I owe my soul to her. She has taught me my duty, to God and man. It was she, made me send for you. Little notion had I, who you were ; but God knew. I was going to confess everything, and will, before a magistrate, if you think right. And then, Hugh, if you think me fit, she wishes to take the Sacrament with me. Will you give it to me to-morrow?"

After due inquiry into his state, I expressed the pleasure, with which I, who had sinned against him, would join him in that solemn feast.

"Oh, Hugh, mine has been the awful life since I lost Nelly. But glory be to God ! that is all over, and He has given me nothing but consolation since I lay down here. Ten o'clock to-morrow, and then,

Hugh, you will find your visit to James Daly has not been unforeseen, nor unrewarded by God."

These words kept running through my thoughts, for the next four-and-twenty hours. I had no clue to their meaning. Yet was I not astonished, when, next morning, I found sitting beside a table, on which was spread the fair white linen cloth, Lily Crofton. A clasp of the hand was all that passed; and then we three, and Mrs. O'Hagan, went back in spirit to the upper chamber; and the Lord was amongst us, and with Him were the spirits of the just and loving, who had gone before.

When that was over, Daly said—"I need say nothing; only, Hugh, promise me one thing, Come to me, when the end is near, and hold my hand in yours, to the last. I have a good hope,—but, oh! man, life is so serious a thing, and I have fooled it away; and the thought of the policeman, and the others, is awful hard to bear. Wont you, now? I want to go out of the world, with the feel of *your* forgiveness and love, fresh upon my heart."

I kissed the poor wan lips, and left him calm, and quiet, and silent, to The Comforter.

I walked home with Miss Crofton, to her uncle's house, in which she now had found a home.

"My uncle, Hugh, is with his patients all day; the children are at school; you must come in, and tell me of the strange ways through which you have been brought, into what you are to-day?

"I shall, Miss Lily, with pleasure; but I must first hear your adventures."

"Oh, they are soon told, Hugh. I was in the convent, till I came of age, as a pensioner, and a novice. I was on the verge of becoming a nun; though the fervour of my conversion, and the implicitness of my faith, had passed away. In the preliminary confessions, some things were said, which made me recoil from the system. The doubts grew more and more frequent and insoluble; and the priests more and more disagreeable; and I read my Bible more and more earnestly; and came to see that my dear father's faith was far more nearly akin to that of Christ, and His apostles, than the round of frivolous and sentimental practices, in which Rome wrapped up the truth. At last, dear Hugh, I was brought so close to the Lord Himself, that the scales dropped from my eyes; and I found peace and joy unspeakable in the personal consciousness of the personal love of my Personal God and Saviour. My uncle's practice lies among the poor. Among them I visit—bound by no vows to mortal—heedless of any special garb or order—striving to work simply for the sake, and under the eye, and by the help of Him, who is invisible. Now, Hugh, tell me all your tale."

I obeyed her, and recounted all that the reader knows. To which she listened with unflagging interest.

When I ceased, she said—"And is that all you have to tell, Hugh?"

"No, Lily, it is not."

"Why not, Hugh?"

"Lily, I love you."

"Hugh, I have always loved you."

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A month after, my wife said—"Hugh, you are growing more like your old self every day. I am in constant terror, lest you should be recognized, and that awful sword should fall upon your head. Why not seek our own people in America, and live, and labour, and die among them? And now, that your grandmother has gone, Kitty Linahan and the children could come along with us.

"In God's name, so be it," said I.

*Laus Deo in Excelsis.*



